

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

"LETTERS OF LIFE."

MRS. LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY was, for more than fifty years, a contributor to American literature in every department of the art. A remarkable longevity of intellectual activity and a tenacious pursuit of the pleasures of the pen long after its profits had ceased, characterized the life of this eminent woman whose crowning work is before us under the title which designates this article. No writer perhaps has been more familiarly known to the reading world, but this penographer hopes to bring to light some incidents of her history unpossessed by the general public. The autobiography from which Mrs. Sigourney undoubtedly supposed posterity would gather their impressions of one whose name is national, is unfortunately so local in its character as to give it no especial claims upon the reader who is not willing to sift from a mass of foreign intelligence the main details of the life and writings of the author. That many will do and have done so is argued from the rapid sale of the work, and it is in hope that many more may be induced to do so, that we take up our pen for the marking of some striking thoughts in the work.

Mrs. Sigourney was born at Norwich, Conn., of what is often paradoxically said "poor but respectable parents," the fate of nearly all genius and of much that is not. The thrifty habits of New England, however, and the faculty of her people for slow accumulation even under adverse circumstances, sufficed for the education of an only child. Industry and order were required of her at the earliest possible age—two habits which added largely to the success of the woman as a competitor for literary distinction. She reports herself as having been able to read sheets of printed hymns found in the lining of an old trunk at the early age of three years. "At a later period," she adds,

"finding a copy of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' I abstracted it, and taking refuge in my trunk, like the cynic in his tub, reveled among the tragic scenes of Mrs. Radcliff—finding no terror so formidable as an approaching footstep, when, hiding the volume, I leaped lightly from my cavernous study."

Second to the reading came lessons in knitting, which is to-day one of the lost arts among fashionable young ladies. To produce by her own hands annually twenty pairs of stockings in the constant pursuit of her literary labors, was no unusual thing for our writer after her marriage had multiplied their necessity. Of reading, the writer says, "I was thrown upon a severe selection of standard authors very early in life. Young, with his sententious Night Thoughts, initiated me into the poetry of my native language. The Spectator and Vicar of Wakefield were the most amusing books in my library. The dignity of the literature of the age was so great as to amount to solemnity." There was little of Byron and Moore, and a great deal of Addison, Lord Bacon, and Steele, with a dessert of Dr. Johnson, as an after dinner to the heavier repast. "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs," and "Gesner's Death of Abel," are here mentioned as works supplying the imagination with pleasant food. No mention is made of polemical tracts and pugilistic sermons among the grave doctors of divinity who at that period were engaged in championship for the dear homely old doctrines of hereditary grace and entailed sin. I may say for myself, however, that living a generation later, I gained from these sources of theology the impression general in my childhood, that to have had an ancestor in the May-Flower was the cardinal requisite to salvation." Of the Assembly's Catechism, Mrs. Sigourney quaintly says, "I recited it standing, and the question, at the close of every Sunday, 'What

is effectual calling?" seemed to me as a kind of vantage-ground, from whence, as from Pisgah, the close of the pilgrimage might be contemplated." Yet though no bigot, and for many years separated by social and family ties from sympathy with its theology, the early religious teachings of her life took strong hold upon her mind.

The adoption, at an early age, of Mrs. Sigourney by a lady of rank and fortune, made accessible to her the paths of fame which so many have trod with sore and weary feet. She was entered at the best schools and furnished opportunities for a classical education, such as now no young lady would think of pursuing, when the whole field of science is open to our sex. It was far different with the subject of these letters. There were few women with ambition to be scholars, and those who entered the list with masculine competitors were received with sullen welcome or immediate rejection. The Rule of Three terminated the privileges of the sex in mathematics. The dead languages were sparingly taught to boys, and the living ones of French and German, with their licentious and infidel fascinations, were far enough from being embraced in the programme of puritan education. At the early age of thirteen years, when our children are timidly entering the intermediate departments, the author of the Letters testifies that "what is strictly called school education came to a pause."

Combining study with household cares under the instruction of her accomplished mother, Latin, history, and mental philosophy occupied the attention of the young student. The attendance afterward of Mrs. Sigourney and her twin affinity, Nancy Maria Hyde, at a boarding-school in Hartford, was the first change in the even current of a tranquil existence. She intimates that the spirit of poetry fell upon her unconsciously, the experience of all born poets. Prose-writing till now had been a sort of job-work, but verses multiplied in the journal and scrap-books of the unfledged birdling of song. The patronage of Mr. Daniel Wardsworth, of Hartford, first induced the publication of a little volume called *Moral Pieces*, which was the initiative of a line of books which have, as the author herself says, multiplied like the line of Banquo. Mr. Wardsworth took upon himself the whole charge of this incipient literary issue, and its results pecuniarily were such as to encourage the author to continue. Doubtless much of the favor which this book received was owing to the sex of the writer, only one or two women having at that time been publicly recognized as writers for the press.

In 1816 her friend, Miss Nancy Maria Hyde, was removed from this world, and Miss Huntley became her biographer, devoting the proceeds of her work entirely to the relief of her aged parents—a liberality, or spontaneity of goodness, characteristic of the writer to the latest days of her life. "The Square Table," a satire of some length, followed this biography in 1819, and was the first effort after her marriage—"written by snatches while I was becoming initiated with the science of housekeeping with the spell of the schoolmistress on my head." "Traits of the Aborigines" was a poem in five cantos, published in 1822. "Connecticut Forty Years Ago" succeeded this, and at once established the reputation of the author as a historian and delineator of local traditions, so precious to every New Englander. It was a very dingy-looking book, bound in blue board covers, and printed in small type on domestic paper. It is now quite out of print, having been in existence nearly forty-six years. This was a work of profit to both author and publisher, and "Female Biography" having been disposed of by copyright to the "American Union" for a considerable sum, the finances of Mrs. Sigourney were at this time quite independent of extraneous aid. This was her great ambition to write to earn money of her own, that she might spend it in doing good.

As early as 1811 Mrs. Russel, her daughter, says that she solemnly pledged herself to devote the one-tenth of her income to the work of God and charity, a fulfillment of that pledge being on record in the unwearied and varied charities which she originated and aided.

"Evening Readings in History," though a popular little work in its day, transcended the injunction of the classics, "keep your piece nine years." Thirteen years elapsed before it was intrusted to the Springfield publishers, who gave it what was a rarity in those days, a series of pictorial illustrations. "Letters to Young Ladies," perhaps the most delightful and chaste book ever written by the author, was published in 1833, having expanded from eight to eighteen letters, and was received with flattering distinction in Great Britain and this country, and numerous offers were made for the copyright. It was finally disposed of to Harper & Brothers, and still meets a steady sale, having passed through between twenty and thirty editions. "Select Poems" was published in Philadelphia, and afterward reviewed very kindly by Maria Edgeworth.

In 1837 the full tide of literary ambition, which had been swelling so high in England, broke upon our shores in annuals and souve-

nirs without number. Philadelphia was the garden of their growth, and Mrs. Sigourney, then in the zenith of her fame, was the first one called upon for aid. Dr. Bedell relinquished to her hands the editorship of the *Literary Souvenir* at a handsome salary, and the work was carried out to perfect completion. "Letters to Mothers" succeeded this, of which some one of its reviewers has said "it is a mass of excellence, with as little alloy as any book extant." I fear, however, that this is small praise for a reading age like ours, where, if the alloy be in startling sensations, we care not how much of it we get. In 1839 the care of the *Religious Souvenir* was again intrusted to Mrs. Sigourney, the work achieving a brilliant success, Mrs. Opie, Bernard Barton, R. Shelton M'Kenzie, Miss Sedgwick, and Miss Gould; Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Embury, and Mrs. Stowe contributing to its pages. After her return from Europe she issued "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," and several smaller works, which time forbids us to mention. "Past Meridian" was the best of the latest prose works of her life, and will be relied on as a standard book. The *North American Review*, usually caustic in its strictures and exclusive in its likings, gives it a hearty and generous recognition as a work of meritorious art, unexcelled in its line by any other. "The Daily Counselor," arranged as a devotional and systematic exercise, is a valuable book, a hymn being adapted to each day of the year appropriate to its season. Lovers of sacred poetry can not fail to be pleased with this.

We have thus hastily glanced at the most important transcripts of the mind of the author of these Letters. Much has been omitted, but the mass of matter furnished by a constant contributor from time to time to journals, is not really intended to survive its time. Mrs. Sigourney says that about the time of her commencing to write for magazine literature its name was legion. Every phase of mind seemed to have its own exponent. But if it were so forty years ago, what shall we say of the present time, when the names of these monthly visitors multiply indefinitely, and your house is besieged every year by one or more of their agents for your subscription? Possibly, too, the rage for writing for the papers was never so fearfully developed as at the present time. The whole world seems to have been suddenly afflicted with the disease known classically as *cacoethes scribendi*. It runs chiefly to maudlin love-stories and sentiment without passion—too inane to create frenzy in its readers, but we are fain to believe mischievous enough in engender-

ing those morbid hallucinations which find an ending in suicide and domestic misery.

The author of these Letters of Life possessed far more imagination than has ever taken the wings of fancy in her writing. When she commenced authorship as a career it was considered a great privilege for a woman to write at all in this country; and a wall of brass was thrown around the limits ascribed to her sex as a security that she should never transcend them to compete with the sterner element of genius. Mrs. Sigourney belonged with the class of Morris, Willis, Miss Gould, Sedgwick, Peter Parley, and others. It was in favor, however, of all these authors of a past age that they had no social position to achieve, and that much of their contribution to literature owed its success to reverence for family names and antecedents, so peculiar to New England.

Though recognized chiefly as a poet, the prose writings of Mrs. Sigourney are far more enduring than the majority of her poetical ones. In the use of an elegant and harmonious flow of words, combining, or rather clothing the most chaste of sentiments, her prose, in many instances, presents the highest specimen of English composition. Mr. Griswold, in his "Poets and Poetry of America," says of her verses, "They are too carelessly written, and lack condensation and vigor." Of the prose works, upon which her reputation relies chiefly for permanency, this can not truthfully be said. Her "Letters to Mothers," and "Past Meridian," especially, are complete, perspicuous, and comprehensive, and drop in a happy manner the stilted style so much in vogue with writers of her time. In fact, the private correspondence of the author of these "Letters of Life," though tender and endearing in their nature, have no approach to the careless familiarity and freedom of the writers of to-day. In conversation she was very approachable, and an interesting talker upon any and all subjects. That approachableness, while it made her many friends of worth and culture, also exposed her to many impertinences and unwarrantable intrusions upon her public and private duties. For a long time after her fame was established as a poet, dedication hymns, odes, poems, and reviews were sought at her hands, all of which were cheerfully rendered, curtailing the time for rest and refreshment, and interfering with paid pecuniary engagements. Mrs. Hemans once complained of being persecuted for sittings for her pictures, and for pieces for the albums of young lovers. Mrs. Sigourney was urged to sit for photographs, to furnish elegies, biographies, to correct proof-sheets of old authors, and superintend the

coming out of unfledged ones. She says of herself, "If there is a kitchen in Parnassus, my muse has surely officiated there as a woman of all work, and an aproned waiter."

It is to be regretted that these supererogatory labors detracted from, rather than added to, her appreciation in the public mind, though they certainly widened the circle of friends for her as an individual. Exclusiveness, which is the mantle of authorship, was never worn as such by Mrs. Sigourney. Whatever her hand found to do she did it with her might. Mr. Dana omitted her name in his collection of the "Household Poets of New England," probably because her sympathies were entirely with the doctrines of evangelical religion, and that his compilation was intended to embrace only those spirituelles born of the transcendentalisms of a later age. It was a surprise—the omission—to many innocent people, who had not learned that Boston was the mouthpiece of New England. For ourselves we are content. Mrs. Sigourney would have been quite as much out of place in the collection as Phœbe Palmer's portrait in a gallery of paintings with Fanny Wright and Mrs. Trollope.

The miscellaneous labors of the author of these Letters are not to be computed. It is believed that she contributed, in quantity, articles to the number of two thousand, divided among nearly three hundred different periodicals, from "the Keepsake of the Countess of Blessington," to "the Rose-Bud" of the factory girls at Lowell. It is thought that much of these writings were liberally paid for, but the charities of Mrs. Sigourney absorbed a great portion of an income which might otherwise have added to her wealth and pecuniary distinction. There was a charm about her goodness quite childlike and simple in its implicit trust in human nature. Easily wrought upon by distress, and naturally benevolent, she was undoubtedly often deceived in the applicants for her assistance. We believe she was most at home in the public enterprises and institutions of the city of Hartford. The orphan asylum was her favorite object. The insane retreat often received her favors, and I remember once walking the rooms with her, of that beautiful hospital. A very handsome woman, and a very mad one, acknowledged the introduction of Dr. Butler, by assuring us that she was the Duchess of Sutherland, and asking a contribution of poetry from Mrs. Sigourney to an annual she was preparing for publication. Often connected as an officer with these institutions, she was always their benefactor and friend.

Hartford loved and revered her name, and

was proud of the distinction which her residence conferred upon the city, and welcomed with genial hospitality the men and women of genius and letters who thronged her home. At the reception of General Pierce, when, as President of the United States, he was making a tour of New England, Mrs. Sigourney was called on to present him the reception favors. The grounds were thronged with people, and the house so open that a valuable bracelet, a gold watch and chain, and some lesser trifles were abstracted without notice. When the police hunted out the case, the thief was found to be a young man of nineteen years, whose first crime it was. The family having recovered the property begged hard for his release, but the State prosecution sent the youngster to Wethersfield for a penal servitude of two years. Here Mrs. Sigourney furnished him books, fruits, clothing, and jellies, in a brief illness, and he graduated a softened and Christian young man, pursuing an honorable life ever afterward.

The author of the Letters had surely an even and happy literary life, crowned with success, and died with the full fruition of her fame achieved. The mother of but two living children, one only survives—she whose filial hand takes up so reverently and beautifully the links broken by death in these unfinished memoirs. Of this child Mrs. Sigourney says, "I lead a new or double life in hers." "Faithful in every duty, and self-forgetting almost to a fault, the light of her countenance, and the flitting of her robes when she enters my door, are like those of an angel." There are so many beautiful thoughts in the closing of these Letters that I know not where to choose. "As I review," says the writer, "all the way in which God hath led me, smiles of joy mingle with tears of gratitude. The Almighty Friend who hath held my hand through all my wanderings here, I fear not to trust for the life hereafter. That it is to me unknown, gives vitality and beauty to the Christian's faith. Not claiming to know either of that life, or the time of entering it, I cling to him and am satisfied."

The latest event recorded in these Letters as personal to the author was the separation of herself and daughter by the marriage of the latter, and her removal to New Britain, ten miles from the city of Hartford. After residing here several years they removed to Geneva, where, in July, Mrs. Sigourney went, remaining with her children till late in September. She returned home greatly invigorated, and continued systematically the routine of her domestic and literary duties. At the close of the Winter



she took a severe cold which increased a difficulty of the lungs, and reached eventually a serious prostration. For about three weeks her friends were anxious for her, but hoped that she might rally with the warm weather. On the 18th of May she was for the first time unable to rise from her bed, and by gentle and painless steps she drew near to the land of rest." Her sick room was crowded with delicacies which her own weakness prevented her from enjoying. These were received and sent out again to the poor, the sick, to children orphaned, and to every instance of necessity brought to her notice. The last letter of her life was written May 25th, to Rev. Charles Cleavland, inclosing money for some object of sympathy. On the 6th of June she wrote to a sick person who was convalescing, "Death worketh in us, but life in you," sending it with a bouquet of beautiful flowers.

In the first of her illness she was disposed to be quiet. "I am tired," she said, "I can not talk much, but I am so comfortable." Opening her eyes with a smile, she said, "I love every body;" and surely no person was ever followed to the grave in Hartford with more tender regret and loving respect from all classes of society than she. "On Saturday, June 10th, we knew," says her biographer, "that the angels were waiting for her. Hand in hand we went down with her into the valley and shadow of death. Then came sudden and sharp conflicts, and the end, and we knew, but could not realize, that we were left behind."

"Her ministry is over:  
To cheer earth's pilgrim to the sky,  
To dry the tear-drop from his eye  
Was hers, then to immortal joy  
Resign her brief employ,  
Break her sweet harp and die."

And dying thus she has left behind, after a beautiful life, the illustration of the Psalmist, "He giveth his beloved sleep." "Taken only a little while from her accustomed employments, with her mind undimmed by the touch of time, clear and active to the last, the later years of her life growing brighter to her as the sunbeams drew toward the West, loving all, and loved by all, what was there more to desire?"

THERE is an apostolic admonition which is worth whole volumes of heroic bravado. It is this—"Let your moderation be known unto all men." And again, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink." This is the morality of the Gospel. It is treason in the philosophy of war.

## JEANNE D'ALBRET.

## PART II.

FOR a long time matters had been growing worse and worse for the Huguenots throughout France. "No faith with heretics" was the cry, and, in spite of the edict and its amnesty, it was estimated that not less than three thousand Protestants had been put to death since its ratification, about three years previous. A collision became inevitable, and the Huguenots deemed it best to take the initiative. This they did so promptly and so thoroughly that they soon compelled another ratification of the edict and a new amnesty. But this "uneasy peace" did not last long. Indeed, the royalists had not disbanded their troops, nor sent away their mercenaries. The Huguenots were soon persecuted worse than before. The unrestrained populace indulged in butchery and blood, for they were taught that killing a Protestant was an acceptable sacrifice to God. The French count, taking lessons from the brutal Duke of Alva, began to contrive to draw all the Huguenot leaders into a snare. But their devices were too transparent, and Coligny and the Prince of Condé fled to La Rochelle, whither they were soon followed by others, and the third civil war broke out. Jeanne was eager to take her share in the conflict, and, making brief preparations for her absence, she quitted Navarre with her two children, and an escort of only fifty horsemen. In defiance of a message just received from Charles IX, urging her to give up Protestantism as the only means of preserving her kingdom, she thus boldly left it almost unprotected, except by the loyalty of her subjects, and set out to defend that Protestantism which was dearer to her than life. Threading her difficult way through the country in the very presence of hostile troops that had been set to prevent her departure, and gathering volunteers by the way, she at last triumphantly entered La Rochelle with the respectable contingent of 400 horse and 3,000 infantry.

She was received with great enthusiasm by the people of that city, and the Protestants there congregated. They thought victory thenceforth almost certain. Her assistance was indeed invaluable. Her presence secured the presence and support of many of her subjects, and her personal possessions were not withheld from the sacred cause. She pledged even her jewels to obtain means to carry on the war, and she negotiated valuable loans from Elizabeth, Queen of England. A queen herself, Jeanne treated with her as with a sister. Although their kingdoms did not resemble each other in extent,

the grand qualities of soul which shone out on either side overlooked the difference. They both possessed masculine energy and political talent; they defended the same religion, and they had the same enemy, but the task of Jeanne was by far the more difficult. We may also add that the reproaches which history is obliged to associate with the name of Elizabeth has never shaded the glory of Jeanne. However, it suited the policy and, perhaps, the principles of the English queen to aid the Huguenots in their struggles against the Catholic power. Besides furnishing gold, arms, and ammunition as a loan, she gave a generous asylum to many noble fugitives, and opened her ports to adjudicate the naval prizes of the Rochellais.

Jeanne also published a manifesto, in which she set forth anew the motives which obliged the French Protestants to take up arms. She reiterated their loyalty to the king and their hatred to the house of Lorraine, which had usurped the government. In organizing the army Jeanne laid aside all personal ambition; and though her son was first prince of the blood, and, therefore, outranked all others in command, she would not permit the cause to suffer through any prerogative of birth. The command was continued with the Prince of Condé, and Jeanne declaring that she and her children were willing to follow his lead in all respects, clothed young Henri in a military suit, and leading him into camp, placed him under the care of his uncle, and took her leave of him without shedding a tear. We wonder, as we read these noble deeds, that Henri could ever desert the cause to which such a mother devoted him from his very childhood.

While the Prince of Condé and Coligny led the army, Jeanne accepted the administration of civil affairs in the city; but her attention was not confined to these. When news came of the fatal day of Jarnæ, the death of Condé, and the demoralization of the army, she rushed to the battle-field and restored their courage by her presence. It was then that she brought forward her son and offered him as their leader, devoting him anew to the sacred cause. But even this was mostly nominal, for Coligny was to be the real leader. With revived spirits, and with varying success, they prosecuted the war till the unhappy result of the battle of Moncontour once more brought dismay into their ranks. Again did Jeanne, at the imminent risk of her life, hasten to the battle-field to mend the broken fortunes by her words of counsel. It was decided to leave garrisons in the principal Calvinistic cities, and to send off the remainder of the army to the south, to be recruited under

the care of the two young princes, Henri de Bourbon and the Prince of Condé. They were to be joined by Coligny as soon as he had recovered from the severe wound which he had just received.

In the mean time Jeanne had been engaged in defending her own domains, for Charles IX had undertaken to carry out his threats concerning them. He had sent an army thither which, uniting with the native Catholic element, had carried on a bitter and bloody war against the loyal portion of the population. Unwilling to divert any part of the forces under Coligny, Jeanne had, from her private purse, fitted up two hundred volunteers, and putting them under the charge of Montgomery she successfully mapped out his course through the hostile intervening country. His little handful of men was soon recruited by faithful Bearnese to a goodly army, and after many bloody scenes the whole country returned to its allegiance. A second revolt being stirred up by the same means, though quelled at length, Jeanne resorted to a desperate remedy. This was nothing less than the closing and demolishing of the monasteries, confiscating their goods, prohibiting mass, and enjoining all the monks and priests to leave without delay. This applied only to Bearne, where the reformed religion was dominant, and not to Lower Navarre, where the Catholic faith prevailed. This act of Jeanne D'Albret has been much criticised; and though we must acknowledge that her annoyances from this source were most baneful and perplexing, yet when we consider that the Protestant party were at this very time fighting for equal rights and privileges, we can but wonder at her inconsistency.

Amid all the details of administration for the army, the city, and her distant realm, Jeanne did not forget the peculiarly feminine sphere of hospital service. She visited the sick and the wounded most assiduously, often caring for them with her own hands. Her ministrations to Coligny were like those of a sister; she persuaded the gallant La Nour to submit to an amputation, and held his arm while the operation was performed. This kindness and heroic devotion created for her and her cause an enthusiasm so great, even among the mercenary Germans, that they afterward eagerly sought opportunity to express it upon the field of action.

A glimpse of Jeanne's daily life here at La Rochelle gives us a still deeper insight into her character. The circle of friends who clustered about her made a suite well becoming a Protestant queen. Among the nobility were the Baron de Rosny, the widows of Condé and

D'Audelot, the Countess de Roche-Faucauld, and many other ladies of quality whose names, and especially whose virtues even the Louvre might well envy. Besides all the public interests to which Jeanne attended, and the education of her daughter, which was no more neglected now than when she dwelt in the charmed precincts of *Castel Bezial*—at Pau—she found time for discussing with her ministers the highest questions of religion and theology. And when her brain was wearied with multiplied cares, in order to prevent her lassitude from closing her eyes irresistibly, she obtained permission of her pastors to occupy her fingers with tapestry while listening to their discourses. And she listened so intently that when the sermons were finished she was able to repeat them entire. These works of her fingers also display the train of her thoughts. A Jesuit historian says that she worked a dozen or fifteen large pieces with her own hands, all of them Scripture scenes representing deliverance, such as that of Joseph from prison, and the children of Israel from Pharaoh; and in all the corners were broken chains, manacles, and gibbets, and below, in large letters, "*Ubi spiritus, ibi libertas*." But to show her animosity to the Catholic religion, he goes on to state that she took a large piece embroidered by her mother, representing the mass, and cutting out the head of the officiating priest she inserted in its place that of a wolf, who, looking toward the audience with a horrid leer, is saying, "*Dominus vobiscum*."

At last Coligny, by a bold stroke, laid open the road to Paris, and wrung from the alarmed court the peace of St. Germain, which gave the Protestants by far the best terms yet accorded. The Papal and Spanish ambassadors protested against it most vehemently; but if they had known the real end kept in view by Catherine de Medici they would have held their peace well satisfied. With that deep duplicity so congenial to her character, she resolved to draw the reformers into a snare, and gain by cold-blooded butchery and massacre what she had not been able to secure in the field. This plan, long cherished, was now matured, and from this period all her arrangements pointed to that culmination of wickedness, St. Bartholomew's Day.

No one had more eagerly desired to see the end of a cruel war than the Queen of Navarre; yet, in the midst of joyous salvos and noisy demonstrations, she remained anxious and defiant. She had not forgotten the lessons of the past. In vain did Catherine send her the most pressing invitations to court, lavishing upon her

the most honeyed and caressing words. Jeanne did not trust to their sincerity one moment. In reply she sent commissioners to court to urge the restoration of certain cities according to the stipulations of the treaty, and to inquire why the Guises were not sent away and L'Hopital recalled. Specious excuses were urged, but Jeanne was not moved.

However, the court found it necessary, at any price, to draw the chiefs of the Protestant party into the snare, and then the rest would blindly follow. The next device for this purpose was the project of a marriage between Margaret, the sister of Charles IX, and Henri, Prince of Navarre. To this Jeanne replied coldly, that she could do nothing without consulting her son, who was then in Bearn. Permission was next given to hold a Protestant national synod, the first ever convened by royal consent. It was held in La Rochelle, in April, 1571.

New envoys from the king were sent to La Rochelle to press the subject of the royal marriage. They also brought assurances of royal favor to Coligny and projects concerning his favorite scheme, the prosecution of a war with Spain. Jeanne was skeptical on this point also, but Coligny was tired of civil war. In vain did the queen remind him of the lessons of the past. "Away with all this," he would say; "I would sooner die bravely at once than live a hundred years in fear." Among the first considerations with Jeanne was the religious aspect of the proposed marriage. Behind this she intrenched her other objections. "Indeed," she replied to some of the propositions of the court, "I would sooner descend to the condition of the humblest maiden in France than to sacrifice my soul and that of my son to the grandeur of my family." The Baron de Rosny sustained her in the rejection of the proposed alliance. He contended that the most suitable alliance for the young Prince would be Elizabeth, of England, who was supposed to be on the lookout for a husband at that time. It is doubtful how far Jeanne favored this project, but probably the fact that Elizabeth was twenty years his senior was sufficient to set aside its consideration.

In September, when Coligny went to throw himself at the feet of Charles IX, Jeanne also quitted La Rochelle to repair to her estates. By royal decree her passage through France was like a triumphal ovation; but when she reached Bearn she received the welcome of true hearts, who rejoiced to greet her after three years' absence. She immediately applied herself to the correction of abuses and devising a better code of laws. These were very com-

plete, and contained many points from which the present age might well take lessons. They were in force till the kingdom was absorbed in that of France, embracing a period of fifty prosperous years—a period to which the inhabitants often look back with regret.

But here, as in La Rochelle, Jeanne found only the Baron de Rosny to sustain her in opposition to the proposed match. As to the Prince himself he had little to say on the subject. Catherine had not failed to ply him with temptations, but he was so much accustomed to yield his wishes to the respected will of his mother, that he but follows his usual course when he writes, "I shall in this matter abide by the decisions of the Queen, my mother." Alas, it was a pity indeed that the Queen, his mother, was not at liberty to make her own decisions. Exhausted in the unequal struggle that had lasted so many months, she resolved to refer it to a sovereign council, according to an ancient usage of the kingdom. If they should decide against it, she would feel sustained in her refusal. But they, too, were tampered with by the minions of the Court, and persuaded to see great advantages in this royal alliance, and they declared in its favor. Nothing more remained to Jeanne but to yield a sorrowful assent. Henceforth all she could do was to take the best precautions possible against the perils visible to herself but not to her friends, and to evade the perfidious snares which surrounded without deceiving her. She decided at last to repair to the Court, which had come as far as Blois to meet her in order to arrange the conditions of the marriage.

Having made due preparations for the government of her kingdom in her absence, she took her departure. She was going under the guise of peace to make preparation for marriage fêtes, but she felt less resolute than when she had quitted Bearne a few years previous to risk her crown and her all in the perils of war. She seemed to have a certain premonition of the difficulties that awaited herself and her children, and which she had labored so long and so unavailingly to avoid. On quitting the loved and familiar places her heart was wrung with keenest agony, and she wept with uncontrollable emotion. At last she proceeded, journeying leisurely with her children toward the frontier and receiving renewed assurances of fidelity from her affectionate subjects. At Nerac a number of the gentlemen and nobility met her to receive her parting directions. Among these was the Baron de Rosny, who, at her request, had brought with him his son, Maximilian de Bethune, afterward Duke de

Sully. The Queen wished to recognize the devotion of the Baron by continuing the friendship between their children. In her presence Rosny presented his son to Henri de Bourbon, assuring him that he would always find in this young prince a faithful and obedient servant. The boy, who was seven years Henri's junior, with one knee on the ground gracefully repeated the paternal assurance, when Henri raised him up, caressed him, pronounced him worthy of his parentage, and promised, on the faith of a prince, to love him always. Thus, through the maternal foresight of Jeanne, commenced that precious friendship which afterward secured to Henry IV the invaluable services of his prime minister, Sully.

Having given her last instructions to her son, who was to act as lieutenant-governor in her absence, she pursued her mournful journey. She was received with great rejoicings by the French Court that had thus far succeeded in their object; but it does not appear that she was for a moment deceived by all the hypocrisy that was practiced toward her. A letter to her son expressed her full appreciation of the manner in which she was treated. She says, "I do not succeed with the negotiations at all as I had been promised, for I have no opportunity to speak to the King nor to Margaret. The latter I never see except in the presence of the queen-mother or of her governess; she never goes to her room at an hour when I can call on her. As to the Duke of Anjou, he advised with me very privately; but it is half in badinage, half in dissimulation. I have three times attempted to speak with the queen-mother, but she ridicules me, and then reports to others just the contrary to what I have said. Then my friends blame me, but I know not how to give the lie to the Queen. If I say to her, 'Madam, you have made such and such propositions,' she laughs at me to my face. As to the Huguenots, a squadron of them visit me, but they act rather as spies, and give me all sorts of advice which I can not follow; and I am obliged to walk circumspectly to avoid quarreling with them." She begs her son to send on her chancellor, Francourt, that she may have some one to advise with. "I assure you," she continues pathetically, "that if you knew all the trouble I am in, you would pity me, for they demand rigorous compliance with the fashions, and propose vain and foolish fancies instead of treating me with gravity, as the case demands." She then goes on to give a vivid picture of the depravity and corruption of the court, and its influence over the Protestants who frequented it, expresses her intention to have him and his wife



retire from it immediately after marriage, and adds, "My son, you have well judged from my previous letters that they need not try to separate you from God and from me, and you will learn from this what trouble I am in on your behalf. I beg you to pray earnestly to God, for you need his assistance at all times, and especially in these times. And I shall beseech him to give you all that you desire."

It was a heart-rending situation in which to place so noble and pure-minded a woman and mother as Jeanne d'Albret. Foreseeing something terrible in all the hate of the court, and in all the sinister plots which thickened around her, she yet had not the poor consolation of feeling that this sacrifice of herself was to avail aught for the safety of her children, or the cause of Protestantism. She saw, too, the impossibility of withdrawing from court, but with that firmness which never forsook her, she sent word to the Prince, her son, to return to Bearne from La Rochelle, whither he had come to await her orders. This movement opened the eyes of Catherine, who hastened to ameliorate the condition of affairs. First, she sent the Guises away, and then she consented to have the marriage ceremony performed according to Protestant rites. A dispensation for this purpose was to be procured from the Pope, and if he refused they were to proceed without it; while Jeanne on her part consented that the ceremony should be performed at Paris. All the obstacles being at last removed, the contract was signed at Blois in April, 1572. In all these negotiations Jeanne, according to contemporaneous authors, treated with a prompt and open spirit, which contrasted greatly with the tortuous finesse of Catherine. Her noble virtue also stood out in bright relief against the shameless depravity which surrounded her, and which she was fain not to see, so that her principles and her dignity might be less compromised in this impure element.

All being now ready Jeanne sent for her son, who still dutifully awaited her bidding. At the same time she, with the rest of the court, proceeded to Paris to make ready for the celebration of the approaching nuptials. With nervous and distrustful eagerness she pushed the preparations, even going about in person to the shops and the stores to hasten her orders and her purchases. In the midst of these details, about ten days after her arrival, she was suddenly stricken down with a malignant fever. She soon perceived her end approaching, and with wondrous calmness she prepared to meet it. She attended most devoutly to her ministers, who prayed with her and read the Word of Life.

Several times she was heard to repeat, "O my God, my tender Father, deliver me from this body of death and from the miseries of this life, to the end that I may no more offend thee, and that I may enjoy the felicity that thou hast promised me." To her attendants, who were overcome with grief, she said, "Ought you to weep for me when God calls me to a better life, to the desired port of safety, for which I have long watched and waited?"

For Jeanne d'Albret herself it must have been a joyous release from the weariness and heartlessness of earthly things, but for her children she felt no small anxiety. The one an innocent young girl, to be left in the vile atmosphere of a vile court; the other an impetuous youth, with Bourbon passions and appetites, well might she fear the future for him, and the seductions that Catherine de Medici would not fail to spread around him. She employed the short space of time allotted her in doing all that she could for them. She had her will most carefully drawn up with minute directions for their guidance, but she said not a word of the ill-starred marriage. When all was properly done she patiently awaited her end in the midst of excruciating sufferings. It was on Monday morning, June 9, 1572, after five days illness, that this noble soul entered into rest.

The court affected a profound grief, and Catherine more than any one else. She put on mourning, uttered loud-sounding eulogies, and hoped that this sorrowful event would not break up a marriage that was destined to seal peace and union. But all this display did not prevent the accusation of poisoning the Queen of Navarre, which many at once lodged against her. There was upon the bridge of St. Michael a Florentine perfumer, whose reputation as well as that of Catherine had gained him the cognomen of "the Queen's poisoner." It seems that Jeanne had purchased of him some perfumed gloves and collars, and it is said that she was seized with this malignant fever immediately after wearing them. The time of her death was equally significant. She had given her sanction to the marriage contract, and had sent for her son, thus securing his presence and that of his suite to swell the number of victims for the horrible massacre in contemplation. Her clear-sightedness would materially have interfered with the near approach to consummation of so gigantic a butchery, and besides, to have burdened that bloody day with the shedding of royal blood might have provoked the interference of foreign sovereigns.

In view of the long and bitter strife between the two queens, this deed must have seemed

at that time like the complete triumph of the vilest malignity; but when we look upon it in history, when we throw upon it the light of time and eternity, we can see how entirely it defeated its own ends; how the malign act but opened the doors of paradise to the wronged and outraged sufferer, while it but weighed down the guilty soul of the vindictive perpetrators to deeper depths of eternal misery.

We can not follow now the dark record, the mockery of marriage that secured a life's torment to young Henri, nor the awful scenes of St. Bartholomew's day. They are familiar to the student of history; but we shall feel satisfied if we have been able to fasten upon the memory of the reader a character so candescent in the midst of the darkness of that period as that of Jeanne d'Albret.

#### THINKING.

THE demand of the time is for consecrated and trained thinking.

There are thousands of people who have intense longings for usefulness, grievous repentings over their shortcomings, fitful arousings to new resolves, and corresponding lapses into unprofitableness. They "never are, but are always to be" of some account in helping on God's cause. This writing shall not be useless, if some of these are aided to find the why of their repeated failures, and the how of avoiding them.

An item of advice to seamen, given by the London admiralty, in regard to the conduct of a ship in a hurricane, begins with, "Stand erect, and look in the wind's eye." I would say, let those people who have the rotary motion hinted at, who are always planning, and always failing, stand erect, and look the difficulty in the eye. I think in nearly every case the trouble lies in *the lack of consecrated, disciplined thought.*

Much fine thinking is in the interest of selfishness, mammon, sin, and so under the ban of the good God. It may move men mightily, but it is down the inclined plane of sensualism. Such thinkers may be gifted with

"The art Napoleon,  
Of wooing, winning, wielding, fettering, binding  
The hearts of millions, till they move as one."

Yet they are doomed by the inherent force of law to sure defeat. The children of their brain may go forth as beautifully clad as angels of light, but they bear only harm and hurt. The simple thoughts of very plain people, with the chrism of God's "well done" upon them, the vitality of his love pulsating through them, are

often wonderfully potent in overturning dominant, evil forces, prying the race up toward heaven.

What if your thought force is very little! What if it can not touch bottom in subjects of any considerable depth! What if it tires before it reaches the heights where strong people stand, enjoying a broad outlook upon the world of facts! So much the more need to insure its success, by bringing it into harmony with God's thought. His purpose is the only engine that moves steadily and surely. Fasten to that and you can not fail. Many consecrate their emotions to Christ, and reserve their mental powers. They sing and shout, praise and pray, perform duties and charities, any thing, every thing, but use their brain to work out the problems that affect the success of God's cause. They think energetically enough about other matters, but their religious life is left to work itself out in a hap-hazard way, as fancy or caprice may dictate. Hence, their efforts are narrow, often mechanical, and lacking freshness. They do good execution sometimes, but oftener they waste force, blunder, and fail. God has use in his service for the entire man, heart, brain, and all. And what is there so worthy our thought as the salvation of men, and our agency in it?

Look at your life, my friend. A regal purpose sways scepter over it—a love, an ambition, or selfishness. You intend to escape hell, and gain heaven; but you mean to have money, place, or power, on the way. You want Christ to save you, but he can not get the consent of your will to dethrone that regnant carnality. You think for it, plan for it, study modes of gratifying it, and the scraps of time left you devote to Him who bought you with his own blood. Perhaps you imagine that, sometime, God is going to send an immense passion force upon you that will bear you up to a higher plane—suddenly making your life what it ought to be, nobly consecrated to him. Not so. Upon your will rests the responsibility. When you decree, "I will consecrate all my powers to Christ," you will find him not "slack concerning his promises."

As the father holds the hand, and points the arrow of his little archer boy, so God will direct our consecrated thought to the mark, and supplement it with his own strength.

Mental faculties thus consecrated to God, *must be cultured and developed to the highest possible power.* Many mistake here. As if they should say, "Yes, my mind is given to Christ. Let him strengthen and use it as he will. I will lie passive in his hands"—forgetting that true Christian passivity is intensely active. As

well say, "My body is given to Christ. Let him care for it. His power keeps me alive any way, so I'll save myself the drudgery of eating—spend that time in prayer and praise." It takes but half a glance to see how suicidal such an idiotic conclusion; and yet some pious people starve and cramp their minds to strengthless emaciation, and then wonder at their narrow usefulness.

There is a close analogy between physical and mental hygiene. From the Fall both body and mind are diseased, and the Bible remedies are the best possible for each—temperance, moderation, rest from care, activity, and the tonics of hope and joy. The best agencies to keep the body healthy, and to increase its vigor, are proper food and exercise. If a man's body is stout and athletic, it is not a mere happiness. He has grown up according to law. So of the mind. It is impossible to have it firm and robust if it is fed on trash or kept in idleness.

The unwashed masses, that fester in city lanes, are fattened for the maw of the pestilence by foul air, decaying vegetables, and diseased meats. They go about with poison in their blood and rotteness in their bones. When the cholera comes it sweeps them into the grave by the thousand. The cheap novels of the day, fulsome, sensual, vile, poison the mental life of the masses, and fit them for the pest-winds of free-lovism, Mormonism, spiritism, devilism. That the mind may be vigorous and healthy, let its food be books of history, of art, of science, of pure poesy, and, above all, as a staple, God's Book, that fountain and aggregate of all truth. These give it fiber, muscle, nerve. It may now and then indulge lightly in the best-made fictional sweetmeats, but it can thrive only upon solid aliment.

The racer in the Olympic games was subjected to the closest diet during his preparatory period. We are under drill for a spirit contest. We must avoid all mental food that can in the least impair our powers; for not the olive wreath, or the applause of excited men, awaits our success, but the crown of glory and the "well done" of God.

We can not have reliable muscles without constant, judicious exercise. Kaspar Hauser, confined in a small room the first years of his life, was a man in stature, and yet unable to make any but the simplest muscular efforts. There are millions of mental Kaspar Hausers. So hurt are we by the curse, it is necessary to oblige a muscle to repeat a movement thousands of times before it can be done with ease or grace. So we have to force each mental faculty through a required task, again and again, before

it can perform it quickly or well. Hence the utility of classical and mathematical culture. There is little in a college curriculum that can be put to practical use in common life; but, as a race-horse has to be driven under lash and rein, day after day, to bring every muscle into reliable action, so the mind has to be disciplined month by month, and year by year, before it can be trusted to attempt any high achievement. I know many drone through collegiate drills, substituting other men's work for their own, and are but little better for it; while others outside the schools have strength enough to hold themselves to the discipline that develops intellectual power.

By what processes shall we develop mental strength? Not by devouring books. Seneca said, "Read much, but read few books." Not by appropriating other men's fine thoughts. The memory is a noble faculty, but it is only one of a commonwealth, in which the rights of each member must be respected to insure the safety of the whole. Having dead men's mental coin rattling from the pen-point or tongue tip may make a clever quotationist, but never a rich, ripe thinker. It may excite the bravos of the crowd, but it shall go hard, if one find time from all this, to think out the mechanism that shall raise the race so much as a hair's breadth toward God. Any faculty of body or mind can be developed to almost superhuman energy. The Indian can track his enemy through forests and over prairies, where the white man could see not the slightest trace of a human foot. He is trained to it. The scholar can weigh the stars, and mark out their orbits, though to the red man they are but specks of light that help him find his trail through the woods. The Indian's outer sense is trained, the thinker's inner sense; and each, by practice, doing the thing again and again, undiscouraged by failures, unwearied by repetitions, aiming at a mark that must be hit some time. Careful seeing develops sight. The long vision of the sailor, and the close vision of the watchmaker, illustrate this. Careful thinking develops thought. People think enough. We think as constantly, and as involuntarily as we breathe. The trouble is, we do not think steadily—to a purpose.

"But my life is crowded with earnest work. I am a man of business—a woman of care. I can't take time for these thought exercises." Then you, of all people, most need them. As a farmer practices gymnastics at the plow handles, so do you exercise your thought upon your work, and you can find out how to lighten it. What makes the difference in the price of wages among people who go out to service? "Some

work better." Rather, they think more. You have a servant who never forgets how you like to have a thing done. She thinks. You will give her a dollar a week more than you will give another who brings you just as pleasant ways, larger experience, and more muscle, but who does not think. A housekeeper who thinks has her affairs in a compact, manageable shape. Her planning, "executive force" men call it, when they speak of the same ability used in what they regard more dignified work, adds at least one-half to her strength. And no small item is this, for what worlds of home comfort come from the brain of a good, efficient housewife; and how many important failures are due to the ill-temper, and nervous unhinging, caused by a smoky breakfast room, burnt steak, or muddy coffee! This calls up the old story of the blacksmith causing the loss of the empire by shoeing badly the general's horse.

Among farmers and mechanics the question of success seems to hinge upon the formula—less muscle and more thought. If a man thinks nimbly and strongly enough to keep another set of muscles at work, he becomes two men. If a hundred, he multiplies his producing force a hundred times; and just so far as he can think out the work of these men, better than they can themselves, he gains a profit on their muscle. This is the way honest men get rich. If I can plan so that a man's strength is worth as much again as it would be without my thinking, I am entitled to the extra gains. That is fair. The thought fields are open to all. If he wants the money and the fine home it will buy, let him learn to think. Thinking is work, but it pays. This holds good through all orders of workers, from the freedman, digging under illegal apprenticeship, to Napoleon and Bismarck, who are playing their grand European game, with Pope and princes for chessmen. The measure of a man's patient, incisive thinking, is generally the measure of his success. The speculating folk, who think that the prizes of this world are set up to be gambled for, may ride the wave occasionally, but it is only the steady rowing that brings surely to port. Great achievements are not accidental. They are the result of tireless thought. It took Columbus eighteen years to think his way to America. In our war it was not the brilliant men, those of high polish and acknowledged scholarship, who saved the Republic. It was Grant, he of the broad, silent brain, whose thought went steadily and stoutly to the core of a subject, and crystallized into immovable firmness; and Lincoln, whose habit was to spend hours thinking at a point, where a principle lay hidden,

till he had delved through all its intricacies and involvements, down to the rock basis, and found a standing-place for steady action.

We need a grand reënforcement of right-thinking in leading others to the Savior. We must study mind. Every man has beaten routes through his mental domain. We can strike into them with our artillery and supply-trains, and conquer him for Jesus much more easily than if we blundered in upon him, regardless of his modes of thought. Some people have so much faith-force, they can construct military roads through other people's territory, wherever they choose to go. But I think the same zeal would accomplish infinitely more if the laws of mind were regarded. "The children of this world are wiser" in kindred matters "than the children of light." Business men, politicians, diplomatists study directness, positiveness, polish, nice address—all things that have power over mind, and use them as skillfully as they possibly can in carrying out their schemes. There is a world of unnecessary lumber blocking up the way to the Cross.

Penitents are dragged through this by the force of conviction and the faith of the Church; and when they find themselves rejoicing within "the wicket gate," not one in ten can tell how he got there. If those who help others to Christ—and no one is worthy the name of Christian unless he is trying to do this—had knowledge in proportion to their zeal, they would so instruct penitents that they would understand that to submit to Christ and trust in his love, the best one knows how to do, always brings him into a saved state, no matter what his emotions are. When the storms of temptation came, continuing to do this, he would be kept from casting away his confidence. Thus thousands of the backsliders that disgrace the Church and lose their souls might be saved to the work of God.

In the case of the newly converted much more thought is needed. Most people's zeal fails when they get the names of new members upon the Church record. The Bible calls converts "babes." Suppose a man to plan an orphan-house. He gathers up fifty babies and ranges them in rows about a room, with tables filled with meat and vegetables. He locks them in and goes his way, rejoicing over the fine set of men and women that are vegetating in his asylum. Just so absurdly are the majority of Christ's "little ones" cared for. No wonder so many die, and so many are weak and sickly among us.

Suppose a man to succeed by his reasoning and pathos in getting a dozen drunkards to



take the pledge. Then suppose he makes not one effort to help them to employment, better associations, and decent homes, but turns them loose in their old haunts among the whisky stench, to fight the devils single-handed till the next Sabbath, when they may hear again the eloquence that aroused them to a sense of danger. Where would his twelve men be found by Saturday night? A thousand wonders if every one of them were not back in the ditch. We need to use our best thought to help on to effective Christian life those whom God intrusts to us as "babes" or rescued ones. If you know one of Christ's little children to be staggering under temptation, take up his case as you would a difficult problem in science, one upon which tremendous issues are pending. Spend hours in close, prayerful study if need be. Measure his peculiarities, his infirmities—how you can reach him, how hold him—and trusting the Savior's help, ten to one you will get him again out of Satan's clutches. It will pay. Souls cost Christ his life. Heaven means something; hell is a fathomless horror!

I suppose one of the most potent agencies for the perpetuity of the Christian Church is family religion; and yet how little do good people understand and use its power! In many pious families the religious is done in Church and in prayer and class meetings, and the services of the domestic altar are gone through in a meaningless, mechanical way. A long chapter is read, with no explanations, and a long prayer ground out. Little feet fidget upon chair rounds till they are nervous enough to kick "prayers" out of the calendar. Big boys and girls rebel. Father scolds, and, of necessity, lets them do as they please. Mother comes from her private devotions with red eyes and a resolution to get the Church to pray for, and the minister to talk to them, in hopes they'll be "converted this Winter." Ah me, what blunderers! The power of music untried, the ability to interest by teaching the truth with note and anecdote—giving Hebrew eyes with which to see into this wonderful Hebrew book, which alone contains the way of salvation—all these unused, and the children growing up Bible-haters—going down from a formal family altar to the world of woe!

Sabbath school workers need to think. Go to the public schools in our large towns; see what changes have been wrought in the modes of instruction; how object-lessons, pictures, blackboards are used to make truth simple and tangible. Here, again, "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light." Sabbath school teaching has undergone a

change, but there are only a few pioneer thinkers who bring the same acumen to these duties that are so useful in the public schools. Their wonderful modes, that seem to have such power in bringing the children to Jesus, did not come from the intuitions of genius, nor from a religious frenzy. The love of Christ constrained them to work, common-sense held them to close thought, and thus they have matured these plans—upon the same principle that thinking wrought Robert Fulton's crude notions of steam navigation into the Great Eastern, a floating city. Probably your brain is as good as theirs. If you will so work it, you may accomplish similar results.

But of all men Christian pastors have the greatest need of earnest thinking. In every department of labor there ought to be improvement. Take, for instance, the prayer meeting. Its outer mechanism is often left to adjust itself. The shallow and bold are allowed to crowd out the talented and timid, the prayers to be as long and mechanical, the hymns as badly sung and tedious, the exhortations as prosy and tiresome as dullness and formality can make them. One needs a deep degree of piety to attend some Church prayer meetings week by week. The young and moderately religious will not go. Of course they need to, but there's no use in scolding. The only way is to think and pray till you find how to make the meeting interesting and profitable. The people hunger for the bread of life. If they are fed at the prayer meetings they will go to them. This holds good of all social means of grace. Some ministers run in deeply worn grooves, round and round, year in and year out, doing things just as they did a quarter of a century ago, though mechanics, art, science, teaching, every thing has made marked advance in that time. Now and then a revival influence lifts them out of the ruts for a few weeks, but they soon fall back into the old tread-mill processes. Take, for illustration, one item of the Sabbath service, the singing. Now every body knows that more truth can be sung into the hearts of the masses than can be reasoned into them. Music is a power for good or ill; yet many pastors let this part of the service shamble along, subject to the will, caprice, or vanity of thoughtless, irreverent people. It ought to have more beauty, worship, and power in it than any other, but it is a failure. Singers are not so unmanageable. They are quite like other people, in doing a thing as it best pleases them, when it is left with them to choose their mode. Random shots from the pulpit will never answer in place of well-matured plans, upon which kind

common-sense can bring all parties to agree. In officering the Church the closest thought is necessary. It is an economy of time and force to think a whole day over the filling of an important office rather than have to manage or piece out an unruly or defective incumbent. With his thinking powers consecrated to Christ, "leaning not to his own understanding," but trusting the Divine guidance, let the pastor study his material, arrange and dispose it to the best advantage.

When the thought of the Church is fully consecrated and thoroughly cultured, shall she move forth "bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." Then shall the world be conquered and saved.

#### DAMASCUS.

I REMEMBER, in the south of Spain, Cordova, I think, we spent a day in a hotel surrounding a court, in whose midst a fountain tinkled, gold fishes flashed in the sun, canary birds sung in their cages, and golden oranges glowed in the trees. The house was the first we had inhabited in our wanderings that was entirely Oriental in architecture, and made its impression upon the mind.

Away from Spain, across the Mediterranean, in the green border that fringes the desert of Africa, we found another dwelling, like unto the first, whose style the Spaniards had borrowed from the vanquished Moors. And here again, in Asia, this house of Demetrius, the Greek, in the midst of Damascus, is a continual reminder of Egypt and of Spain. Outside it is like all the other dwellings of the Damascenes, built of dull, mud-brown brick, covered with plaster, which is whitewashed or painted in stripes of red and white. There is, in the exterior of the dwellings here, neither form nor comeliness. The low gate that leads from the street to the outer court requires an obeisance from all except children. The outer court serves the purpose of a front hall at home. Its pavements are of stone. A stone seat runs around the walls, on which may be found lolling the local guides, the dragomans and muleteers, while beggars and ice-cream venders linger around the low iron door. This outer court opens into the inner of which I have already spoken. At its eastern end is a deep alcove, with the floor elevated a foot above the court pavements. A horseshoe arch spreads over its entrance, and broad divans and easy chairs are scattered about the sides, while books and games for the traveler's entertainment occupy niches built for them

in the walls. The walls are painted in the Oriental whites, vermilions, and azures seen everywhere, with an occasional effort at landscape near the railing of the galleries, which extend around the upper windows, thus giving their occupants an opportunity to enjoy the sky above, and the court below. Our room is on the southwest, and has at some time been the grand salon of the house. The center is on a level with the court; is paved with marble; has its fountain of water dropping day and night; has great chandeliers holding their crystals above the crystal drops below; has walls thirty feet in high, which are painted in curious devices of flower-wreathed columns and imitations of drapery. The ceiling above is arabesqued in gilt, on a wood of a deep, brown hue, that makes one think of the golden birch leaves lying on the brown earth of October; and this is surrounded by borders of mosaic work of different kinds of wood. Two alcoves open at each side of the hall, separated from it by curtains. These alcoves are covered with soft Turkish mattings, and wide divans, with piles of cushions, serve for seats by day, and upon these the beds are made by night; mirrors, a marble table, an easy chair, deep recesses for the windows, which are high and wide, with the horseshoe arch at the top, and shaded only by curtains of muslin.

Here we have been resting since Saturday afternoon, after more than five weeks in the saddle and in our tents—weeks that did not give us uninterrupted sunshine. Two nights of pouring rain, two days of alternate shower and sun, an experience of slippery mountain paths, of marshy bogs and meadows, of muddy stony roads, of dampness and dreariness, and general discomfort, had made shelter more than ever desirable, and prepared us to appreciate this sunny Eastern home. And an experience among the mountains, bare and gray like Tabor, snowy and cold like Hermon, or the long range of anti-Lebanon, in sight of which we rode for nearly three days—experience of stretches of sandy desert, where not even the cold, pale hue of the olive-trees gladdened the sight, and where no living creature met the eye, except an occasional skin-clad shepherd leading a flock of sheep, prepared us to enjoy and appreciate a region like that around Damascus, where, on every hand, flowed streams of laughing water; where the earth is one vast succession of gardens, blossoming with every green thing; where all the active sounds of busy work are heard, and all the half-forgotten life of a great city is going on around one. Like Spring dawning suddenly upon Winter, like an oasis in the desert,

like the earth to a sick man who had not seen it for months, seemed the environs of Damascus, as we rode through them to this "Alabama," the "place of our rest."

Damascus is the "heart of the Orient." If that be so, then some of the veins flowing from the Orient's heart have deeper tinges of eastern hues than the heart itself. Had one never seen Cairo, Damascus would seem intensely Eastern. After Cairo, it is hard, and cold, and regular. The buildings of Cairo are old, dilapidated, and decayed. Those of Damascus are better built and better kept; but one may see in one ride, say from the Mouski to the citadel, more varieties of ancient and modern Oriental architecture than in all the street called Straight. There are lattices, balconies, and jalousies, adorned with stucco and tile-work, and arabesques. There are houses that approach nearer and nearer each other toward the top, till whispers or kisses might be exchanged across the streets. There are quaintest of gateways and windows, towers and minarets, and domes. In Cairo one is bewildered by the number of the changes that pass under his eyes in a walk of half an hour. Damascus has all these, doubtless, but no where blended in such picturesque combinations. Her dwellings are, as I have mentioned before, nearly all of one color, and all of one general style, flat-roofed, and heavy, mud huts, on an enlarged and improved plan. This absence of street architecture or decoration gives to the eye of an Occidental, and particularly to the eye of an American accustomed to houses built with special view to showing off well from the street, an air of poverty and meanness which stamps itself upon our first impressions of the place. This impression is, however, quickly dispelled so far as Damascus is concerned, when we get once within the inclosure of the little court. The interior walls are mosaics or paintings in imitation of tile-work; every court has its pavements and its fountains, almost every one its flowers and its trees. The apartments are, many of them, elegant; the furniture wanting in many things that constitute our home comfort; but in the richness of their tapestries, the luxuriant sweep of their drapery, the softness of their couches, and the brightness of their mirrors, these Orientals are not to be surpassed.

Delightful as was the lounging under the orange blooms, we were permitted but brief indulgence. Outside lay the famous city of the East, the oldest city in the world, with its living realization of Arabian Nights' dreams.

We have no American Consul at Damascus but a Consular Agent, as noble a specimen of

a genuine Oriental as the whole East can furnish. No American could have given more cordial welcome, or have been more courteously hospitable than he. We must not be permitted to linger in his office, but must cross the court and sit in the seats of honor, on a dais raised a few inches above the adjoining floor. I am growing quite accustomed to see originals of the pictures that excited my profoundest admiration, when, as a child, there were shown in illustration of the Bible tales, the prints of patriarchs and prophets, and other holy men. I have seen Abraham, and Daniel, and Jeremiah, again and again, with curling beard and flowing robe, sandaled foot, embroidered girdle, inkhorn and staff. Not an unfair model for the first would have been Salahdeen, the Consul, whose advanced years caused many of the slight duties of the office to devolve upon his sons—noble young men, whose English was perfect enough to shame many a one who knows no other tongue. To one of these sons' charge we were consigned for the day, as his presence would be sufficient to open for our inspection places closed even to the pass-word of "back-sheesh."

We were not permitted to depart, however, without seeing the ladies of the house, and accepting the invariable hospitalities. Attending the venerable mother came a young girl of fourteen, small and delicate, and exceedingly pretty. Her hair was plaited in broad braids till it reached the shoulder, over which it fell in soft fringes. Her wide trowsers were of rose-colored silk. The sleeves fell away loosely from the white arm, and a little jaunty Greek cap surmounted her glossy hair. She sat down, not in English fashion as did the elder lady—a thing sometimes done by the mistress of the house in conformity to the custom of her guests—but à la Turk, on a cushion near our feet, and while we were thinking what a sweet child this is, and wondering whether she would ever blossom into the affectations of modern young ladyhood, the Consul said she was the wife of his son, and had been married nearly three years. Cool sherbets and sweetmeats, coffee and the amber-mouthed narghilehs were brought; the gold-fringed napkin passed from hand to hand, and, meantime, the venerable man talks of the condition of Damascus, intimating that we had come at an inopportune hour.

No where throughout the Turkish dominions, he said, is the intolerance and jealousy of the Turks toward Christians so violent as here; and just now they had been so inflamed by news of a slight victory of the Greeks and Cretans

over the Turks, as to create apprehensions of another massacre. Inflammatory circulars had been put up in the mosques, many families had left the city, and much anxiety was felt, particularly on the part of the Greeks, of whom there were great numbers in Damascus. He gave us an account of his own preservation during the previous massacre. Guided by his knowledge of the character of a Turkish mob, he sent his family away, and relying upon the fact of his being so long and well known as a friend of the Mussulmans—though for many years an active Christian—he remained as usual about his home, caring as well as might be for those who had suffered from the slight outbursts of popular feeling that preceded the grand massacre. His only precaution was the provision of several bags of small coin, which proved better than other weapons in his defense. When the great blow came he was not passed over. The first attack was in his own house. They found him in this room, where he was now recounting the tale, an excited crowd thirsting for blood, and shouting for "Allah and the Prophet." As they opened one door he sprang for the opposite one, and darting out threw behind him a full handful of the ready coin. He knew they would stop to secure this money; he knew they would stop to search for more, and, so scattering coin loosely in the rooms through which he passed, he escaped from the house, and by the time they were ready to follow him he was far away. Turning suddenly a corner he came upon a second detachment of the infuriated Turks issuing from a street in the Greek quarter, where they had left every house desolate. His mantle drawn about his face was not sufficient disguise. With a yell they started after him, and he ran on till a sudden turn gave him a chance to escape a moment from sight, when again the coin strategy saved him. They loved money even better than blood, and while they lingered to gather the wide-scattered coin, he placed a distance between them that insured his safety.

Later in the day, as we were riding through the city, Hassan, who was guiding us, suddenly stopped and said, "Me not go that road, please." "Why not, Hassan?" He shuddered and grew pale, and resolutely turned his horse away, but we gathered from him that at the time of the massacre he had been in this city, traveling with a European gentleman who was naturally desirous to leave. He led him out through a part of the city which the destroyer had already passed through, and in their route lay this particular street. It was so strewn with the dead and wounded that, notwithstanding all

his care, his horse's feet sometimes slipped upon them. The cries for help were terrible, and yet to assist was to insure death for himself, and Hassan was no hero. But the most harrowing sight of all was the dogs gnawing, with ferocious eagerness, the bodies of the dead, and even in some instances fastening upon the poor victims before life was extinct.

No one cared to wait by the entrance of this street to hear more; no one cared to urge Hassan to go through it; no one I think but could have used his riding-whip on the first dirty, snarling cur that barked in the way; no one but met the sneer of the first turbaned Turk with at least an inward indignation. In case of another massacre there would be found to-day as many dogs in Damascus to aid in the work of murder as Christians to fall victims to it, though the old law for the protection of the canine race has abated somewhat of its rigor. Formerly any man who killed a dog was sentenced to pass a certain number of hours with the dead animal's carcass bound to his body.

But I must not make shadows come over this bright city. There are fair spots even in this scene of darkness. We passed the residence of a Jew, and stopped and looked in at the court. This Jew, who might be supposed to hate the Christians far more bitterly than the Mohammedan, concealed and protected in his own house more than three hundred women and children during that perilous time. We were permitted to view his house, but to have looked into his face would have been far better. Many interesting incidents concerning that fearful time were gathered later from Mr. Wright, American missionary at Damascus—incidents that had more interest for us who were upon the spot, with a repetition among the possibilities of our own experience, than they could have to friends so far away.

After these accounts we were not unprepared for more sneers and expressions of disgust than usual from the Moslem Damascenes. Everywhere, throughout the East, there is a class of people who will curse a woman who appears with an uncovered face; and to-day, though the Consul's stout janissary walked before us—a prominent figure in his Turkish dress of bright colors—and the crowds fell back and made way for the stranger, it was too evident that the Frank was no welcome visitor in Damascus. In the mosque of Omniades or of St. John, to visit which special permission had been received, far greater vigilance was shown than at any other point. A scowling inspection was made of the slippers, that the unhallowed feet might not pollute the floor of the sacred temple. Suspicious



eyes watched our progress, and guards permitted no loitering. A man stood holding aside a curtain that a look might be had at the so-called tomb of St. John. He motioned forward some turbaned friends, and allowed *them* to linger, but hurried the stranger away. The mosque is a most interesting structure, having passed successively through Roman, Christian, and Saracen hands, and presenting traces of each nation's architecture. The relics of the previous dynasties coming into Moslem hands, have passed through the easy transformation that makes them precious to the Mussulman. For instance, this gilded tomb comes down to them from the Christians. The Moslems think that the Christians believed it to be the tomb of St. John, and as many of the Christian saints are also revered by the Mohammedans, they rejoice in its possession, as they do in that of the Cave of Machpelah or any other place that they think would be specially precious to the Christian world.

The mosque has, like all these ancient Saracen structures, long past its era of beauty. The coloring is faded, the pavements sunken, the mosaics crumbling. Its lofty height, the majesty of its mighty columns must continue to impress the beholder for centuries to come. For any examination in detail we were not permitted to linger, but were hurried away by the announcement of an approaching funeral procession.

Hassan was waiting at the door with the shoes, and laying aside the slippers, we climbed the tall tower to get a nearer view of the city. From this height it was lovely indeed, for the long lines of mud-colored, windowless walls seen from the street, no longer shut out the real beauty of the city, and seemed but suitable inclosures for the beautiful courts and gardens. The varied color of the flat roofs, the domes and minarets glistening in the sun; the clustering tops of the khans, the gardens smiling in all the beauty of June, the tossing palms, the sparkling waters of Abana, the wide stretch of desert-like sand, and afar the snowy summits of Lebanon—it was indeed a very beautiful sight.

After long waiting for the looked-for procession that did not come, our steps were led toward the bazars, where, if no where else, the Frank is sure of receiving most courteous salutation. So many times have these Eastern bazars been described that I will not dwell upon them here. Every one has seen, in imagination at least, these long rows of little apartments lining each side of a way, made shadowy and cool by awnings stretching from roof to roof, and stored with treasures. There are costliest fabrics from Eastern looms; there are

shawls, and silks, and jewels that rival the stars in splendor, and spices and perfumes that make breathing an exquisite delight, of sashes embroidered with gold, of swords whose shimmer makes one shiver. They are all here. Up and down, and in and out of these shadowy corridors you may go all day long, seeing much that is beautiful and delightful, much to annoy and disgust. Every body has seen the Effendi who sits cross-legged on his mat, adjusts his turban daintily, sips his coffee and smokes his chibouk, and is so serenely indifferent as to whether he trades with you or not, that you are sure to go up and pay thrice its value for a minute bottle of what he calls the "odor of paradise," which, when you get it home, grows so faint as to make you believe that paradise must lie nearer the Mussulman's shop than it does to your own habitation. The shoe bazars are very gay with their displays of red and yellow slippers, so arranged that whichever way you turn a row of pointed toes meets your eyes. There is a narrow lane devoted to such articles as are furnished or purchased by the Bedouins of the desert, and here the beautiful horses were no small object of attraction.

The bazars of Damascus do not excel those of Cairo in color and arrangement, or those distinct Eastern characteristics that render them so attractive to a stranger; nor do they equal those of Stamboul in extent. We visited the wholesale establishment of some of the silk merchants of Damascus, or, rather, his apartments in the khan. These khans consist of a large building usually two stories in height, surrounding a court, and divided into apartments for storing goods. Each little division is surrounded by a dome, and the whole is most admirably arranged for its purpose. Into the court come the laden camels of the caravans, and the place presents a scene of great activity. I stood leaning over the balcony after the Effendi's goods had been inspected, watching the curious scene below. On bales and boxes sat the various clerks, each with a piece of paper on his knee, or laid upon his hand, on which he wrote, using the inkhorn which he carried in his belt. In Arab schools the boys are taught to write without the use of a desk, and the dexterity and rapidity which they acquire seems very remarkable to one who must use the flat surface or can not write at all. Several persons were displaying goods to purchasers. One camel was on his knees being relieved of his load, another patiently waiting his turn. Many men were scattered about employed in various ways. It was all intelligible except one thing. In the middle of the court

was a platform of boards raised two steps from the floor and surrounded by a low railing. A strip of matting lay in the center and a jar of water stood by the step. I was just questioning if it might not be an auctioneer's stand, when just as I turned away, I noticed a man who, leaving his work, approached the jar, and pouring water bathed his head and face. Then kicking off his slippers he passed up and knelt in prayer. The hum of voices, the stir of business went on around him as before; he seemed to have nothing to see, nothing to feel but the presence of Allah, and all the others were equally indifferent. It was a curious sight, peculiarly illustrative of the fact that surroundings and place are as naught to the Mussulman when comes his hour of prayer.

There are other khans in Damascus constructed in similar manner and devoted to various purposes. One is used as a lodging-house for traveling merchants, who are entitled each to his own little apartment, of which he may have exclusive possession while remaining in the city free of expense. It is one mode of encouraging desert travel. Another is appropriated to the use of the muleteers who drove the camels.

Emerging from the khan of the silk merchants we inquired for the street called "Straight." "You are on it now," answered the guide. To ride the entire length did not require many minutes. I can see it now as plainly as then; can hear as distinctly the clatter of the horses on the pavements. It is as narrow as it is straight, and too slippery for any straight and narrow path to be. There are plenty of windowless walls, plenty of third-rate stores crowded for some reason out of the bazars, perhaps because their little treasure required the fullest daylight to be seen; plenty of boys standing with glass jars of cool sherbets or cooler ices at the corners of the streets. Ices frozen with snows from Lebanon! Think of that, ye who patronize the ice-cream restaurants of America. There are plenty of women, of dirty children, of commonplace men. The one thing to mark it from a hundred other streets is an association we bring to it ourselves. The "house of Ananias" is now a chapel! This we might have expected it to be! A chapel with a snuff-taking priest to keep the key, with a daub of an altar painting, with a plaster image of the Virgin decked with faded paper roses, and illumined by dripping, drizzling candles.

We got away as soon as possible; not, however, without a contribution to Holy Mother Church, and were guided thence to the spot of Saul's conversion. "Came nigh to Damascus"

is rather indefinite, so we had already been shown various places in the way thither as the supposed spot. I think the guides have a location for this remarkable event in the vicinity of every gate; that makes it convenient. Let the traveler be approaching by which ever way he may, he can take to himself the consolation of believing that he has passed over the very road and lingered by the sacred spot, and so make much of the association. We passed out at the northern gate, which was genuinely Eastern in its picturesqueness, and along the broken wall to the very highest point. And there, they say—why, one knows not, unless because it chances to be the most prominent point—is the very place where Saul escaped by being let down in a basket. The baskets are large enough here at the present day to be of use in the same sort of service.

Not many rods from the gate is a little foot-path, over which a stone has formed a natural bridge somewhat after this manner: the earth originally on a level with the stone, has sunk in, and a part of the rock has broken off below and been removed, so that now a little hollow in the ground is spanned by the bridge formed from the upper part of the rock, and the place beneath is large enough for a man to crawl through. The miracle-makers think the bridge was formed at the time of Saul's conversion, and that every man who crawls under the stone will never be afflicted with any disease of the spine, and those already diseased come in great numbers and go away quite cured.

There is not very much to be done in the way of sight-seeing in Damascus. A few mosques, the bazars, the gardens where all the long evenings the whole people go in and out and enjoy the breath of Summer, and the flowers and the water, and last, but not least of their enjoyments, the unfailing narghileh. Men who will never be able to own one may hire one for a trifle here; that is, he pays so much for "a smoke," and pipe, tobacco, and seat are included in the price. Long rows of clean narghilehs may always be seen standing before the cafes, and one may drop his labor in the heat of the day and forget his cares in the enjoyment of his favorite weed.

One never wearies of the people, and many of the commonest phases of Oriental life have a beauty and an interest peculiarly attractive.

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IF you are disquieted with any thing, you should consider with yourself—is the thing of that worth that for it I should so disturb myself and lose my tranquility?

## THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

GLEAMING golden in the sunset hang the purple clouds of even,  
Just such clouds as in my childhood seemed the folding-doors of heaven;  
Where, behind the fleecy curtain, scarcely hidden from my view,  
All the hopes of all the ages to my fancy glimmering through,  
Rose in grand and rich fulfillment from th' imperial dream of power  
To the love-hope of the maiden—to the promise of a flower!

Ah, what happy days of promise, when the coming is so bright,  
When from out the mystic future float such floods of golden light!  
When each bird that sings above us, and the tint of every flower,  
Tell of something new to love us—some bright hope for every hour!

When the heart a world has peopled full of beauty, truth, and love,  
Till we wonder how could heaven be more beautiful above!

Then what grand and magic castles in the evening clouds arise,  
Tinging o'er with youth's pure dreaming all the amber of the skies;

And no form of ghostly seeming in the picture e'er is seen,  
Envy, Malice, Hatred, Mammon, hidden all behind the screen;

Hid behind the fleecy curtain which the Future foldeth down,  
That one magic, short life-era may be lived without a frown.

O, that eyes which looked the purest should be ever used to see  
Onward, out beyond the curtain, life's deceit and misery!

That the soul which loved and trusted with the blindness of a child,  
With a faith in every promise, by each loving hope beguiled,  
Should be doomed to see its idols falling slowly, day by day,  
Doomed to find its boasted marble naught but brittle, crumbling clay!

Yet as, day by day, we journey down to life's mysterious end,  
Many a love we deemed immortal, many a mammon-tempted friend,

Shuffles off a sworn allegiance, chills the life-drops of the soul,  
Weakens all our lovely faith, and flings us on the waves that roll

Heedless, reckless o'er the ocean, careless where our lot is cast,  
Careless of the gloomy future, shrinking wildly from the past!

Amber clouds that wreathe the sunset in our young life's rosy dawn,  
How ye beckon the young dreamer from his happy moments on!

Crimson clouds that wreathe the sunset when our day is at its noon,  
How ye tell of days departed that will come again so soon!

Purple clouds that wreathe the sunset when we tread life's evening track,  
How ye stir the fount of memory, till our eyes turn fondly back;

Till our life is lost in dreaming o'er the visions of the past,  
And the life beyond the curtain where those lovely dreams may last;

Where no spirit, like a tendril, clutcheth things that, frail and weak,  
Break, and leave the heart's blood wasting, leave a blanched, uncolored cheek;

Where no yearning soul is ever reaching out into the dark,  
Asking wildly for one glimmer—for one fleeting, flickering spark

From the great unknown around it, yet which *must* somewhere exist,  
For the soul would not reach outward for the thing it had not missed.

And behind yon fleecy curtain, all with silver burnished round,  
I believe the native language of the soul will yet be found.

There the Babel of the ages shall be swallowed up with time;  
There the converse will be blessed, and the thought will be sublime.

And the noblest aspirations meet fulfillment pure and high,  
When the curtain shall be folded back that shrouds the evening sky!

## UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCES.

MIND is inseparably connected with the idea of sociality. If it were possible to isolate our spirits from all intercourse with our kindred, from all those little and great sympathies which fill up and sweeten the chalice of life, we would lose our natural attributes. Go to the lonely cave of the hermit, who, stung by the wrongs and disappointments incident to humanity, seeks rest and consolation in a world of his own, and in the low mutterings of his voice as he communes with his own individualities, in the vacant glare of his sunken eye, you have the sad evidences of insanity.

Our imaginations can not go back to a period in eternity when sociality did not exist. Even when "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep," God was not alone, for then, as now, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost were united, constituting the social life. Angels were created for the companionship of the Eternal Trinity long before the command, "Let there be light," went forth, and when the world in which we live, with all its diversified forms of life, was brought into existence, it received a social character corresponding with that of its great Creator. Hence we see the social principle wherever there is animal or vegetable life—in the smallest insects that float through the air, and in the most insignificant reptiles that crawl upon the earth; but in man, on account of his superior intelligence, it is preëminent. We often hear men talking loudly about personal independence, but no one in possession of a social nature can be independent. We can not be independent of the past, for if we would become wise we must *associate* with the master spirits of our race who have thought and acted before us. We can not be independent of the present, for the claims of God and humanity are upon us; and, though we may disregard these, we are compelled to act some part in the great drama of social life. We can not be independent of the future, especially in a social sense, for the Scriptures teach us that we will at last enter the society of angels or devils. It is in the proper cultivation of the social element in our nature that we realize the purest and most exalted pleasure. What creates the happiness of heaven but the communion of congenial spirits, the perfectly harmonious social life of the angelhood, and of those who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?"

When we look upon the beauties of nature or art our rapture is increased tenfold by the

communication of our impressions to others. We would have but little pleasure in examining the finest works of painting or sculpture that human hands have produced if we were deprived of the privilege of revealing to other minds the feelings or sentiments inspired by such works. To the social nature of man we are indebted for all that is beautiful in literature. While listening to the sweet warbles of wild birds in the depths of the forest, to the songs of Æolus sung by the mountain pines, or to the louder harmonies of cascades, while musing over the tombs of buried nations, or with prophetic spirit anticipating the glory that shall be revealed in the world's millennial era, what but the promptings of sociality induces the poet to embody his thoughts in immortal verse?

Our associates in the literature we select, or those we meet in business and social life, exert a greater influence in the formation of our characters than we are apt to think. Every glance that we meet from human eyes, whether of pity, contempt, or affection, every tone that falls upon our ears from human lips, awakens some feeling or sentiment in our minds immediately affecting our characters. How well for us would it be to remember that in our social relations we are always exerting influences good or bad, and that all our moral influences here, whether put forth consciously or unconsciously, *are eternal in their effects!* From neither the pulpit nor the religious press is this thought presented in plain terms as frequently as it should be. The impression seems to be general that the moral injuries we receive or give can be entirely repaired, but this is not sound philosophy. When the woodsman, purposely or carelessly, sinks his ax into the body of a young tree, it may not die, the wound may heal over, and the tree live a century afterward; but the scar will remain, time can not make it as perfect as it would have been if it had never received the stroke. And so it is with the human soul. If you by word or example turn a child away from God, if you teach him profanity, make him a Sabbath-breaker, or turn him into any path of vice, he may be subsequently converted and become a distinguished Christian; nevertheless, it is as true of him as of the tree—the *scar remains*. He may reach heaven and join the white-robed throng in their songs of praise and in their progressive studies of the Infinite, but he never will be at any period in the eternal future as far advanced as he would have been had you not hindered him.

Conscious influences are the soul-powers we exert willfully upon the characters and conduct of others. And does it not make every true



Christian's heart sad to think that millions of our race are every day consciously wronging their fellow-men, hindering their minds from the acquisition of useful knowledge and their hearts from progress in holiness? We can not consciously injure the souls of others without at the same time injuring ourselves consciously, nor can we confer a benefit or blessing, especially of a moral character, upon others without feeling its reflex influence in our own hearts, elevating us nearer to the great Benefactor. Therefore, in exerting conscious influences, either good or bad, we are working for eternity in two ways, blessing ourselves while we bless others, or cursing ourselves while we curse others. But how insignificant are our conscious influences when compared with those we are continually putting forth for good or evil *unconsciously*! We know Christians whose souls every-where emit odors of love, and they seem to be as unconscious of it as the rose is of its fragrance. They have a peculiar attraction by which young and old are drawn to them, and we part with them as we part with the genial sunshine of Summer, desiring to meet them again.

There is another class of Christians in whom we have confidence; they bear crosses, they make sacrifices for Christ, they are undoubtedly children of God; but their characters have gnarls and knots which the sap of the Gospel has never permeated; they grow in grace, but it is rather a crooked growth; in their best moods their unconscious influence is good, but they are too seldom in their best moods, and in speaking of them we are obliged to use a paradox—we call them *disagreeable* Christians. We were once intimately acquainted with an old doctor of divinity whose countenance always clouded up with a small storm of wrath whenever his tea or coffee was too strong or not strong enough, and, though we did not dare to question his piety, we often whispered aloud our boyish conclusions that both he and his sour divinity needed considerable doctoring. It is our Christian duty to be pleasant and amiable, to exhibit in our families and everywhere the mildness and gentleness of our great Master. In this way we can all be preachers; our lives may be continued sermons, worthy of being titled, "evidences of Christianity." We are accountable for the bad influences we unconsciously exert, for they are effects the causes of which we ought not to keep within us. God requires us to love him with all our heart, mind, soul, and strength. If we do this, all our influences will be good, and we know that they will be bad in proportion as we fail to

fulfill this first and great commandment. "No man liveth to himself." "We are not our own, we are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ," and we are required to be like our Divine Redeemer. We must have in the highest attainable degree that spirit of self-sacrifice which brought him down from heaven to suffer and die for the redemption of mankind. We must love as he loves, we must pity as he pities, we must be pure in heart as he is pure. Then will the influences of our lives fall like dews upon the barren souls around us, causing them to bring forth fruit unto holiness, and we will be held in sweet remembrance after we shall have gone to rest.

#### WOMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.\*

BEING alive to the awkward conjunction of the words "women" and "middle age" in the same sentence, we at the outset entreat patience till the sequel shall prove our innocence of the intention to write about "*middle-aged women*," or even to affirm that such beings are. Women, we know, are all either young or old. There is no debatable ground between these extremes. May and December are familiar, but there is no Autumn, and, if there were, it is hoped that we have too much sense to call attention thereto.

The real subject of this paper is the social position of women during the middle ages of the Christian world; and the train of thoughts which led up to it began with reflections on woman's anxiety to unsex herself in the present age. The lovely being is tired of the sanctity in which she was enshrined centuries ago, and is determined to "clear out" of the same, to jostle us men on the walks which we have hitherto considered proper to ourselves, to owe nothing to our gallantry, but to forage for herself, and to prefer a fair field and no favor to all the homage which has been hitherto hers. She, no doubt, has weighed carefully the prescriptive rights which she is about to abdicate; but we, not being well informed on that subject, desire to "take stock" of these advantages, and to understand how she acquired them. For, looking back to our early histories, and especially to that earliest of all in which are recorded her first appearance in the world, and

\*In presenting to our readers this article, selected from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, we have exercised large editorial liberty in omitting many parts which we did wish to use, in passing by others that were not adapted to our use, and in excising some parts which only reflected ignorance or misrepresentation of our American life.—EDITOR.

the little obligation which she laid us all under, we see her able to exact but small regard from men, and men disposed to concede but sparing regard to her.

Milton has suggested something like a beginning of chivalrous homage in Eden, but as "Paradise Lost" is not the poetry of the period, it does not prove much for our inquiry. She appears to have been for ages little better than a drudge. Howbeit, between that original forced drudgery, and the voluntary drudgery which she is to-day demanding as a right, she has known a canonization, or rather an apotheosis; she has been exalted to an absolute sovereignty, her breath has been incense, her perpetual tribute adoration, the deeds of heroes have been amply rewarded by her smile, her displeasure has brought despair and ruin; to do her will was man's voluntary and laudable service, to offend her was to rouse the wrath of every manly bosom, and to incur the reproach of being recreant and disloyal.

Perhaps this is attributing to the whole sex a power which only distinguished individuals could exercise to the full; nevertheless the sex at large was endued with it in kind, if not in degree. Strong in her weakness, overruling by the abnegation of all right and will, woman reigned despotically; her sway rested on no charter, but the swords of paladins leaped from their scabbards to sustain it; her wrong, borne in voiceless meekness, pointed the lance of chivalry, and made every true man her sworn avenger. How the resignation of such high influences as these, which set her in some senses above the world and its vicissitudes, can be compensated by a pair of small clothes with tribulations, one is at a loss to understand; yet such is her pleasure, and our faith would be unfaithful if we did not bear with her even in her self-asserting caprice. In place of her true knight, woman proposes to champion herself to-day; it is not masculine strength, but her own right hand, that shall help her.

The scepter is not one, we trow, which she can lay down and resume at will. It is an artificial ensign, not for all time, though it has endured for many ages. The halo will not disappear by a sudden eclipse, but it will go down slowly and with a mellow glory, like the setting sun, into the future; and Christendom, forlorn and chill, will accept its destiny, and seek a savage civilization. And so, when the gentle tyranny shall be a tradition of the past, a power never to revive while the world standeth, the marvel will be how it ever existed. We do not pretend to solve the riddle, or to explain by what subtle course of feeling and opinion

the unruly wills and affections of sinful men came to bow themselves before this absolute idol; but we do hope to be able to exhibit some of the circumstances of the dawn of the worship and of its meridian glory. Its decline and fall are already a topic familiar to our age.

On first considering the question we found ourselves possessed of an idea that the social state known to our own experience and pervading our literature was according to the eternal fitness of things; that woman's position is not an arbitrary one which she can relinquish or which she can be deprived of, but one prescribed by Providence and by our nature; one, therefore, certain to be reëstablished whatever attempts may be made to change it. But a very brief retrospect shows the fallacy of this. The mention of her in the books of the Old Testament does not indicate that she is a being claiming by natural right any particular influence, or that there should be merit in obeying or indulging her. Far less have we a warrant for worshipping her. "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception," said the Creator to her; "in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." There is not much foreshadow of supremacy in that sentence. And we are well assured that throughout the Jewish dispensation, woman, far from dictating or controlling, was not allowed to have a will of her own.

If we refer to profane history we find that the heathen woman of ancient days was worse off than the Jewish. The Roman lady's condition has been carefully described by Gibbon as follows:

"According to the custom of antiquity, he [the Roman] bought his bride of her parents, and she fulfilled the *coemption* by purchasing with three pieces of copper a just introduction to his house and household deities. A sacrifice of fruits was offered by the pontiffs in the presence of ten witnesses; the contracting parties were seated on the same sheepskin; they tasted a salt cake of *far* or rice; and this *confarreatio*, which denoted the ancient food of Italy, served as an emblem of their mystic union of mind and body. But this union on the side of the woman was rigorous and unequal, and she renounced the name and worship of her father's house to embrace a new servitude, decorated only by the title of adoption. A fiction of the law, neither rational nor elegant, bestowed on the mother of a family—her proper appellation—the strange characters of sister to her own children, and of daughter to her husband or master, who was invested with the plenitude

of paternal power. By his judgment or caprice her behavior was approved, or censured, or chastised; he exercised the jurisdiction of life and death; and it was allowed that in the cases of adultery or drunkenness the sentence might be properly inflicted. She acquired and inherited for the sole profit of her lord; and so closely was woman defined, not as a *person* but as a *thing*, that if the original title were deficient she might be claimed like other movables by the use and possession of an entire year."

And in a note the same author quotes Aulus Gellius as follows:

"Metellus Numidicus the censor acknowledged to the Roman people in a public oration that, had kind nature allowed us to exist without the help of woman, we should be delivered from a very troublesome companion; and he could recommend matrimony only as a sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty."

Metellus and the apostle Paul appear to have been much of the same mind on this head.

But when we begin to reflect on women as they are shown in classic lore, it is not the Roman lady that we feel inclined to dwell on, but our memories instantly summon up such brilliant names as Aspasia, Lais, Glycera. And here it would seem as if we came upon an oasis in the great desert—as if that glorious city of old days, whose image, once suggested, will lead the mind captive, and distract it from its work-a-day theme—

"Whate'er the tale,  
So much its magic must o'er all prevail."

as if the renowned Athene, preëminent in so much of what is beautiful and noble, had also been preëminent in removing the disabilities of women, and had anticipated the gentleness of Christianity by cultivating their minds, encouraging their talents, and venerating their opinions. If not worship, here they enjoyed equality with the other sex; if the female sex itself did not exercise an absolute supremacy, its individuals were recognized and celebrated according to their abilities and charms. But no; this is only a specious fancy, striking at first, but no exception when sifted and examined. We prefer, however, not to put forward our own argument on this head, but rather to show how far the instance was thought to be favorable to the rights of women by one of themselves, and a clever one too, Lady Morgan.

"These women whose names are linked with those of the greatest and wisest men of antiquity, were the outcasts of society—its admiration, its pride, and its shame, the agents of its refined civilization, the instruments of its rapid moral corruption.

"Born in slavery, or sold to it, infant captives taken in war, or of a class too lowly to be recognized as citizens by the State, these victims of civil combinations, foredoomed, by the accidents of their birth or of their lives, to an inevitable social degradation, had one privilege incidental to their singular lot; and of that they availed themselves to the triumph of mind over station, and of usurping acquirement over established ignorance. They were not under the ban of that intellectual proscription which was reserved by the law for the virtuous and the chaste. . . .

"The position of these women was a false one, dangerous to the best interests of society; and their privileges and their influence—for rights they had none—though uncontrolled by the lawgiver, and freely permitted by the conventional manners of the times and country, became a deteriorating principle, which worked out the political ruin of Greece through its moral depravity."

After this, we will add nothing of our own concerning the Athenian women, but accept the dictum of our gifted authority, the champion of her sex. From her pages, however, we will take the liberty of extracting another passage, illustrative of the condition of women in the East.

"The position of the woman of savage life, miserable as it may be, is less strikingly degraded than that of the females of those vast empires of the East which vaunt an antique origin, and in which the lights of a semi-civilization have surrounded a fraction at least of the species with the luxuries of wealth, and afforded something of the semblance of a social policy. Of the earliest condition of these widely extended nations nothing is known; and the few scanty fragments of their history which have reached posterity show them as then already far removed from the rudeness of savage life. In these fragments the records of ages when civilization was as yet exclusively confined to Asia—the supposed cradle of the human species, and certainly the cradle of its written history—physical pressure of another character and origin is found to determine the servitude of woman, and to crush her under a slavery, if possible, more revolting than that of the mere savage. . . .

"It is an awful and heart-rending act to raise the dark curtain which hangs before the 'sanctuary of the women' throughout the great continent of Asia, and to penetrate the domestic holds of those vainglorious nations which arrogate to themselves the precedence in creation, and date their power and their policy from eras

anterior to the written records of more civilized communities. In these states, on whose condition the passage of some thousands of years has impressed no change, and in which the sufferings of one-half the species have awakened no sympathy, may be discovered the most graphic illustrations of the tyranny of man and of the degradation of woman."

And, referring particularly to China, both past and present, it is written—

"The female slave who, at the head of a band of inferior slaves, is dignified with the name of superior—adequate to that of wife—who has been purchased with gold, and may be returned if on trial not approved, is not deemed worthy to eat at her master's table."

And so, whenever we can arrive at any knowledge of the condition of women of old, whatever may have been their country, we find them in subjection—degrading subjection generally—to the male sex. Then the oldest antiquity passed away; Christ was incarnate in the world, was dead and buried, and rose again and ascended into heaven, yet clouds and thick darkness were not immediately dispelled from woman's lot.

Plutarch, as every student is aware, took some pains to set forth the merits of women of different nations. It is quite evident that, in doing so, he considered that he was putting in an apology or a plea. He is the Mill of ancient days, and his interference proves that woman in his time suffered, or fancied that she suffered, or was believed by him and his disciples to suffer, grievous wrong, and that the good that was in her was not appreciated by the times in which he wrote—that is to say, the latter end of the first and the beginning of the second century. As time rolled on, and barbarian kingdoms were founded on the ruins of the Roman Empire, woman's moral position appears to have been a very subordinate one. Historians complain bitterly of the darkness of those periods; but the glimmer that we get shows us woman still a very humble if not a degraded being. Her physical burden was greater or less according to the customs of tribes; but legally and morally she was no where.

At last we come upon the Round Table and see the beginnings of chivalry, which shone for a season only to be quenched in Saxon grossness and idolatry; that is, if it did shine, and if Arthur and his Court was not an imagination of later years. As to Lombardy, as late as the sixth and seventh centuries, "we incidentally learn that no woman was mistress of her own actions; she was under the *mundium*,

the legal protection or control of her father, her brother, her husband, or in their default, of the nearest male of her family, or even of the king; if she were injured, the pecuniary composition went not to her, but to the person who exercised this *mundium* over her—in other words, to her owner."\* When we pass to other tribes and nations the picture is no better. The laws and customs show plainly that the honor and virtue of women were matters of small account. Not only is there no concession of rights or position to them, but there is no acknowledgment that they were due to them. The world was quite satisfied that woman *as an inferior* was in her right and natural place. Whatever alleviation or benefit she enjoyed, she enjoyed by the favor and condescension of man, whose caprice might lead him sometimes to indulge her; but as to *her* grace being worth obtaining, there is not a vestige of such an idea!

Thus it is abundantly clear that up to the sixth or seventh century of the years of our Lord the sex all over the world, far from enjoying worship, or precedence, or observance, was in an inferior and sometimes cruelly base condition, although individual women had, by their charms or their talents, enslaved here and there their own admirers. But the time had now come when it was to experience a rise in the world, when it was to become successively a *protégé* and a toy, an equal, a power, a glorified power, an idol, an object of the wildest fanaticism. To trace the origin and early growth of this influence till we find it recognized as a leading article of knightly faith, would be a grateful task; but we fear that to trace them accurately is now impossible. As far as actual records guide us, the account amounts nearly to this, namely, we lose sight of a moral insect somewhere in the third century after Christ, and in the tenth century find the same insect developed as a moral butterfly, the intermediate grub-state being a blank of seven or eight centuries. But in the absence of positive history to guide them, modern writers have speculated, though not very widely, on the probable circumstances and degrees of the transition.

It has been said by some, whose opinions are well worthy of respect, that the germ of female ascendancy is to be traced among the manners of the Germans or Gauls. Tacitus says that the Germans thought there was something holy in women, and that they never despised their counsels nor neglected their answers. The Germans, according to Sir W. Scott, who follows Tacitus, fought in the presence of their

\* Dunham's "Middle Ages."



women, who, with disheveled hair and fierce aspect, rushed into the *mêlée*, thereby exciting the valor of the warriors to its highest effort. The females, by a natural instinct, admired and preferred those whom they had seen distinguishing themselves in fight; and so they became the judges and the rewarders of achievements.

But we confess that this reasoning does not satisfy us. If this cause would account for woman's elevation, she would have begun to rise long before the Germans were heard of, for in all savage or primitive wars there must have been but too many contests of which women were spectators; and the fame of exploits produces as great or a greater impression on the female mind than the view of the exploits themselves. The deeds, therefore, of early days which woman might not witness, she would certainly know by report, and appreciate; yet her appreciation of them never seems to have done her much good. The Indian squaws revile the cowards of the tribe, and admire the great warriors, still they are only squaws. When the women of Israel answered one another as they played and said, "Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands," though their "iteration" drove Saul mad and sent David into exile after several narrow escapes from assassination, it does not appear that they themselves took any thing by their clamor. We have all been taught that the Lacedemonian and Roman mothers fostered the devoted valor of the two nations; and we can not doubt that they criticised and favored it, still they remained only as the Roman women whose condition Gibbon has described.

The learned Henry Hallam puts forward another theory, and maintains that the treatment of women must improve as civilization advances, and will be, in every nation, proportioned to the degree of refinement. But according to this rule there would have been a certain chivalry in the most advanced of ancient nations; and, as we have been growing more and more refined since the days of Edward III, it would follow that woman's position, instead of declining as it has done, would have continued, and if possible improved, up to the present day.

Our own belief is, that, although mere civilization could never have produced the effects which we are contemplating, civilization, accompanied by the spread of the Christian religion, might, and did, give rise to it. The nation which could approve the maxim *parcere subiectis*, would, by an expansion of its principle, exercise at least forbearance toward woman; but it required a knowledge of the doctrines

of Christ to conceive the principle which was afterward pushed to such a marvelous extreme. As soon as men learned to believe in the beatitudes, and to see in meekness, poorness of spirit, and earthly inability, marks for the favor of God, their toleration for women probably grew into respect, and the wish to uphold them whom God regarded with favor would suggest the protection of them. Allow for the enthusiasm with which a new and popular creed is often followed to the pitch of ridicule, and for the superstitious elements which are to be expected when the world is shaking off an old and enduring a new belief, and we have some plausible conception of the mode in which our fathers' minds were acted upon so as to assign to woman her place in the system of chivalry.

What pure and sober Christianity would have done for women may be learned from St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, chapter ii, verse 11, to the end of the chapter. But Christianity, instead of being pure and sober, was ingrafted, as we know, on some very ignorant and willful stocks. Nations, like individuals, accepted the new religion with a proviso in favor of their besetting sins. The European nations held fast by war and violence, but acted them now for the glory of God instead of for the indulgence of their own savage passions. On the other hand, they conceded the confession that hitherto their usage of the gentler sex had been unwarrantably severe. The blessed Redeemer was the son of David and of Joseph in name only, but he was truly and literally born of a woman. And this highest indication of Divine favor toward the sex was in conformity with those Christian teachings which sanction as blessings many of woman's attributes. Though the practice, therefore, of patience, meekness, temperance, and forgiveness was more than a warrior could stoop to, he was pleased to compound with religion by admiring and extolling these virtues in the weaker sex.

And here were the beginnings of a reaction—a reaction whose force must be measured, not by the power which produced it, but by the contrary force which had prevailed before. By how much it was perceived that woman, blessed of God, had been degraded and enslaved by man, by so much it was felt, and sworn by the holy rood, that she should be exalted and compensated. She was to get not only her own, but her own with usury. Forty centuries of arrears were to be paid up to the fair creature; men heaped Ossa on Pelion to form a homage worthy her acceptance, and believed that they had come short of her desert. With this revolution woman herself had little to do.

Intrinsically she remained much what she had ever been. She was translated, not transformed. She had been the pagan's victim and thrall. She was the Christian's idol and mistress.

Inclination, no doubt, powerfully seconded the sense of duty. Men, having once tried the experiment, rejoiced to find a natural passion elevated to a noble sentiment. Emulation was excited and fostered on both sides. Woman strove to approach the perfection that was ascribed to her; ascertained and practiced the virtues and graces that became her sex, and shed over domestic and public life a brightness and a tenderness which had never been seen in the world before. Man, to render himself worthy of his divinity, became in principle, if not always in practice, a combination of dazzling qualities and virtues. A new refinement began to improve manners. Courtesy, condescension, and subordination were found not only to be no detriment to the valor of a knight, but to add tenfold luster to that valor.

However obscure may be the causes and progress of her power, there is no doubt or darkness about the height and glory to which it attained. *Malgré* the impiety, folly, and extravagance which are proved along with it, the fact of her ascendancy and the circumstances thereof are elaborately and indelibly stamped on the pages of the histories of the middle ages. The love of God *and of the ladies* was the prime motive of every true knight in his course of chivalry. To this he publicly and solemnly devoted himself. The ladies occupy the second place in the sentence, but it is to be feared that their prophets far outnumbered the prophets of the Lord. We ourselves believed before we examined, and we doubt not most of our readers now believe, that the expression above quoted, however great its impropriety, was simply a *façon de parler*, without serious signification, and that the religious faith of those days, when sifted, would be found to be sound and pure. But lo! when, in the hope of proving this, we begin to turn over the books and chronicles of chivalry, we are startled by the information that among some at least, and those persons who exercised a wide-spread influence, the worship of the ladies was literally a RELIGION.

Hear the doctrine of La Dame des Belles Cousines, a burning and a shining light in the days of chivalry. She held, as touching *l'amour de Dieu et des Dames*, that "the one should not go on [*ne devoit point aller*] without the other, and the lover who comprehended how to serve a lady loyally *was saved!*" And St. Palaye, in his "Memoires sur la Chevalerie," hesitates

not to accept this as a serious article of the faith of a knight. Speaking of the education of gentle youth, he says: "The first lessons given to them had reference principally to the love of God and of the ladies—that is to say, to religion and to gallantry. If one can credit the chronicle of Jean de Saintre, it was generally the ladies who undertook the duty of teaching them at one and the same time *their catechism and the art of love*. But in like manner, as the religion which was taught was accompanied by puerilities and superstition, so the love of the ladies, which was prescribed to them, was full of refinement and fanaticism."

La Dame des Belles Cousines was, we venture to hope, an extreme ritualist, claiming for her pet observances a merit which the great body of worshipers did not quite concede to them. Moderate believers may have been free from the sin of absolute and confessed idolatry. Still, whether the service of the fair sex was or was not regarded by them as a religious duty, it is certain that they entertained very strong opinions concerning it. The general maxim, according to Sir Kenelm Digby, was, "*Perdu est tout honneur à cil qui honneur à dame ne refère;*" and the same author quotes the poet Chaucer to the following effect: "Women are the cause of all knighthood, the increase of worship, and of all worthiness, courteous, glad and merry, and true in every wise."

St. Palaye, speaking of the duties of knights, remarks: "It was one of the capital points of their institution on no account to speak ill of ladies, and on no account to allow any one in their presence to dare to speak ill of ladies." In a note he says: "This is, of all the laws of chivalry, that which was maintained at all times with the greatest rigor among the French nobility." "If a virtuous dame," says Brantome, as quoted by St. Palaye, "desire to maintain her position by means of his valor and constancy, her servant by no means grudges his life to support and defend her, if she runs the least hazard in the world, either as regards her life or her honor, or in case any evil may have been said of her, as I have seen in our court many who have silenced slanderers who have dared to detract from their mistresses and ladies, whom, by the duty and laws of chivalry, we are bound to serve as champions in their troubles."

"By the customs of Burgundy a young maid could save the life of a criminal if she met him by accident, for the first time, going to execution and asked him in marriage." "Is it not true," asks Marchangy, "that the criminal who can interest a simple and virtuous maid so

as to be chosen for a husband, is not so guilty as he may appear, and that extenuating circumstances speak secretly in his favor?" Again: "The greatest enemies to the feudal system have acknowledged that the preponderance of domestic manners was its essential characteristic. In the early education of youth women were represented as the objects of respectful love and the dispensers of happiness."\*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TWO ROYAL WIDOWS.

### I.

FAR up in the north of Scotland there stands upon a green peninsula, near the banks of the Dee, a castle dating from the middle ages. On the south rises the noble Craig Gowan; on the north, a broad, majestic ridge of wild, uncultivated hills protects the structure from the menacing storm.

On one fine Summer's day, sixteen years ago, a quietly dressed lady was seated on a campstool on the north side of the turbulent stream. Upon her lap rested a sketch-book, in which she was sketching the castle before her, when a herd-boy came along the path driving his flock toward the artist. The sheep, however, stopped, and would not be induced to pass so unaccustomed an object, and the boy, impatient of the delay, ran up to the lady, calling out, "Get oot my gate, leddy, and let the sheep pass." The lady rose up, smiling, and stepped aside. Still the herd would not go on, and the boy shouted, angrily:

"Gae back, I tell ye, will ye, and let the sheep pass?"

At this moment a servant hurried up and said:

"Boy, do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"I dinna ken, and I dinna care," replied the lad; "it's the sheep's path, and she has nae richt to sit hersel' doon there."

"But it is the Queen," the servant answered.

"The Queen?" cried the lad, amazed. "Is 't the Queen? Well, but why disna she put on claes that folk may ken her by?"

Yes, it was Victoria of England, our gracious queen, on whose kingdom the sun never sets, to whom this naive compliment from the young herd-boy's lips was paid, and who went out of the way that his flock might proceed quietly. In the Summer of 1848 the Queen and her

late consort first occupied the castle of Balmoral, situated among the hills of Aberdeen, and celebrated in history and in song. On the spot so often chosen by the warlike Highlanders as a meeting-place, and where once the Earl of Mar had raised the standard of rebellion, and mustered his adherents against the King of England, there England's sovereign settled in the midst of her subjects; her Majesty having at once discharged the two companies of Scotch soldiers sent by the Duke of Wellington to Mar Castle.

The Queen and her family spent many pleasant days in their new abode. Prince Albert would often follow the chase as far as the dark Lochnagar, which was within the estate, or he would ride out to inspect the farming and agricultural improvements he had begun, mixing at all times as freely with the people as the Queen herself did. Ever since the Court had resided at Balmoral, the Highland clans assemble there once every year to perform their national games and sports; the most curious feature of the fête being the dance with torches. A platform hewn out of the rugged hill formed the theater; at one end of which a wooden floor was made, inclosed on three sides by a palisade, and on the fourth provided with a canopy, under which the royal party stationed themselves at nightfall. At the corners of this square four stout Highland men were posted, with torches in their hands, while six pipers stood facing the throne. Twenty-four Highlanders, also bearing torches, mingled in a weird, fanciful dance, uttering at intervals the thrilling war-cry of their ancient clan. The torches lighting up the deep yawning valley, the brilliant court, the savage warriors, made the scene appear like a return of semi-barbarous times.

Meanwhile the old castle became too small for its royal inmates, and a complete reconstruction was accordingly planned in the year 1853. A small colony of temporary huts rose up round the castle to accommodate the masons, stonecutters, and bricklayers, and the handsome granite building increased in size day by day, when from some unknown cause a fire broke out among these lath huts. Prince Albert was soon on the spot, standing in the lines of workmen between the river and the conflagration, handing bucket after bucket of water till the fire was extinguished. The Queen, too, was no idle spectator. Not alone did she incite the assistants to renewed exertions by her presence, but she directed them with a calmness and precision peculiarly her own.

Following such times of excitement, of gay

\*Sir Kenelm Digby. The Orlandus in the "Broad Stone of Honor."

festivity, and of unforeseen calamity, came peaceful days, such as the Queen loved, the brightest among them being the Sunday. Opposite the castle, on the north side of the Dee, is the little village of Crathie. To its simple church every Sunday morning a devout couple repaired, carrying prayer-books in their hands; they came across the bridge, from the castle, followed by several children and two or three servants in the royal livery. At first the congregation stared not a little at "the Queen" and "Prince Albert," but in a short time they had made so close an acquaintance with them, that they looked upon them as old friends. In the afternoon it was the Queen's custom to go unattended, excepting by one of her children, into the cottages of the poor and the sick, examining the linen and the beds, inquiring about the children's education, and questioning the boys and girls as to their industry, or their attention to the sermon. She comforted the feeble and the sick, and read aloud to them from the Bible. With the idle she remonstrated. When she returned she made notes of all she had seen, and substantial evidences of her visit would in a few days adorn those poor cottages. During the week she visited the school, and thus became acquainted with the children, who, having heard her once say to the Prince, "What do you think of this, Albert?" called her "dear Mrs. Albert." While the Prince provided a model farm for the peasants of Crathie, she founded a model village school.

Numberless such traits have won the Queen great popularity. "The Queen ha' been in my cottage," said a laborer of Balmoral, just returned from giving evidence in a court of justice, "and she speaks so nicely, and draws such pretty pictures for the bairns, I would a hundred times rather speak to her than to yon mon in the muckle gray wig." And just as she visited the laborer, and drew little pictures for his children, so did she think of her soldiers in the Crimea and Scutari, sending them a large provision of the best sirup and several tuns of ginger-cakes. At another time, when she went to be photographed for the poorer population, she wore a plain silk dress, that she might as much as possible resemble one of themselves, and at the same time be a pattern to them of simplicity. The toys given to the children at the orphan asylums and hospitals were always chosen by herself, the value of the presents being enhanced by words of kindness.

The 14th of December of the year 1861 was to annihilate the happiness of the royal pair. The noble German, who once said of himself that he was not only the husband of her Maj-

esty, but the instructor of her children, the Queen's private secretary, and her permanent minister, was torn from her side by an early death. Sad and disconsolate the path lay before her—a path of duty and of labor, which she would enter upon with God's blessing and a full confidence in the loyalty of her subjects. We recognize in her portrait the same features we once scrutinized narrowly at Glasgow, in 1849. In the material points the face is the same: the soft expressive features, the well-formed forehead, and the honest eyes, form a countenance never beautiful, but equally removed from commonplace. Round the mouth is stamped a gentle sorrow, in lines drawn only too sharply; the hair, fast softening into gray, is hidden under the widow's cap, and the neck is encircled by a narrow widow's collar. But without these insignia of woe the widow would be recognized. An extraordinary benevolence, a quiet motherly look, characterize her thoroughly womanly features. She stands before us a simple, noble woman, such as she has shown herself so frequently in her intercourse with her subjects.

England's Queen came for the first time out of strict retirement on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, on the 6th of February, 1866; the attendant pomp and ceremony being, by her desire, dispensed with as much as possible. Her robe of dark velvet, and cap à la Marie Stuart, attached by a plain diamond brooch, added to the expression of a grief which had survived the four years that had elapsed since the death of the Prince Consort. Most characteristic of her gentleness and of the strength of her domestic feelings is it, that at the close of the ceremony she went up to the Princess of Wales, seated almost at her feet, and kissed her affectionately. From that day she has taken part in public affairs. But her pleasure in visiting the cottages of the poor, in soothing pain and grief, outweighs every thing, and although she no longer appears robed in deep mourning, yet her whole demeanor shows that her life is consecrated to a great sorrow. This, however, does not prevent her from being, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, the mother of her people. God save the Queen!

## II.

On the 29th of November, 1823, Prussia's crown prince presented to his father, Frederick William III, a daughter, in the Bavarian Princess Elizabeth Louisa, to whom he was just united. For thirteen years the old monarch mourned his wife Louisa, the lovely Rose Queen, and he now seemed to revive in the



happiness of his children. He made the Princess sit next to him at the table, that he might converse with her, sympathize with her, and chase away any trifling care. His delight was excessive when she entered the Protestant Church, and received the holy communion, together with her husband; his eyes filled with tears as he folded her in his arms, and kissed her on her return. On Christmas day, 1825, he bestowed Charlottenhof, near Sans Souci, upon the young pair.

The life of Frederick William has never yet been written as such a life deserves; but, throughout his career, the powerful though secret influence of his wife can be detected. Elizabeth's character was little understood during the time of her reign as queen. Her mind in its truth and purity refused to descend to the flattery, to the idle and frivolous conversation required by the mass. For sixteen years she was permitted to enjoy her married life before the diadem of royalty was placed upon her head; but whatever might be the harassing difficulty of the times, the domestic happiness of the royal couple remained undisturbed. When the King's brow darkened the Queen knew how to dispel the cloud with womanly tact. One day, annoyed by the carelessness of a servant, he burst into passionate invective. The Queen allowed her eyes to wander round the room, as if in search of some object. "What do you want? what are you looking for?" he asked. "I am looking for the King," she replied, calmly. All impatience was gone. Frederick William IV had understood his wife, and told her so by a grateful smile and quiet nod.

"It was a pleasing picture to see them together," says one who knew them. "The King, lively, witty, and full of humor; the Queen, quiet, thoughtful, and unchanging; the King's features and deportment mobile, and often excited; the Queen always unimpassioned, without being cold, for a gentle amiability smiled in her large, open, beautiful eyes."

During the King's illness in the Autumn of 1857—an illness that terminated fatally on the 2d of January, 1861—Elizabeth's piety and devotion were first appreciated. The remembrance of those three years of ill-health is still fresh in the minds of the people, the few days that he spent in Sans Souci appearing as bright spots when contrasted with his frequent absences in Italy. Life grew darker and more painful, but, still faithful in joy and sorrow, Elizabeth tended him untiringly by night or by day. The difficulty of movement she experiences in her old age is, no doubt, attributable to her excessive efforts in nursing her sick husband.

How he had loved her he could only express at the close of his life by a look, but his last articulate words, in answer to her agitated inquiry, "Have you no word, no token for me?" were, "My dearly loved wife!" In his will he writes, "In the tomb I wish to rest by her side as near as possible."

Ever since the death of her consort, the widowed Queen has lived in peaceful retirement; a life by no means of gloom, for she believes, with a clear faith and joyful assurance, that he in whom her heart was bound has passed to an eternal and imperishable joy. Every thing that the King loved, the lonely wife preserves. Every honored friend and servant receives frequent invitations from her.

Her chief occupation is to visit the widows and children in their affliction, to relieve and alleviate their distress. Three days in each week are set apart for the discharge of the business of charity, when she receives every petition addressed to her, reads it, and investigates it, giving liberally where no want of worth is proved. Besides these charities, which extend over every province in the kingdom, she has established asylums for young children, asylums for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb. The Queen had passed her happiest days in Sans Souci, so she has there established her home. The church containing the earthly remains of her husband is there, and she often seeks this spot, dearest to her on earth. Kind hands have worked white carpets to spread over the steps leading to the tomb, so that her feet may not rest upon the cold marble, and in a quiet niche a chair is placed, with an embroidered footstool before it. Around the vault itself are the green boughs of the palm, while every other space is filled with flowers full of deep meaning.

The Queen lives in the same room she had occupied in her husband's lifetime, and near it is her former work-room, which was also the scene of his death. Not a piece of furniture, not a picture, has been removed from the old-accustomed place. Upon the writing-desk stands the King's portrait, so successfully painted by Otto; flowers adorn the table, while the view from the windows is the pride of Sans Souci. Quitting the flowers and orange-trees, entwined together with ivy planted by the Empress of Russia and her children, the eye rests upon green turf and blossoming fruitful fields, still farther off on town and country, and on Havel, where the sun shines upon blue floods studded with white sails. In the King's room, also, nothing has been altered. The only good portrait of the Queen, obtained by Stieler, of

Munich, has its place here, and upon the writing-desk stands the bust of King John of Saxony, whose queen, the twin-sister of Elizabeth, so resembles her that the two sisters have been mistaken for one another even by their old servants. In one corner, where the wire-bell of the first Frederick, with its red wooden handle, is suspended, stands the King's bed, with the wreath of palm to denote his dissolution. Near it are placed the chairs in which he was wheeled into the garden, his darling creation. His stick, cap, and gloves have each of them found a permanent resting-place as tender mementoes of his living presence.

The order of the day is strictly regulated by the Queen. At nine o'clock in the morning prayers are read during the Summer months at Sans Souci, by the court preacher, Heym, and during the Winter at Charlottenhof, by one of the candidates for the cathedral staff. Every member of the household has the option of joining in these prayers or remaining absent, but it is considered by all a privilege to attend. After these devotions the Queen remains in her study, reading or examining the letters and petitions sent to her till one or two o'clock in the afternoon, at which time any one may obtain a hearing. Toward two o'clock she takes her daily exercise in the open air with one of the ladies of the court, and wherever these excursions may lead her she meets the skillful hand of Frederick William IV, who had done so much toward the embellishment of Potsdam. Before dinner, which is served at four, the Queen returns to receive any persons renowned either for their services in the State or for intellectual acquirements. After dinner she converses with her guests till five o'clock, when she retires to her room, remaining there till half-past eight, at which hour she partakes of tea with the ladies and gentlemen of the court, intimate friends only being admitted.

When King William lived at Babelsberg, he often came to take tea with her; and on particular days the children of Prince William Charles are allowed to see the Queen, when she enters into their little sports with maternal solicitude. After tea, which lasts till half-past eleven, one of the ladies frequently reads aloud to the Queen, who is employed in needle-work, her Majesty remaining sitting up to a late hour, answering her correspondents, about which she is most scrupulous.

When Autumn has shaken the last leaf from the saplings of the great Fritz, the mighty trees of Sans Souci, the court of Queen Elizabeth repairs to Charlottenhof, and Lorchén, the beautiful parrot given them by Queen Augusta, and

the pet of the family, is carefully wrapped up and taken with them.

King William IV had prepared a comfortable home in Charlottenhof. The windows looked out upon the lovely green of a splendid orangery, laden with golden fruit for Winter enjoyment. There Queen Elizabeth receives her relations from Berlin daily, spending many hours in visiting collections of art, schools, and benevolent institutions. Here, too, there is a Christmas distribution of presents to poor children invited and welcomed by the widowed Queen.

For two years, unhappily, the Queen has been unable to move without assistance. She is now conveyed in an easy-chair from room to room, and carried up the steps into her carriage. Her sufferings are severe, but no complaint escapes her. She waits patiently for the hour which shall change the twilight of this day into the dawn of the next.

#### KATHRINA.\*

THERE is a variety of reasons why the author of the work named at the head of this article should be formally introduced to the readers of the Repository. And, first, he is a successful, and, in an important sense, a representative American author. It is true he has not as yet quite conquered the place herein accorded him in the general estimation, and that some of the chief literary tribunals of the country continue to deliver judgment upon Dr. Holland in a rather supercilious tone. But we are not of the opinion that a reputation is any the poorer because almost altogether rural and provincial, or because it owes almost nothing to the newspapers, magazines, and reviews. Indeed, it seems to us that the author that can touch the great country heart is, in reality, the most powerful of all authors; and that the man who evidently writes to the people, and for the people, is, in the best sense of the term, a representative author. Such a writer we esteem Dr. Holland to be. Thoroughly a New England man, though fond of extremes in neither politics nor religion, he is a spiritual growth of the old Puritan stock. His works, particularly his poems, smell unmistakably of the soil. They are truly New England poems. Kathrina, especially, has the flavor of American life; more perhaps than any other poem it is American—deliciously redolent of our rocks, and frosts, and simple earnest life, of that sublime loyalty

\*KATHRINA: *Her Life and Mine*, in a poem, by J. G. Holland, author of "Bitter Sweet." New York, Scribner & Co.

to duty, that stern self-renunciation so characteristic of the peculiarly Puritan New England temperament.

Dr. Holland was born in Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819. He commenced life as a physician, but after a brief experience of practice he removed to Vicksburg, Miss., where for a year he filled the position of Superintendent of public schools. In May, 1849, he returned to New England, and became associate editor of the Springfield Republican, one of the most prosperous and influential of New England journals. His literary taste and activity not being able to content itself with the routine work of a daily paper, he wrote and published, in a series of articles, a "History of Western Massachusetts," a work full of interesting research and of great local value. It was subsequently gathered into a volume, though, we suspect, without adding materially either to its author's fortune or reputation. This was followed by a novel called "Bay Path," published by Putnam some dozen or fifteen years ago. This work introduced Dr. Holland more formally to the great public; but, though in our estimation, decidedly the best of his fictions, it failed to give him especial literary prominence.

Meanwhile, in the course of his duties, he began, in the Republican, a series of letters to young persons upon morals, and manners, and courses of life, and what is called the "formation of character." These letters were signed Timothy Titcomb, and such was their lively good sense, sagacity, sympathy, piquant humor, and, above all, exact adaptation to the audience addressed, that they were instantly and universally popular. Their publication in book form by Mr. Scribner showed that the whole country had very much the taste of Western Massachusetts. Though extremely didactic, the book was still so exquisitely good-natured, and yet so earnest withal, and orthodox, and intelligible, and so evidently written from a common experience with "the people," that there was no resisting it. This work was followed the ensuing year by "Gold Foil," and this in turn by "Letters to the Joneses," "Lessons in Life," "Life of Abraham Lincoln," and "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects." Dr. Holland's second novel, "Miss Gilbert's Career," was published in 1860. Already, to the call of his musical lips, the spirit of poesy, in spite of the rusticity of the haunts in which he wooed her, had come to him, and in "Bitter Sweet" he had successfully attempted "the brave and refractory labor of weaving idyls from fields of thistle and campaign of rocks."

Another reason why Dr. Holland is entitled

to a formal and favorable introduction to the readers of the Repository is, because he is, in the best sense of the term, a "woman's man"—that is to say, he believes in woman—profoundly reveres her in what he esteems to be her celestially ordered sphere. It is doubtful whether there is an American writer who has so elevated a conception of, and who has indited so many eloquent words in exposition of the peculiar duties, the exalted mission, the solemn and beautiful ministry to which woman is called by her Maker as Dr. Holland. Let our fair readers ponder the following utterances taken from the introductory "Tribute" of the volume now before us:

"More human, more divine than we—  
In truth half human, half divine,  
Is woman when good stars agree  
To temper with their beams benign  
The hour of her nativity.  
The fairest flower the green earth bears  
Bright with the dew and light of heaven  
True sister of the Son of man,  
True sister of the Son of God,  
What marvel that she leads the van  
Of those who in the path he trod  
Still bear the cross and wear the ban!  
If God be in the sky and sea,  
And live in light and ride the storm,  
Then God is God, although he be  
Enshrined within a woman's form  
And claims glad reverence from me.  
So as I worship him in Christ,  
And in the forms of earth and air,  
I worship him imparadised  
And throned within her bosom fair,  
Whom vanity hath not enticed.  
O! woman—mother, woman, wife!  
The sweetest names that language knows!  
Thy breast with holy motives rife  
With holiest affection glows,  
Thou queen, thou angel of my life!  
So from the lovely Pagan dream  
I call no more the tuneless nine;  
For woman is my muse supreme,  
And she with fire and light divine  
Shall light and lead me to my theme.

Was ever more eloquent tribute addressed to woman? What fair one can read the same and longer doubt that Dr. Holland believes in woman? Who of the fair sex can peruse it, and not, from that time forth, feel deeply interested in the author? And still one more reason why we take pleasure in introducing Dr. Holland to the readers of this magazine is, that he is a Christian poet. How many of this class can we number in this country?

"Nay, should we count them, and our store compile,  
Yet Thebes more gates could show, more mouths the Nile."

It is a remarkable, as it is also a saddening fact, that almost none of our leading, representative literary men in this country are Christians.

Splendid pagans are they all. It is, therefore, with special and devout thanksgiving that we hail the advent of one positively Christian poet among us—one who is not only Christian in principle, but who conceives that it is his mission prominently to hold up Christ; who is not only not ashamed of him, but, with Paul, glories in his cross. It still remains true in our time as in the days of Christ and the apostles: "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble." The great majority of both our scientific and literary teachers seem to think it a condescension to pay tribute to the crucified. This glorious, this immortal faith that has sustained so many saints and martyrs of every age, to them, it would seem, is but an idle dream. No, not the learned, not the noble, not the wise after the flesh, not the great of head, but "the pure in heart shall see God." Wanting this purity of heart men have blasphemed science, teaching infidelity in her name; wanting this washing of regeneration men have produced a literature which, though developed in the full blaze of Gospel light, is, in many respects, as essentially heathen as that which flourished under the auspices of an Æschylus or a Tully. This fact might confound us somewhat had it not been distinctly foretold: "Behold I lay in Zion a stumbling stone and rock of offense, and whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed." And "they stumbled at that stumbling stone."

As an illustration of the cordial and emphatic recognition which Dr. Holland is in the habit of extending to the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel, we quote a passage from "Miss Gilbert's Career." It is from a letter announcing to the hero a grievous disappointment. We do not recollect ever to have read any thing more beautiful. "You tell me that your love for me has given you freedom from temptation, and compelled you to look with aversion and disgust upon all sordid and sensual things—that it has softened your heart and elevated your life. If this is all true—and I will not doubt you, though what you say sadly humbles me, conscious as I must be of my own unworthiness—what would as strong a love for one who is altogether lovely do for you? If I have had this influence upon you through your love for me, what shall be the influence of him who has room in His heart for all the hearts that have ever throbbed, or ever shall throb in the world? I would not obtrude upon you a thought like this, in a letter like this, did I not feel that in it lies the cure of greater disappointments, if such there be, than that which this letter will give you. Receive it. Think about it, and

God grant that it may lead you into a wealth of blessedness such as earth can never bestow."

Where, now, in Dickens, Thackeray, Cooper, Bulwer, or any other of our great novelists, living or dead—save, perhaps, Henry Ward Beecher—do we find any such recognition or plea as this for evangelical, experimental religion? Or where, in Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, or any other representative poet, do we find any evidence of any such distinctively religious aim as that which characterizes the poem before us? Kathrina, indeed, has been well represented as "a sermon in verse"—a sermon on the vanity of learning, love, and fame, as the real guides and inspirers of the soul of man. As a poet, then, who has consecrated his verse to Christ—as an author who every-where evinces his personal sympathy with genuine Christianity by a full, hearty, living flow of Christian faith, and hope, and joy, we welcome Dr. Holland, and fervently bid him Godspeed.

The latest effort of our author, and the one now more immediately under consideration, is a metrical tale, or novel in verse, somewhat like Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," or Tennyson's "Princess," and is a most eloquent plea for faith in woman and religion. The power of woman and the power of Christianity! What nobler teaching, surely, was ever made the theme of epic or song? As it regards the plan, structure, and style of the poem, it is didactic rather than idyllic in its general form, and consists in a quiet flow of blank verse rising up every now and then to a burst of eloquence and poetic fervor, interspersed occasionally with lyrics as deftly musical as were ever warbled.

The work is divided into four parts, entitled respectively, "Youth," "Love," "Labor," and "Conclusion." The opening scene is laid in the valley of the Connecticut—in the quiet village of Northampton and vicinity,

"Where the saintly Edwards heralded  
The terrors of the Lord,"

and

"Nature, with a thousand tongues,  
Proclaimed a gentler Gospel."

As already intimated our author, a thorough New Englander in his themes and associations, is content with the scenes with which he has himself been conversant, and the life with which he has sympathized. "Lovingly as Wordsworth wandered through the Lake country," says another, "and more sturdily, walks this Bay-State poet over the Connecticut Valley;" and though New England scenery and New England life are not as readily glorified and gilded as the



scenery and life of other countries; though the Trosachs and a Covenanters' communion season are more readily translated into poetry than Mount Holyoke, and a Puritan prayer meeting in Hadley, still, that this material is capable of being turned into higher poetry, such a poem as Whittier's "Snow-Bound" furnishes decisive evidence. Our poet, moreover, haply, is not one of those who is disposed to regard that which is near at hand as necessarily commonplace, simply because it is near, or, on the other hand, that which is far away as alone awful and mysterious, simply because it is far away. "To-day is as reverent a presence to him as the crowned years of history. To his vision the light that never was on sea or land falls on village meeting-house with as purple a glory as on Eastern minaret, or crumbling temple of a dead religion. He would light his votive fires on Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and make all days Sun-days of worship."

The story of the poem is simple. It is the tale of a man, won by his devoted wife from the sparkling, shifting sands of worldly ambition of various kinds, to the rock of steadfast religious faith. In the guise of woman angels do still descend to this earth, our author believes, and raise, win fallen men to heaven. The narrative is autobiographical in form—a sort of "Lover's Diary." The hero, one Paul, is born of parents predisposed to insanity, and both of whom perish by their own hands. The father thus died while Paul was very young, and the mysterious and awful calamity cast a cloud over his young life.

"A darker shadow than the mighty elm,"

which had much to do in engendering early that spirit of misanthropy, and dark, and bitter unbelief which subsequently so effectually prevailed. His mother, however, his faithful, earnest, praying mother, to whom he was ever most devotedly attached, was spared to him for many years. But she was haunted ever by a presentiment that she, also, was destined yet in madness to take her own life. Vainly she strove against this impression, and prayed and agonized that this cup might pass by. One of the most impressive and thrilling passages in the book is, where this mother is represented as wrestling in the stillness of her chamber—wrestling with God in prayer that the powers of darkness, that seemed to be gathering about her, might be beaten back; that she might be spared the agony of madness; that she might be saved from the certainty of a violent death.

"One dismal night a trivial accident  
Had kept me from my home beyond the hour,  
Vol. XXVIII.—8

At which my promise stood for my return.  
Arriving at the garden gate, I paused  
To catch a glimpse of the accustomed light,  
Through the cold mist that wrapped me, but in vain.  
Only one window glimmered through the gloom,  
Through whose uncurtained panes I dimly saw  
My mother in her chamber. She was clad  
In the white robe of rest; but to and fro  
She crossed the light, sometimes with hands pressed close  
Upon her brow, sometimes raised up toward heaven  
As if in deprecation or despair;  
And through the strident sighing of the elm,  
I heard her voice, still musical in woe,  
Wailing and calling. . . .  
'O, Father! Father! hear me when I call!  
Hast thou not made me? Am I not thy child?  
Why, why this mad, mysterious desire  
To follow him I loved, by the dark door  
Through which he forced his passage to the realm  
That death throws wide to all? O, why must I,  
A poor weak woman—'

I could hear no more,  
But dropped my dripping cloak, and, with a voice  
Toned to its tenderest cadence, I pronounced  
The sweet word, 'Mother.'"

This "mad, mysterious desire," in spite of her frantic appeal to Heaven, worked its own fulfillment in due time. It was this apparent deafness of the Almighty, to the importunate cry of his poor mother, that effectually blighted the faith of Paul and filled his soul with bitterness. A God who would not hear such a prayer from such a woman—a prayer from such a saint, so pure-hearted, so holy in thought and life—could not be a God who loved. And so Paul became a blaspheming skeptic. In one common grave he laid his mother and his faith in God.

"When told to pray,  
This was the logic of my heart's reply—  
If God be love, not such is he to me,  
Nor such to mine, if he heard not the voice  
Of such a lovely saint as she I mourned.

So I closed  
With Reason's hand the adamantine doors  
Which only Faith unlocks, and shut my soul  
Away from God, the warder of a gang  
Of passions that in darkness stormed or gloomed;  
And with each other fought, or on themselves  
Gnawed for the nourishment which I denied."

Sometime after this, under circumstances beautifully romantic, he meets with the woman who ever thereafter is to be his mentor—the better angel of his nature—Kathrina, whose power to ennoble, inspire, elevate, to reveal to him the true end of life, and finally to lead him to press after it with the same earnestness and determination which had marked his struggles to realize his dreams of worldly ambition it is the main purpose of the poem to illustrate. The description of the circumstances of their first meeting, in the old Congregational Church in Hadley, is, perhaps, the finest passage in the volume. "Kathrina," writes another, "is a healthily beautiful soul, very religious, very

tender, very wise and delicate—a sweet New England woman. She seeks to make her noble life the argument for her creed. She prays diligently for her husband, but she does not fret him with the catechism; she does not alienate him by insisting on his acceptance of forms which to him are worse than empty; she carefully watches the fires of human love in him, trusting, knowing in her prayerful soul that they shall one day be overleaped by the clearer flame and whiter heat of Divine love. So she goes on her way to the newer life, for to her there is no death."

Paul in due time, however, finds out that

"No heart of man,  
Though loving well and loving worthily,  
Can be content with any human love,"

and proposes literature. Fortune smiles, the world applauds, and yet he is unsatisfied. Still calmly, brightly, his wife's steady flame continues to burn heavenward beside his own flashing, fitful, fading fires of earth. At last her flame burns out the candle that feeds it; the soul is about to mount up to its Supreme Love. In her last moments her serene and surely anchored soul prevails above his unbelief and rebellion, and for the first time since his mother's death he bows the knee to the God whom he had disowned.

"O, God, be merciful to me!  
After a life of selfishness and sin,  
I yield my will to thine, and pledge my soul,  
All that I am, all I can ever be,  
Supremely to thy service. I renounce  
All worldly aims, all selfish enterprise,  
And dedicate the remnant of my power  
To thee and those thou lovest."

Then that peace that passeth understanding, that good for which he had sought so diligently everywhere else in vain, at length possesses him, and the hour of his utter loss, and woe, and agony is the hour of his first serenity, and submission, and harmony with existence.

One could not if he would touch with other than reverent hands the closing words—words that give the whole work rather the character of a memorial than a story.

"So here I give  
The gospel of her precious Christian life.  
I bring these leaves entwined  
With her own roses, dewy with my tears,  
And lay them as the tribute of my love  
Upon the grave that holds her sacred dust."

It may seem a defect to some that Paul appears to come to God at last not so much for God's sake as for rest's sake. Indeed, we could ourselves have wished that Kathrina might during her earlier life have piloted her husband safely through all the dark and dangerous passes of unbelief, and induced him from his

own deeply felt want of God, and from a love of her own ideals, to submit himself to his Maker. Still the process as described by the author is entirely legitimate. Nothing is more natural or more common than for the sad heart, realizing keenly the emptiness and vanity of all things earthly, to turn to God as to the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Some have found fault that the moral is made so prominent, and that the story is evidently made to fit. This, from the nature of the case, is almost unavoidable. When the poet has a specific aim, particularly a religious aim, it is almost impossible not to sermonize. Some have complained that the work is too didactic, that a didactic poem is a contradiction in terms. Perhaps some of the colloquies have been a little too long drawn out, so as to become a little prosy and tiresome, and some of the themes discussed are quite too abstruse and metaphysical; yet it must be admitted these conversations between the husband and wife usually are powerfully managed. The editor of Harper discriminatingly says: "The poem appeals to the general religious sentiment of the country; not with touches of high imagination, not with bursts of passionate emotion, not with lyric fervor or epical breadth and splendor, but with placid argument and temperate persuasion. It does not sweep with the force and character of the Mississippi or the Amazon, nor with the tender richness of the traditional Rhine, but glides with the tranquil, felicitous, familiar flow of the Connecticut. The calm domesticity of tone, that pleasant homeliness, even commonplaceness of treatment, is the very charm which so warmly commends it to many minds." It would be very easy for Dr. Holland to write a sensational poem, but this would not have been in keeping with his purpose. These warm debates on abstrusest themes are just what stamps this work with its distinctively New England character. It is pleasant, meanwhile, thus to see a man so quietly resolute, neither spoiled by great success nor diverted by imposing models from his own proper walk in the sphere of letters.

One critic says "there is too much awkwardness and unnaturalness in the extraordinary positions of the narrative." Of what work of fiction might not the same thing be said? It is also alleged that there is too great strain and violence in the expression of the emotions of the hero. "The blasphemous skepticism of Paul is scarcely made to justify itself to the mind of the reader. It rises into an excitement which is too high for the occasion and

goes off into incoherent utterances to which the responsive sympathies of the looker-on are not readily aroused." Poetry, however, is the language of passion and of the imagination, and these are in their very nature extravagant in their expression. You have only to imagine a man in a frenzy, in a state bordering on desperation, and you would naturally expect to hear him rave with Paul.

"When the full consciousness of what I was  
Possessed my thought, and I gazed down the abyss  
God had prepared for me, I shrank aghast;  
And there in silence, with an awful oath  
I dare not write, I swore my will was mine,  
And mine my hands, and that, though all the fiends  
That cumber hell and overrun the earth  
Should spur the deadly impulse of my blood,  
And Heaven withhold the aid I would not ask,  
Though woes unnumbered should beset my life,  
And reason fall, and uttermost despair  
Hold me a hopeless prisoner in its glooms,  
I would resist, and conquer, and live out  
My complement of years. My bosom burned  
With fierce defiance, and the angry blood  
Leaped from my heart and boomed within my brain  
With throbs that stunned me, though each fiery thrill  
Was charged with tenderness for her whose head  
Was pillowed on its riot."

A criticism made by a writer in the *New Englander* is doubtless just: "Paul's recovery to himself and to God are not sufficiently psychological to satisfy our curiosity or to leave a distinct and glowing impression. However sudden and complete such a conversion might, and however truthful it may be to assume to occur at the death-bed of a wife like Kathrina, it is not justified to our thoughts by the exhibition of the processes which led to it. Poetical justice or poetical truth requires that the varied and gradual workings of all these events on the inner life of the subject of them should be depicted at length till they culminate at last in his complete moral recovery. For a poem or tale which has to do preëminently with the affections or religious feelings, Kathrina is, perhaps, quite too objective. Its pictures of the outer world are graphic, but delineations of feeling are scarcely attempted. It should be more subjective and emotional." One the more regrets that the foregoing sketch was not filled out by our author, not only because it is these developments of the inner spiritual life that make a poem of substantial value to us, it being then the soul's own interpreter, but from the fact that similar discussions in other works of his bear ample evidence that few men are as competent for the task proposed as Dr. Holland. And yet after all the philosophy of the exercises of the sensibilities is very imperfectly understood. Almost every day witnesses a radical change wrought in some one's feelings

occasioned by some seemingly insignificant incident. We have read of the stalwart infidel convicted by the tearful testimony of a little child; of a young man converted simply by hearing the clock strike one as he was entering a place of revelry an hour after midnight. The course of sober thinking that begun with the hearing of that bell's note ran on till it condensed into the Christian purpose that controlled the rest of his life. In the light of such facts as these can we say the circumstances which led to the conversion of "Paul" were really inadequate to produce that effect? If a John Bunyan, dissolute and hardened, could so far be sobered as to pray for himself simply by hearing a poor unlettered woman praying in secret, is there any thing contrary to the philosophy of the human mind? does it necessarily argue "a feeble fancy," as the *Atlantic* puts it, "which unites two vital epochs by the incident of a truant lambkin?"

Dr. Holland's language is usually simple, vigorous Saxon, and his poetry largely the unsophisticated utterance of the affections. This is the reason, doubtless, why he is so popular. Some may fail to see in the fact any evidence of greatness, but it is reason enough why he is so extensively read and beloved. Here is a specimen of Saxon vigor worthy of Goldsmith:

"My neighbors all around  
Were happy in their work. The plodding hind  
Who served my hand or groomed my petted horse  
Whistled about his work with merry heart,  
And filled his measure of content with toil.  
In all the streets and all the busy fields  
Men were astir, and doing with their might  
What their hands found to do. They drove the plow,  
They trafficked, builded, delved, they spun and wove,  
They taught and preached, they hastened up and down,  
Each on his little errand, and their eyes  
Were full of eager fire, as if the earth  
And all its vast concerns were on their hands.  
Their homes were fresh with guerdon every night,  
And ripe with impulse to new industry  
At each new dawn."

Or again:

"Show me the man  
Who, leaving God, and nature, and himself,  
Sits at the feet of masters, stuffs his brain  
With maxims, notions, usages, and rules,  
And yields his fancy up to leading strings,  
And I shall see a man who never did  
A deed worth doing. So, in the name of God,  
do no such thing  
As smutch your knees by bowing at a shrine  
Whose doubtful deity, in midst of dust,  
Sits in the cast-off robes of devotees  
And lives on broken victuals."

Dr. Holland's writings are always pure. Much as he sings of woman, his lines are as free from any taint of passion or pruriency as the song of birds or the smile of infancy. The

Lord bless him! He is in the best sense of the term a benefactor of the race. Who can commune with his lofty ideal of womanhood and not feel for the sex a more exalted esteem, a profounder respect? Let our American women study him and aspire after the image which he sets before them. We shall venture to give him no advice. He knows a thousand-fold more about poetry than we do, and, doubtless, is as conscious of his defects as he would be should we sapiently point out a few misplaced accents or halting measures. His work is calculated to do good. The reading of it has given us pleasure, and we thank him for it. To those circumstanced like his noble heroine, whose real life is entirely separated from that of their husbands—and, by the way, no work with which we are acquainted, like this, shows how hard in the secret heart is the lot of one whose affections are placed both upon God and an unconverted husband—to those thus circumstanced, we say, whether married or betrothed, "Kathrina" will be found more than a poem—it will be a strength and a guide, while to their companions, it may prove, by the blessing of God, a savor of life unto life. Then let the mere critic, pantheistic, rationalistic, or otherwise, thrust his dissecting knife into the religious heart of this poem—this feature of it is its chief praise. Fresh, genuine, powerful, Christian, let its already wide circulation be indefinitely increased. Meanwhile we confidently await the still riper products of the future. The success already won is but the promise of still higher achievements, the earnest of a yet more distinguished and enduring success.

#### THE WHITE-WINGED ANGEL.

BETHESDA'S waters move to-day;  
The steps are wet with falling spray—  
Wait not for one another;  
If fever smites thee in its wrath,  
Seek refuge in the cooling bath—  
Be of good cheer, my brother.

Unbind the napkin on thy head,  
Rise up, rise up and take thy bed,  
For light will be the burden;  
Plunge in the pool, and wash away  
Disease as Naaman did, the day  
He dipped himself in Jordan.

Then life shall be a holiday,  
And dark forebodings flee away—  
Thy bliss shall know no sorrow;  
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,  
And Hope descend on rainbow wing  
To crown each bright to-morrow.

#### FLOWER-GIRL OF THE TUILLERIES.

ALL night in the *Palais de Justice*,  
Surrounded by demons of hate,  
The fair Antoinette sat awaiting  
The seal of her terrible fate;  
Unblenched, with a calmness majestic,  
She waited the seal of her fate.

At last the mock-trial was over,  
And fixed was her sorrowful doom;  
The "Austrian" guilty of treason,  
Must die at the hour of noon—  
Fair child of the noble Theresa,  
Ah, why should she perish so soon!

And as she went forth to her dungeon  
Unmoved 'mid her pitiless foes,  
A fair, girlish form glided forward  
And placed on her bosom a rose—  
"My sovereign," she cried, "there 's one loves thee  
On earth, and God pities thy woes."

Ah, Trine de la Cour, thy rash folly  
Will bring thee to sorrow, I ween,  
Already thy destiny 's pending,  
The ax of the red guillotine  
Shall cancel thine act of devotion,  
And blot out thy love for the Queen.

All day, till the twilight's deep shadows  
Crept in at the low cottage door,  
He eagerly waited her coming,  
The aged and blind de la Cour,  
For Trine was the light of his being,  
The sunshine that played on his floor.

Within the *Conciergerie* dungeon,  
Bowed low on the cold pavement floor,  
That night found her kneeling beside him—  
His long day of darkness was o'er;  
He woke where an earthly tribunal  
Could doom him to death never more!

Till morn thus she kept her lone vigil,  
Unheeding the sentry's slow tread,  
And as the huge doors were unbolted  
She started, and shivered with dread;  
"O, take me not from him," she whispered,  
"O, leave me alone with my dead!"

Ah, why does her sad eye thus brighten,  
Has Hope o'er her destiny cast  
One ray to enliven the future?  
Yes, Trine, thou art rescued at last,  
For Robespierre and Danton have fallen,  
The dark Reign of Terror is past!

The atheist's idols are shattered,  
Their worshipers writhe in the dust;  
Arise, then, young Christian, and praise Him,  
The God thou didst fearlessly trust  
Still reigns the Great King of thy nation,  
The God of the faithful and just.



## NEANDER'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

(CONTINUED.)

ONCE, however, Hannchen had to let her brother travel without her protection, and it caused her a great deal of anxiety and uneasiness. King Frederick William IV, who esteemed the pious and learned Neander very highly, had invited him to go with him to Carlsbad, provided the Professor would take no trunk with him, since he would have crammed it full of Church fathers; an officer was to take care of the Professor's toilet.

On the morning fixed for starting Hannchen conducts her brother to the depot. Neander makes his appearance before the King in a cloak so thick and so heavy, that it looked as if the sweating scholar might be crushed by its weight.

"But, my dear Professor," asked the King smiling, "what in all the world do you wear such a cloak for in this hot weather? Ah, what is this? in this pocket a Church father—in that one a colleague? of a truth the whole cloak is crammed with *patres ecclesiastici*—with more than an ordinary trunk would hold!"

"Pardon, your Majesty, some reading matter for the journey."

"Enough for a journey to the moon—well, I see, my dear Professor, that your poor King must give way to the *patres*, because he is not so fortunate to be bound in hog's skin," said the King with a hearty laugh, and turning to the officer he says, "Schoening, you will take care of the Professor's reading matter; the students would never forgive me should I suffer their Church father to sweat himself to death in this new-fashioned library."

On this trip Neander missed still more than once his mentor Hannchen.

While in a certain office, he took out, in examining his pockets for a slip of paper and a pencil, several sealed letters, when the officer, who did not know Neander, gruffly told him that he had to pay a fine for carrying sealed letters.

"Well," was the Professor's reply, "I did not know that this was forbidden by law;" paid the fine, which was considerable, with a heavy heart, because this money would have sufficed to buy many a meal for some hungry student.

At the next relay the same scene was repeated—the Professor takes out sealed letters and has to pay the fine.

"But, sir," said the officer this time, "all these letters are directed to the same person, to Professor Neander, at Berlin."

"Yes," says Neander, "this is my name."

"But why do you not open and read your letters?"

"Hannchen is in the habit of opening my letters, and Hannchen is not with me!"

And this same Hannchen says to him on the morn of his birthday, "Come now, Augustus, and see what I have piled up for you!"

Hannchen leads her brother into an adjoining room. On a table, adorned with flowers and two burning candles, lie several old folios—rare Church fathers! Such presents the brother receives from his sister regularly on every Christmas eve and on his birthday.

"O Hannchen, what a welcome present! my dear fathers, Gregory of Nazianzen and Jerome, in such rare unadulterated editions!" . . . and his eyes sparkled.

"What other present could I make to you, dear Augustus, since you are indifferent about every thing except these old, ugly, hog's-skin-bound 'toads,' with their unpleasant smell and death for your eyes . . . but, no, our old friend Kottwitz is wrong in thinking that you have but one passion, books; you have a second ruling passion, your students; but these Hannchen can neither give you, nor is there any necessity that she should do so, because they belong to you any how with the last drops of their blood," says Hannchen, while her eyes are filled with tears.

On the table are lying two fresh wreaths of fir and arbor vite, intended for the graves of the mother and sister, Henriette, who had been married to the Secretary of Legation, Schaltz, and had died in Neander's residence.

"Poor Betty!" says Hannchen in a low tone, thinking of her sister, who, like a brother in Petersburg, has now suffered for many years in an asylum, being afflicted with incurable derangement. "It is the Lord's work," responds Neander with his hands folded for prayer.

"Ah, our *famulus*!" says Hannchen—a student of theology enters and with a tremulous voice offers his congratulations—Neander leads him by the arm into his study.

As on every other day the hours from six to ten are spent in the most thorough preparation of the three lectures which the Professor daily delivers, from ten to one o'clock, on every book of the New Testament, with the exception of the apocalypse, on dogmatics and Christian ethics, as well as on all the prominent portions of historical theology.

Meanwhile we have leisure to narrate two "Neander stories," which the Professor's study so vividly calls to mind:

We may see there the ladder leaning against the wall, which Neander once made use of in

order to get a book down from one of the highest shelves. He wanted to examine only one passage, but his attention was soon so riveted that he kept reading on. Soon, however, his feet reminded him of his uncomfortable position, when, ah, the high stove standing near offers so fine a chance to put a stop to the inconvenience, and it is readily accepted. Neander seats himself on the stove, while the ladder falls down without making any noise, falling on a pile of books. The Professor reads on and is so completely absorbed that he takes no notice of Hannchen, who enters the room in order to take the usual afternoon promenade with her brother, and Hannchen, who was also short-sighted, did on her part likewise not see her brother, as he was seated on the high stove. She, therefore, looks for him in his bed-chamber, at her niece's, Emma Scholtz, that occupied the next floor, but every-where in vain! Hannchen becomes alarmed, sets the whole house in motion, but no one has seen the Professor go out. Hannchen's restlessness increases as the afternoon wears away. Finally, when it was getting dark, a well-known, dear voice called out from the study, "Hannchen, Hannchen!" But how is this possible, since Hannchen herself has searched this room twice.

"Augustus, where are you?"

"Here, on the stove; I read a little in Basilus—now it is too dark to read, and I can not get down because the ladder has fallen."

We have stated already how highly King Frederick William IV esteemed our Neander. The King would frequently assemble around himself in the tea-room of the Queen, without any pomp or parade, a small number of eminent scholars and artists. To such a tea-party at Charlottenburg Neander also had been invited. Hannchen dressed him up as well as she could. "Now, Augustus, put on your 'badges,' and you are fit to appear at the court."

"Have I any such badges?"

"The King himself has pinned them to your coat, where are they?"

"I have no recollection of it; let me go without the badges."

"No, Augustus, that will not do; it would be too great a violation of the court etiquette, and might be interpreted as contempt of the royal favor. O, soon the King's carriage will be before the door! Dorthé, help me—look about for the badges—you, Carl, please run in all haste to Professor Strauss and tell him that he would very much oblige me by lending us his badges, we have mislaid ours."

Neander reads in a book, while Hannchen and Dorthé ransack the study for the badges to

no purpose for a long time. At last Dorthé draws from a folio a faded silk ribbon, to which the badge is affixed. . . . Neander had used it to mark a passage in St. Ambrose; his other badges were serving similar purposes.

The recurrence of such a catastrophe Hannchen avoided by taking hereafter charge of the badges whenever they had been used.

It is now ten o'clock, and time to go to the University. The famulus takes a warm cloak from a nail on the wall to hang it round the shoulders of the Professor—this one, however, almost disconcerted, refuses to receive it, and bids the famulus to hang it back on the nail, adding: "In honor of my birthday I have made this morning a present of it to a student, whose thin coat attracted my attention yesterday."

"Have you seen, then, Professor, the student here this morning before seven o'clock?" asked the famulus in astonishment.

"No, my dear friend, he was not here, but I have presented the cloak to him in my mind, and have, therefore, no longer a right to wear it."

"But where is your new cloak?"

"I have none yet; I shall go in my coat."

It required Hannchen's whole authority and decision to prevail on the Professor to wear once more and so long this mentally given-away cloak till she could get a new one made.

In jack-boots, such as the students wear, Neander walks by the side of his famulus the short distance over the Operaplatz to the University building. And yet Neander once complained when a comparatively young man, having no famulus yet, after he had occupied the Unger-house for some considerable time, of the great distance from his residence to the University buildings, and on examination it was found that the Professor, instead of turning to the right into Behringstrasse so as to have the University before him after a few steps, on the corner of the Royal Library, had, in his absent-mindedness, or rather, in his fullness of thoughts, gone down on the left the whole long Behringstrasse and come up again to the University through the small Mauerstrasse and the Linden, because from his *former* residence his way to the University had led through the small Mauerstrasse and the Linden.

Neander enters the lecture-room. Bent forward and his eyes thoughtfully fixed on the floor, he ascends the catheder, raising his right hand up to his eyebrows as if to salute his audience. The students stand up in honor of the beloved Professor's birthday. On the catheder lies a goose-quill with a long beard—for many years the students have daily laid a

new quill on the same spot—the old quill becomes the proud decoration of many a humble student's room, . . . after some years the melancholy relic in many a parsonage. Twisting the quill with his hands, Neander bends forward over the catheder board and commences his lecture with his eyes closed, his deep, feeling voice reëchoing in every heart. The quill is in a constant motion under the lecturer's fingers, being now pressed together, now having its beard pulled out. At the same time the lecturer changes his position every moment—leaning now on his right, now on his left foot—all at once he raises himself fully, turning his closed eyes to the backside of the catheder board. During all this time his delivery flows on continually, gushing forth pure and full from the warmest of hearts, irresistibly carrying along all the hearts of his young hearers.

And here we meet with the rare and highest merit of Neander, which consists in this, that he exerts on the young an influence as quickening as purifying, as warming as illuminating, since he instructs, trains, and edifies at the same time; and in this he succeeds so well, because even in his sickly old age he keeps himself aloof from "stiffness and cowardice," because he has and cultivates a deep aversion against every thing that is narrow-minded, because he has a heart as young as his young hearers. Every Saturday evening Neander assembles his students around himself in his residence—every one is welcome; his study is always crowded—every one looks anxiously for a place where to sit, and often finds it on a pile of Church fathers.

In former years Hannchen used to keep watch at the door like a little Cerebus, and silently counted the students till seventeen had entered—all the following were refused admittance under one pretext or another, as her wit or roguery suggested it, . . . because Hannchen had at that time only eighteen silver tea-spoons. This number of tea-spoons and therewith the number of admitted students was afterward increased by dozens. To see on such evenings the old Neander in a comfortable dress-coat in the midst of young students, himself still young in his enthusiasm, was a rare treat. Kneading a little piece of wax between his fingers, Neander himself opens the discussion with his soft voice, paying attention with the most tender regard for personality, to every question, to every doubt, yea, to every mediocrity, always simple-hearted, cordial, mild—like his whole theology, which is essentially mild and of a mediating character. Wherever he thinks that

there is but the least doubt or want of clearness, he encourages, enlightens, and draws out questions! He never loses his temper, his patience never fails, even when talkative immaturity makes a display of itself—by the sun of his love he endeavors to bring it to maturity. An air of the most amiable tenderness surrounds him; he rather becomes embarrassed himself instead of embarrassing others. Whatever he says and does is genuine truth—conventional phrases he despises from the very bottom of his soul. When he wishes a good evening to a visiting friend, when he presses his hand, when he inquires for his state of health, when he thanks for a small service, he means in every instance what he says; nothing is mere formality with him. And not only with words, but in deed, does this "man of the young" love his students. He lends and gives unto them always with the greatest readiness out of his treasure—his books: he supports them beyond his means in his poverty, and gives, whenever he gives, with the utmost tenderness. He who is so strongly attached to his sphere of action at Berlin that he declines every call to more richly endowed chairs, founds with his limited means for his students his academical asylum for the sick, and supports it beyond his ability.

Neander's personal wants are as few and simple as possible. Although his health is very feeble, yet he refuses positively and unvaryingly to take any wine; he who carries many a bottle of costly wine under his cloak to the rooms of sick students. Only when Hannchen entreats—her orders are on this point unavailing—when the family physician prescribes he takes some wine from a sense of duty. At the same time he loves and practices hospitality passionately; almost every Sunday old and young friends are seated at his frugal board for dinner and supper. He rarely goes to parties, and when he does, only on Hannchen's account.

On this day Hannchen has sent out many invitations to dinner, as has been customary for many years on her brother's birthday.

At the simple dinner-table in the long, narrow, middle-room, thirty persons have seated themselves. Neander, seated at the upper end, bent down and almost embarrassed, has just asked a blessing in simple, childlike words. . . . But who has but once seen and heard him thus pray, carried away with him in his heart sanctifying and purifying influences.

Standing behind Neander's chair you see his old and faithful servant, Carl, who pins the napkin on his master, places the soup in a large, old-fashioned cup before him, cuts his meat,

and waits upon him throughout as on a helpless child. It is really touching to see how thankful Neander is for these little services, how modestly he asks, "Be so kind, dear Carl." Even the blackest ingratitude, with which another of Neander's servants repaid his kindness, by absconding after a stay of nine years in the family, where he had enjoyed so many favors, with all the silver-plate and valuables of the family, produced no change upon Neander's kind heart—he took no steps whatever to have the thief brought to condign punishment.

Neander's neighbor on the right is a man who is, in spite of his seventy-four years, still robust, noble, and commands respect. Mildness and goodness are his predominant features. It is the court-preacher, Frederic Ehrenberg, who has exerted, especially on the fair sex, so salutary an influence by his "Books of Devotion for the Higher Classes." Neander dedicated to this friend of many years his "Life of Jesus," written against Strauss, "as a small token of gratitude for the benefits derived from his sermons."

On the left of Neander sits an old man with an expressive face, a high, thoughtful brow, and a flaming eye—Schelling, the indignant philosopher, who closed his lectures in the Berlin University forever, after his last course, "On the Philosophy of Revelation," had been secretly published, with a critical comment, by his Heidelberg antagonist, Paulus, under the title, "The Finally Revealed Philosophy of Revelation," and a suit brought by him for infringing his copy-right had been dismissed by the courts. The exasperated philosopher has lectured since that time only in the Academy of Science. Neander, who had been as a student already one of Schelling's warmest admirers, and had acknowledged it with his revered teacher—in opposition to the pantheism of Hegel—as the highest calling of philosophical speculation "to rethink the facts of divine revelation," listens still with the same delight to the discourses of his friend Schelling. The rosy, joyous, and wild face next to Ehrenberg is Lisco, author of "The Parables of Jesus"—the confessor of Neander. The strong, tall man, who can laugh so heartily, is the court-preacher, Strauss. He is just relating his grand wanderings with Neander and Noodt, from Halle to Göttingen, and states what a celebrity Neander's classical Latinity had even then been among his young friends. The speaker's favorite terms—*werdend*, *culminirend*, *entwerdend*—budding, culminating, decaying—sound rather strange in the ears of the younger guests. In the reign of rationalism Strauss

exerted a very happy influence by the faithfulness with which he discharged his pastoral duties, as well as by his work: *Glockentöne, Erinnerungen aus dem Leben eines jungen Geistlichen*—Bell-Tones, Reminiscences from the life of a young pastor. How the pastoral duties were attended to at Berlin before Ehrenberg, Lisco, and Strauss, appears from the following truthful story that is often told by Strauss.

The then Provost of Petri was by no means fond of preaching. "Mr. Schilling, you have no idea how easily a man becomes a babbler by much preaching," he used to say to his faithful sexton. "O! I really sympathize with you, Mr. Provost," was Mr. Schilling's reply. "Mr. Schilling, I wish that I had not to preach on week-days, then matters would be tolerable," the Provost said once by way of complaint again to his sexton. "Mr. Provost, there comes, perhaps, nobody to-day, and, if so, we can at once go home again." "Heaven grant that, Mr. Schilling—please go and see whether there is any body in the church." "Mr. Provost, one woman has just come—your cook, Dorthenone one else," is the sexton's report. All at once the Provost hastens out into the church: "Dorthen, what brings you hither? Shall I, perhaps, preach for you alone? Dorthen, quick, go home again—now, Mr. Schilling, we can likewise go home."

That imposing personality with the mildly beaming and beautiful countenance, and the incipiently grayish, full locks, is Immanuel Nitzsch, "the flower of modern theology." When he came, three years ago, from Borne to Berlin, he felt himself at once irresistibly drawn by the communion of faith toward Neander, the "Pectoralist," as the Hegelians nickname him on account of his motto, quoted before: "pectus quod facit theologum." Like Neander, Nitzsch must likewise have something in his hand while he speaks. Neander is just crumbling a cork between his fingers without knowing it—Nitzsch slowly unbuttons, while engaged in conversation, his coat from below to the upper end, takes gracefully a pinch from a small box, and buttons his coat again, and then the process of unbuttoning recommences.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IF any one speak evil of you flee home to your own conscience and examine your heart; if you be guilty it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction, make use of both; so shall you distill honey out of gall, and out of an undisguised and open enemy make a secret friend.



## THROUGH THE MILL.

MR. and Mrs. Lansing, and little Master Lenny, sat long at the breakfast table. It was tempting enough to make any one linger, that bright room, with all its pretty appointments, the geranium at the window, the sunny pictures on the walls, the low grate filled with glowing coals, and the neatly spread table, with its snowy damask and dainty porcelain service.

Mr. Lansing was pretending to read his morning paper, but in reality he was looking over it, his eyes resting longest on the gentle, winsome lady who sat opposite him, with one little hand resting on the coffee urn, and his beautiful child, whose soft curls gleamed like gold in the sunlight. The young mill-owner was in no hurry that morning. The myriad wheels, bands, and cranks, and all the deafening noise that he "usually found so much more attractive than the society of his wife," as Mrs. Lansing pointedly averred, would set up no claim of rivalry that day. The morrow would be Christmas, and the mill had been stopped for two days. He might enjoy the sweet home-scene at his leisure.

Mrs. Lansing had fallen into a brief reverie, from which she suddenly awakened.

"O, Dick!" she began. Her husband interposed expostulatingly,

"My dear Madaline! what advice! could n't think of following it! I am conscientiously opposed to 'owing,' and would rather pay any time."

"Do n't be nonsensical. I was going to say—"

"O, you were? And the sum and substance of that long fit of musing was to warn me against being nonsensical, was it? How kind of you!"

Madaline laughed.

"Positively, Dick, old Aunt Hatty was right. She used to say, 'Marse Richard made a body's talk go just like a balky hoss, first it r'ared up at dis ting, den it kicked up at dat, an' den it brung up standin' at toder ting, an' ye could n't get no nowhar wid it.' You have got a bad habit, sir, of taking my wise remarks in such homeopathic doses that they do n't do you a bit of good."

"That is because I want to enjoy the flavor longer. They are sugar-coated, you know."

"Thank you. Now just listen one minute, if you can. I wanted to ask you to buy me a vase—something rare, you know—for that bracket in the front parlor. It looks so bare without something of the kind."

Mr. Lansing drew up his eyebrows comically.

"If I remember rightly," he said, "I had to have the piano removed from that corner because it filled it up so. Then I had to get a bracket and put it up, because that corner looked so empty without any thing; and now I must buy a vase to fill up the bracket! Would n't you like me to get some flowers for the vase, dear?"

"Certainly, I did n't think of it before, but I wish you would. There, now I have talked so long that I have grown thirsty again, and must have another cup of coffee. What are you doing with all the cream over there, Dick? Pass it, please."

"I wonder if drinking coffee is not injurious to you, Maddie," he answered, mischievously retaining the cream-pitcher. "Don't you think you are beginning to grow sallow and wrinkled lately?"

"No, I do n't," she said, with mock indignation. "Whatever else you do, Dick, do n't turn what cousin Nancy used to call a 'chronicle reformer.' I should think it would be a miserable sort of life to be forever diving into all the sweets to see if one could n't find a bitter under them, and the moment a thing is found to be pleasant, to set one's wits to work to discover a reason why it should not be enjoyed."

"You do n't like to sing,

'We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight,'

do you?" he asked.

"No, I do not. I did not mean just that, though," she answered thoughtfully. "Still I suspect that if I had written the lines they would have read,

'We should thank God with all our souls  
Where we possess delight.'"

"But suppose it should be a wrong pleasure, Maddie?"

"Then I think it would soon stand shorn of all disguise when we found that it was something that we dared not be thankful for," she said.

A face red from the kitchen fire just then looked in at the door.

"If you please, ma'am, Miss Lansing, there is a man below as says he wants to see the mistress."

She arose at once. "Will Lenny go with mamma?" she asked, lifting the little one down from his chair. "Dick, dear," turning to her husband, "suppose you make out a list of the things that you will need to get in Carroll

to-day, so far as you can think of them, and I will add what you have omitted when I come back."

He looked after her with a smile flitting about his lips as she passed through the door, then, drawing out a little memorandum-book, he set about executing the task she had given him. There were a few moments of silence, broken only by the scratching of a pencil and the ticking of the clock, and then the door opened again, and Mrs. Lansing crossed the room and laid her hand lightly on her husband's shoulder.

"Well, Maddie?"

"Tom Lowrie is down stairs," she said, hesitatingly.

"What did he come for? It is of no use, Maddie," he added impatiently, showing that his question needed no answering.

"You did not tell me that you had sent him away, Dick," she said, half reproachfully.

"Because I did not want you troubled with it. He has been drinking again, and I will not have him at the mill; I sent him away yesterday. If I had suspected who wanted you I would have gone down myself."

"I can not help feeling sorry for the man," she said gently, "He is so comically miserable. He is a good workman, and he does not drink often. You say yourself that it is very seldom that he is so intoxicated as to neglect his work."

"He has no right to do it at all. Once is too often for any man that expects to work for me. He deserves to be sent away."

"Perhaps he does; but if he is out of employment his family must suffer too, Dick," pleadingly.

"That is his fault; he ought to act differently. My family would suffer too, Madaline, if I did not take care of them. You are a dear, tender-hearted little woman, but it is useless to talk of this," resolutely. "I took him back once because you asked me, and I do not mean to try him again. It is very provoking that he should have come to you about it."

"Well," said Madaline, smiling faintly, "if you have no more comforting message than that, you may just go and tell him yourself; I can not."

A look of annoyance passed over Mr. Lansing's face. In truth he did not fancy the office himself, and always found it much easier to be a stern judge when the culprit was out of sight. He arose, however, though with a manner that betrayed his reluctance, and went down.

The man sitting by the kitchen fire looked up eagerly at the opening door, but quickly dropped his eyes again, and moved uneasily in his chair, at sight of Mr. Lansing, instead of the gentle, pitying lady he was expecting. Still a faint gleam of hope shot across his face. The gentleman might have come to speak some relenting word after all.

Mr. Lansing saw the look, and he could not bear it. He spoke abruptly: "You ought not to have come here, Tom."

"Well, I s'pose I had n't," replied Tom, picking nervously at the buttons of his coat; "dunno as I'd oughter, that's a fact. But my wife she got at me and would have me come; nothing else would n't do her. We has to do a good deal to please these ere wimmin folks, Mr. Lansing."

The corners of Mr. Lansing's mouth twitched a little. Then he grew indignant at himself, and proportionately so at Tom.

"It was of no use to come, and you knew it. I should think you would be ashamed to show your face here. You are a good workman, Tom, and I should have been glad to keep you and pay you good wages if you had behaved yourself; but you did not, and you would not now if I should employ you again. This is not the first time that you have been discharged for this same thing, you remember. I took you back once."

"Yes, sir; an' what's been done once can be done again," said Tom, encouragingly. "That's what my wife said to me this morning, she did. 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' you know, says she."

"But it will not be done again," said Mr. Lansing shortly. "You will drink and neglect your work, and I can not have such a man about the establishment."

"That's just so," said Tom, solemnly. "'Truth is stranger than affliction,' as folks says when they're agoin' to tell a whopper; and 'pears to me you, an' me, an' my little woman, all of us put together, can't keep me sober. Why, sir, you would n't believe it, but I goes into Carroll to buy a sack of flour, or somethin', an' I keeps a sayin' to myself all the way, 'Now, Tom Lowrie, you're agoin' to keep stiddy, mind yourself careful, my boy.' Then I answers back, kind of mad-like at being suspicioned, 'Course I is, what do you take me for?' Well, sir, when I comes to where there's a sign out, an' gets my head turned t'other way so I ain't awatchin', off I goes. Then when I misses myself an' looks round I finds Tom Lowrie has sneaked into one of them rum-shops again as sure as you live. An' then it's

no use acryin' over spilt milk, so I drownds my sorrows in the flowin' bowl."

"Well, if you can't keep sober I can't keep you; that's all there is of it. I meant what I told you yesterday."

"Yes, I 'spose mebbly you did," Tom assented reflectively. "But 'a bird in the bush is worth two in your hand,' an' meanin's is such different things from doin's that it's no wonder I 've come to misdoubt 'em. Why, they ain't even second cousins to one another. I'm always a meanin' to keep sober, but I ain't always a doin' it—not much."

"So it seems," answered Mr. Lansing, vexed, amused, and somewhat touched at the same time. "I have nothing more to say to you; you have lost your place by your own misconduct. When you get another I hope you will be wise enough to keep it," and he turned away.

Tom's face fell.

"Bliged to you. The same to you, sir," he answered, with a sorry effort at politeness. "I hain't got nothin' agin' ye, I'm sure. 'Never speak ill of the bridge as carries ye safe over,' says I. Well, I must be goin'. 'It's an ill wind as blows nowheres,' an' it's more 'n likely the grog-shops 'll make somethin' out of this."

The last words were spoken half to himself, but Mr. Lansing caught them, and turned about suddenly.

"Tom Lowrie," he said sternly, "if you are half a man you will set about finding another place, and not make your helpless family suffer any more by your misdeeds."

"Half a man!" Well, I do n't s'pose I am," muttered Tom, as he went out the door. "I never thought nobody as drank was more than a quarter of a man, nohow."

Mr. Lansing went upstairs again, vigorously whistling a merry tune. He caught up little Lenny in his arms, carried him on his shoulder, and tossed him up till the room rang with peals of childish laughter, stealing furtive glances at his wife now and then, to see if the shadow had quite passed from her face. At last he concluded that his point was not to be carried by stratagem, and, abandoning the attempt, he made a bold advance.

"Now, Maddie, do n't!" he said, going to her side. "If every scapegrace that I send from the mills is going to come here and torment you with his story, and make you wear such a face as that, what will become of me?"

She looked up archly into his face and smiled, thinking, in the depths of her wise little heart, that he was quite as much troubled as she; but she made no answer.

The look satisfied him, however, and producing the list that he had been busy with before Tom's interruption, he soon drew her into an animated discussion about their Christmas purchases.

The little clock on the mantle chimed ten, and then he arose in haste.

"Do you hear that, madam? What creatures you ladies are, to keep a man all day doing nothing but just listening to you! I must be off."

"What creatures you men are, to keep a lady telling you one thing a dozen times over before you remember it! I think it is quite time you started," she retorted, holding his overcoat to the fire that it might be thoroughly warmed. "Do go and have the carriage around at once, and not waste any more of my time."

He obeyed her, laughingly, and was soon seated in the vehicle, kissing his hand in goodbye to little Lenny, who watched him from the window. He looked back at the house, as he drove away, with a warm glow at his heart, calling himself a happy man to possess the treasures it held. It was almost Christmas, but there was no snow as yet, and the carriage rolled smoothly along the road, giving its occupant fair chance for a reverie. Presently, where a road branching off from the main one led to the mill, the horse slackened his speed, and the action aroused his master.

"Ah, Romeo, old fellow, so you do n't like to go by without visiting the mill?" he said, merrily. "I do n't know but the suggestion is a good one," he added, remembering that Stevens, the watchman, had asked to be away till evening, and there would be for the time no one about the place. It would take but a few minutes to drive down there and see that all was safe; so the horse's head was turned in that direction.

Arriving at the factory, Mr. Lansing took a hurried survey of the building, and was about turning away again, when a sudden thought struck him. One of the foremen had spoken a day or two before of something being wrong with the water wheel. He "thought it was all nonsense, for his part," he said, "still it would not do any harm to take a look at the thing while it was not running, and he had plenty of time." He fastened his horse, and unlocking the heavy door, he passed in, and walked along the deserted rooms. To many there would have been something gloomy and oppressive in all that grim, silent machinery, that lay there like some dead giant, lifeless and motionless; but Richard Lansing was less proud of being a mill owner than of being a thorough

machinist, and his eye brightened as he looked about him. He lighted a lantern, hung it in the wheel-house, divested himself of overcoat and hat, and clambered down.

"Ugh! it is cold!" he muttered, shivering a little. "However, it might be worse in a day or two. Maddie has great faith in all water-cure processes, but I do n't know whether she would approve of this style."

A few moments of examination satisfied him. "There was nothing wrong, after all. Carnes did not know what he was talking about," was his inward comment, as he prepared to ascend.

Suddenly there came a rolling, crashing noise—the sound of rushing water. Mr. Lansing felt the great wheel tumble and start under his feet, and in an instant sweep rapidly downward. With the quick instinct of self-preservation, he sprang from it, caught with his hands at a beam that ran along the side of the building, and succeeded in drawing himself up till he stood upon it, while that great rolling monster revolved before him. The lamp he had hung up fell and was shattered, and he saw it carried down with a violent tremor running through every limb, as he stood there, breathless and bewildered, yet shuddering at thought of the dreadful fate he had so narrowly escaped.

Who had let on the water? he wondered, when the first terrible shock had so passed that he could think connectedly. Some one that would come into the room above him soon, he thought, and he listened, straining every faculty that he might catch, through the din of noise about him, the sound of a footstep. But he listened and waited in vain; no one came. He looked about for some way of escape, but he could find none, so far down as he was, and that huge sentinel that guarded him, pacing its beat so steadily and relentlessly. Soon it grew to seem to him like a long time that he had stood there, watching the regular, monotonous turning of that wheel, and listening to the dreary plashing of the water. He grew weary, and contrived to exchange his standing posture for a sitting one, leaning back against the side of the building.

He was thoroughly drenched by the cold water from the wheel, and he felt that his limbs were growing stiff and benumbed. The watchman would not come till evening. If no one came before that, he should have gained nothing by jumping from the wheel—nothing only a little longer time, a more lingering death. It sounded strangely to speak that word in connection with himself—death! Why, one little hour ago it had seemed such a vague, far-off thing. It was terribly near and real now.

How lonely it was in the room above; the many hurrying feet that were wont to pass there, all gone to-day! The crowd of faces, young and old, men and women, that he was accustomed to see in those long rooms, seemed to rise before him; some of them with a weary, worn look that pierced him with a sudden pain. Had he done all that he could for them?—been as kind to their bodies and souls as it had been in his power to be? If he was going from them now, not to meet those faces any more till that far-off morning when all earthly things s'ould have passed, would any of them have cause to turn reproachfully toward him then? He thought of Tom Lowrie—poor Tom! He had been ready enough to condemn his sin and weakness; he had never tried to shield him from temptation. "Am I my brother's keeper?" He did not ask that question then; he only felt its answer deep in his soul. No, he had not done all that he could for him. Countless suggestions, unthought of before, came to him in that lonely hour of communing with his own soul, and with God. Tom only became intoxicated when he went to Carroll, he had said, and Mr. Lansing believed him. How often he might have prevented his going by procuring for him such necessary articles as were not to be found at their little village store! Ah, well! it was past. His family would suffer, too, if he did not take care of them, he had said so self-reliantly that morning, and now—poor Maddie!

One word of hope ran like a golden thread through all the gloom—one name—and he clung to it, repeating it over and over again—"Jesus, the Savior."

The first intense suffering from cold was passing; he was growing insensible to it. Strange fancies stole into his brain. Little Lenny's bright curls seemed to be woven, in some odd way, into the pattern of the pretty carpet on the breakfast room at home. He was growing drowsy and dreamy.

Presently the old wheel seemed to be varying from its steady motion—it was stopping! That aroused him. Some one must have shut the water off; was any one coming to his relief? He raised his head and listened with a feeling of reviving life and hope. Tramp! tramp! came the sound of heavy feet overhead, and then a voice muttered, near the opening,

"'Every bird is knowed by its feathers,' they says, an' if that's so Mr. Lansing must have turned water-fowl, 'cause this ere is his coat an' hat, for sure."

Mr. Lansing only partly caught the words, but he recognized the voice. "Tom," he called.



"Hulloa!" was answered from above, and Tom, after one ineffectual attempt to see distinctly disappeared, and presently returned with a lantern and clambered down. It was a work of some difficulty to assist Mr. Lansing, in his chilled and benumbed condition, to ascend. But Tom accomplished it successfully, and then leading the way to Mr. Lansing's private office he soon had a cheerful fire burning in the stove. Faithfully and perseveringly he worked, till he had restored his patient to a state of something like natural warmth and comfort, and Mr. Lansing could explain to him how he had come there.

"Dunno who could have started the wheel," said Tom, meditatively. "Mebby some villainous feller as had a grudge, seen ye a goin' in, an' did it a purpose to catch ye."

"I think it more probable that some one seeing the door open, came in and raised the gate out of mischief, without knowing that there was any one here, since you did not see any one about when you came. How did you come here, Tom?"

"Well," answered Tom, "I was comin' past your house a little while ago, an' the mistress she seen me, an' knocked on the winder for me to stop, an' so I went in. She asked me had I any thing partickler to do, an' I told her I had n't. Then she said she'd like me to do a bit of work for her. So she showed me this ere picture of her brother, as she said had just fell off the nail it was hung to, an' broke the glass, an' she wanted it fixed right away. Would I take it to Carroll an' find you, an' give it to you, so as you could get a new glass to it afore you come home? An' I told her 'certingly.' Well, sir, she looked at me kind of earnest like, she did, an' says she, 'Tom, I want you to show Mr. Lansing, an' me too, that you can go to Carroll, an' come away as much of a man, an' as steady as when you go. If you will, an' come to me to-night, I'll pay you well for doing my arrant,' says she. So I started. But when I comes to the mill-road I stops. 'It's well to be off with the old love, afore you're on with the new, Tom,' I says to myself. So I thought I'd just come down here, while there wa' n't nobody here, an' peek through the winder, just to say good-by to my old machine, where I've worked so long. Well, the first thing I finds is the water-gate up, an' I thought there was some mischief to pay; so I found the door unlocked, an' I walked in an' stopped it right slap. Then when I come round front, an' seen your boss an' kerriage, I did n't know but I'd better let her on again. But I thought 't was curus that you'd started the thing for

your own 'musement, so I begun to look round a bit—that's all. Air you a goin' home now, Mr. Lansing?"

"No, I think not," answered the gentleman thoughtfully. "If Mrs. Lansing knows of this adventure, she will always be anxious afterward whenever I am at the mill. I feel quite like myself again now, and I will sit here till I get my clothing dry and then go on to Carroll. It is early yet," he added in surprise, looking at his watch; "I thought I had been here a good many hours."

"You had no business of your own to take you to Carroll, had you, Tom?" he asked when he was ready to go.

"Nothin' but the picture."

"Well, suppose you stay here and act as watchman till I come back, and then I will go for Stevens. I will try to pay you as well as Mrs. Lansing would have done," he added, smiling. And Tom consented readily. He read something in the gentleman's face that told him he would have no need to say "good-by" to his "old machine."

Mr. Lansing's Christmas purchases were not all for himself that day; and when, on his return, he stopped to relieve Tom from duty, he said kindly, as he slipped a bill into his hand accompanied by numerous packages,

"You may come back to your old place again when the mill starts, Tom, and we will try once more if we can not both together—God helping us—keep you sober."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, cheerily; "it's a long lane as haint got no turnin'."

"O, I am so glad you have come!" Mrs. Lansing said, meeting her husband at the door, and wondering a little at the warmth of the embrace with which he greeted her. "I was wondering what kept you so late. O, you saw Tom and got the picture, did n't you? Why did n't he come for his pay?"

"I paid him," Mr. Lansing answered. "I told him that he might come back to the mill again, Madaline."

She turned toward him with her bright, peculiar smile, that needed no words.

"It was strange about that picture falling in the way it did without any one being near it," she said after a moment's pause. "I suppose the nail must have become loosened before, but I had not noticed it, and the first thing I knew the picture fell to the floor and broke the glass into fragments. I did not know but you would think me foolish about it, but I felt as if I could not enjoy Christmas if poor Will's picture was not in its accustomed place. A few minutes after I saw Tom passing. I felt

sure that he was not angry with me, however he might feel toward you," looking up archly into his face, "so I asked him to take it to you. I am so glad to have it whole and safe again, though I can't understand how it came to fall. It was such an accident."

But Mr. Lansing, breathing a silent thanksgiving, with head bowed low over Lenny's fair curls, called it by another name—even *Providence*.

### THOUGHTS ON MODERN SKEPTICISM.

#### FIRST PAPER.

##### THE MODERN SPIRIT.

THE spirit of an age is an indefinable something that gives tone, character, and tendency to society. It is a spirit, an impulse pervading the entire community, and influencing every phase of society. So to speak, it is a mental attitude or habit which determines the mode of doing things, and, to a great extent, also the things that are done. This spirit of the age is *various*; at one time it is a spirit of war and conquest; at another, it is a spirit of adventure; at another, a spirit of chivalry; then a spirit of cruelty and superstition; a spirit of persecution, or philanthropy; a spirit of speculation; of knowledge, of commerce, etc.

The origin of this spirit is, in general, *inexplicable*. To a great extent it is the resultant or aggregate influence of all that has gone before it. The spirit of one age is usually the outgrowth of the age that preceded it, or, indeed, of all ages that preceded it. But, evidently, this does not explain the whole problem. Sometimes the change is sudden, and widespread, and often in direct antagonism to the age that preceded it; sometimes it is a reaction against the former age; sometimes it is inexplicable on scarcely any other supposition than that some power outside of society, and greater than society, is overruling, inspiring, and directing the spirit of society itself—some power or intelligence that has its own purposes to accomplish, and is leading society forward to their accomplishment. The spirit of an age is often God in society.

The spirit of an age is a controlling power in determining the methods and achievements of the age. We propose to inquire for the sources of modern skepticism. We would inquire in vain without largely considering the nature of the age in which we live. If there is any thing in the skepticism of our day which entitles it to the name of *modern* skepticism, it must be some

features that distinguish it from the skepticism of former times, and some forces must have created these distinctive features. It is *modern* skepticism, because it is the skepticism of *modern* society. But *modern* society means simply society as determined by the modern spirit, methods, and objects. The moment we speak of *modern* skepticism, then, we speak of a skepticism that is largely developed, determined, and characterized by the modern spirit. Our first duty, then, is to study that spirit itself.

The modern spirit is the product of two factors—it is the state of the world as determined by the progress of profane and sacred history. It is the aggregate of what man has attained in this nineteenth century—of his achievements in all departments of industry, arts, and knowledge. But it is also the aggregate of centuries of divine history—of what Christianity and God have achieved during the centuries of the past. Terminating what we may truly call ancient society with the introduction of Christianity, and giving at that time the two powerful factors—the necessary and essential progress of humanity, and the necessary development of Christianity—we would expect society to be very different in the fifth from what it was in the first century, in the tenth from what it was in the fifth, and in the nineteenth from what it was in the tenth. We would expect these two forces also to gain momentum as they moved forward in the development of history, and that the progress and changes of the more recent centuries would be more rapid, striking, and thorough, than those of the earlier ages. It has been so in history, and the changes of society within the past three centuries have been greater and more radical than through all the fifteen that preceded them.

The sixteenth century marked a great transition epoch in human history. Not so sudden, or rapid, or unpremeditated as we sometimes think. The grand social, political, and religious reformation that then broke upon the world, had been visible in its germs, and appreciable in its influences, for at least three centuries before. Nor was the grand transition fully accomplished in that century—nor was the work wholly achieved by Luther, Calvin, Zwingle, and the heroes of the Reformation. The work has been unfolding through these three centuries, and is upon us still. The forces then let loose upon the world, the new ideas, aims, and methods then born into society, have been working ever since, and are working yet. Questions then started, antagonisms then originated, rights then demanded, have not yet been answered, or settled, or granted. Powers that

were then resisted have to be resisted still; and liberties then claimed have yet to be contended for; while the victories then gained have served only to give vantage-ground for harder battles and greater victories in our own day.

The modern spirit was born *with* the Reformation, not *of* the Reformation, but as the spirit that originated and animated the Reformation itself. As we cast our eye back over the nature of that spirit then, and over its achievements during the three past centuries, we can easily see what we might expect its character, tone, and power to be in our own century. Was it a bad spirit? No, but a powerful one. Was it a dangerous spirit? No, only as it was abused by impatience and over-haste. Was it a revolutionary spirit? No, only as it was irresistibly reformative, and was roused into battle by resistance. It was earnest, inquiring, indomitable. It protested against the errors, the superstitions, the tyrannies of the past. It demanded knowledge, and truth, and liberty for the future. It was a radical—convinced that society was full of errors, and oppressions, and wrongs, and demanded their elimination.

The nineteenth century is the heir of all the achievements of this spirit; of all the great and good things it has done for the world; of all its discoveries and inventions; of all its social, political, and religious victories; but it is the heir also of all the dangers that follow in its train; of all the antagonisms and reactions that have arisen in its progress; of all the unsolved questions, of all the powerful and dangerous tendencies, and of all the unfinished battles which it originated in society.

Let us look for a moment at our inheritance. It consists of whole new continents brought out from the before unknown mysteries and depths of the oceans—of new arts the most powerful and useful, undreamed of by the ancients; of whole new sciences whose very names were unknown; of institutions for education, for charity, for ameliorating all society that, in advance, would have been pronounced utopian; of modifications in governments that would have been declared impracticable; of an extent of freedom of thought and speech, of opinion and belief, of conscience and worship, that would have been pronounced certain harbingers of anarchy; of great benevolent enterprises commanding millions of money, and wide as the world in their purposes; and of transformations and regenerations which have given free governments, free Churches, free religions, and free schools, to vast communities of people.

But, on the other hand, we have inherited all the dangers which invariably hang around every

great and good thing among men; our vast increase of wealth has entailed the dangers of wealth; our vast increase of facilities for commerce and trade have entailed the temptations of trade; our arts and manufactures bring the tendency of luxury and extravagance; our enlarged science and knowledge open a thousand new sources of conflict and dispute; our liberty brings with it the tendency to licentiousness; our freedom of thought and belief opens the way and implies the right of skepticism and infidelity; the spirit of reformation and change carries with it the tendency to iconoclasm and destructiveness; the protest against the errors and wrongs of the past may easily pass over into protests against many things that were wise, and true, and good; the boundaries of universal freedom are touched on every side by the boundaries of anarchy; the excessive appreciation of the rights and importance of the individual may imperil the rights and the welfare of society at large; and the aggregate result of the whole is a spirit of such intensity and earnestness that its very momentum is full of danger.

But we propose to characterize this spirit a little more minutely, especially with reference to its dangerous tendencies. And *first*, it is characterized by intense activity in every department of life. It is a live age; an age of wonderful intellectual activity; an age of both thought and action. Among laborers, manufacturers, merchants, students, in politics, literature, and science, every-where the motto is "excelsior," and the march is onward, and intensely onward. In a country traversed by railways and encircled by telegraphic wires, we do every thing by railway and telegraphic speed. The old vegetative life, and stationary habits, and local prejudices are all disappearing under the stimulating influence of modern enterprise and the achievements of modern arts and sciences. Our fathers were contented to take the world easy; we feel that life is short and time is fleeting, and must be made the most of. "They took life as it came; we are more anxious to mold it to our purpose and make it what we think it ought to be. They were contented with news when it had become history; we want to watch the history of this generation in the very process of making. They lived a life which was self-contained and satisfied; we are greedy of information, anxious for conquest, determined to acquire." Our manufacturers are constantly bringing out new inventions, multiplying their facilities, and enlarging the sphere of their operations. Our merchants are building palaces for their merchandise

and princely mansions for their homes. They are reaching their arms of trade to the ends of the earth, multiplying their cars and railways, their boats and canals, their ships and ports of commerce. Our politicians are ever on the alert to take the advantage of every new opening, and to seize hold of every thing that turns up in the sphere of politics. Our authors and publishers are covering the country with a perfect deluge of literature—books so numerous and rapid in their issue that one individual can scarcely keep up an enumeration of their titles; newspapers, magazines, novels, autobiographies, works of history, philosophy, and science so plentiful and so cheap that society lives in an atmosphere of literature.

This intensity of life has seized philosophers and men of science, and new wonders are displayed in the skies, new mysteries dug up from the earth, and new theories and laws discovered by which the ocean itself must consent to be governed. The powers of steam, of heat, of light, and electricity are studied to their full extent, and to the utmost of their capacities are forced into the service of men.

But what relation has this intensity of life to skepticism? First, it is apt to become all-absorbing. Society may be so much occupied with its business, so intensely devoted to earthly and daily claims as to have but little time for spiritual and eternal concerns. There grows up out of this earnest life an earthly absorption—a materialism in the sense of devotion to the present life and interests, implying an indifference and forgetfulness toward things unseen and future. There is so much to be accomplished, so much to be acquired, so much to be learned, and all this, too, with reference to our present life, that we have but little time for the interests of the life to come. Our plans are so large and comprehensive that they really obscure what we are pleased to consider the distant and less pressing purposes and interests of religion. The age, therefore, is eminently materialistic in this sense as well as in other senses. This intense world-life is overmastering, and the Divine Teacher long ago said, and said truly, "Ye can not serve two masters."

Again, this intense, material, earthly life is very apt to become selfish, and we find modern society largely characterized by a selfish recklessness prepared to sacrifice great common interests of society to personal considerations. Notwithstanding our magnificent charities and comprehensive benevolent organizations, selfishness is a striking feature of our present age and country. To a very great extent the motive which stimulates to this great activity, and the

final object contemplated in much of this enterprise and devotion, is self—self-enjoyment, self-honor, self-exaltation, self-aggrandizement. We will be rich, we will fill posts of honor, distinction and profit, and it was wisely said nearly twenty centuries ago that "they that will be rich fall into divers temptations and hurtful lusts which drown men's souls in perdition;" and in our day multitudes have yielded to those temptations and are sinking beneath those lusts. Selfishness is always blind to the future, and is ever ready to sacrifice it to the present. The great interests of religion are unseen, spiritual, apprehended by faith, and, in the false estimation of many, remote from the present. Wealth, honor, pleasure; business, science, self, are here to be used and enjoyed now—tangible realities to be made the most of. With the facilities for self-aggrandizement and self-enjoyment characterizing our day, it is easy to become absorbed in these present, tangible, and selfish interests. Hence the skepticism of indifference with regard to religion is a marked feature of the day.

The great secular prosperity of our country, the opportunities for personal enterprise and success which it offers to all, have been inducements drawing into our country multitudes of citizens from other countries. They come to us trained in the school of European history. They are fresh from the scenes of infidel and revolutionary strife. They were born and grew up amid the great reactions of European society, against errors, and tyrannies, and superstitions of past centuries. They are yet in the midst of those reactions, yet agitated with those unsettled questions and problems, and many of them yet in those extreme states of antagonism to former things which characterize all revolutions. They bring with them the habits and customs, the feelings and modes of thought which characterize the reactionary and revolutionary condition of the countries from which they came. They perpetuate their own modes and customs and their own beliefs and unbeliefs in this land of freedom. In many respects they become gradually assimilated to our American life; in many respects they are assimilating our lives to theirs. The social and religious revolutions through which they and their fathers have passed leave many of them in a condition of impatience of all restraint, antagonism to all authority, and skepticism toward all past faiths. We certainly will not offend them by simply referring in this manner to what many of them are constantly demanding for themselves. They tell us they are not Christians in our American sense; they disclaim the



inspiration and authority of the Bible; they set aside the Divine character and claims of our Lord and Savior; they declaim against our Christian Sabbath; they proclaim themselves rationalists and humanitarians; they denounce the Church as a center of priestcraft and superstition, and they declare the great evangelical doctrines of Christianity to be theological fictions; they transform liberty into libertinism, and freedom of opinion into liberalism of thought and speculation. We do not mean thus to characterize the whole foreign element of our country; we know that it is only applicable to a part, but we also know that these dangerous elements are abundantly prevalent, and are rapidly permeating American society with the leaven of their antichristian modes of life and the poison of a transplanted skepticism and infidelity.

But we proceed to indicate another characteristic of the modern spirit. It is a spirit of earnest inquiry developing an age of widely diffused intelligence. All are thinkers and all are thinking. The breath of science penetrates all classes of society; education is rapidly becoming the inheritance of all. We need not occupy time in describing this intellectual activity of the age, but shall study it briefly in its relations to the subject before us.

Does intelligence lead to skepticism? Is diffused knowledge antagonistic to Christianity? Is ignorance only the pabulum of faith and the mother of devotion? Do Christian traditions and Christian dogmas grow less powerful under the increasing light of advancing civilization? To all these questions we answer unhesitatingly, No! And yet a formidable amount of modern skepticism must be traced for its source to the increased knowledge and all-pervading science of modern times. Not that increasing knowledge leads of itself to unbelief, or that the discoveries of science weaken the evidences of religion, but that the progress of knowledge and the discoveries of science, like all other good things in this world, have their responsibilities and dangers, and are subject to misuse and abuse. It is the natural tendency of advancing intelligence to make the world less credulous than it was, more disposed to examine what is proposed for belief, to demand a degree of evidence which it did not demand in less enlightened times, and to apply an unsparing criticism to what was once accepted as undoubted truth. "No one can be required," says a recent writer, "in this sharp, keen, searching, scientific age to believe what men readily believed in the fabulous periods of history when the belief in the supernatural pre-

vailed every-where; when eclipses were portents and prodigies; when, in ignorance of the laws of nature, it was believed that the heavenly bodies were moved by angels; that all atmospheric changes were effected by angels; that a special angel was assigned to every star and every element; when it was believed that comets were precursors of calamity, and that a special comet, ominous of evil, preceded the death of such men as Cæsar or Constantine, or that such a comet appeared before the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, before the Peloponnesian war, before the civil wars of Cæsar and Pompey, before the fall of Jerusalem, before the invasion of Attila, and before the coming of famine and pestilence."

For the convenience of expression and brevity of treatment let us include the intellectual activity of our day under the name of science, and then we would say there are at least three ways in which the scientific spirit may open up the way for skepticism.

First, by self-absorption. There is no devotion of the human mind more absorbing than may become the devotion to knowledge. No desire of the human spirit when awakened is more intense than the desire to know. There is no human pride surpassing the pride of intellect. There are no earthly achievements so intoxicating as the discovery of new truths. No man more easily becomes a devotee than the man of science, and an age of science is almost certain to become an age of intellectual pride and of lofty self-estimation. Knowledge is power, and knowledge is intoxication. We become absorbed in its attainment; we become boastful of its achievements; we learn to look upon it as almost capable of all things. It has taught us so many things; it has exposed so many errors; it has exploded so many superstitions; it has made so many discoveries; it has done so much for society; what can it not do? what may we not expect from it? Like the pursuit of wealth or the search for pleasure, its objects are here present with us; they are material, tangible; its results are of immediate value; they are demonstrable, positive, certain. Religion is a faith, it is a history, a tradition; in its highest value it has reference to the future and another life than this. Science deals with the present world, and provides for the life that now is; it is the religion of nature; it is the knowledge of things about us; it is the only source of positive demonstrable knowledge. Here is something to know; all else are matters of tradition, faith, and hope. It is easy to see how the devotee of science may become not only indifferent to a historical and spiritual

religion like Christianity, but, because it is unscientific in its nature and methods, he is apt to become positively skeptical toward it. And an age of science, boastful of its attainments, proud of victories already gained, may easily become an age of materialism, rejecting every thing that may not be reduced to scientific certainty, and believing that omnipotent science will in due time reveal all that it is needful for man to know or believe.

But, again, science may tend to skepticism, by the influence of its discoveries in unsettling the minds of men. If we contrast the civilization of the nineteenth century with that of the middle ages, we can easily see that it was not possible to make the transition from the ignorance, errors, superstitions, and wrongs of that age into the light, and knowledge, and science of our day, without unhinging society and creating intellectual strifes and battles, as terrible as the battles of arms that also accompanied the reaction. In this reaction, things that men had long believed were demonstrated to be errors; superstitions that had made the world tremble were exploded; authorities that brought all knowledge as well as all nations to their feet, were shown to be fallible, human, and absurd. The Church herself was convicted of errors and superstitions, and the charm of her usurped authority was broken. Men who had stood in trembling awe of an eclipse, and nations that had taken to their knees on the approach of a comet, were taught the laws of eclipses and the methods of calculating the returns of the comets. Men who had been accustomed to refer every thing they could not explain to supernatural causes, were taught that multitudes of these things before which they had feared and trembled were perfectly natural and under the domain of natural causes and forces. The reign of superstition was at an end; an era of fact, of investigation, of demonstration dawned upon the world. The reformation of the Church and of society was a necessary result of this awakening, a reformation which, as we have said, has by no means yet reached its end or determined its own limits. Its spirit is the spirit of freedom, the spirit of bold inquiry; it found so many things wrong it is not strange that it insists on inquiring into every thing; authority had imposed so many errors upon it, it has become impatient of all authority, and claims the right to think, believe, and act for itself.

We can easily understand that attitude of doubt into which many minds might be thrown by the discovery that many things the world had believed, many claims which the world had

acknowledged, many things that an erring Church had taught, were false. How soon might start in many minds the question, if all these were wrong, how many more things may be wrong? If so many things needed reformation, may there not be many more that need reforming? Thousands of minds are in this attitude to-day. But that attitude is itself an attitude of skepticism. "It has learned that many false records have come down to us from the past; that there have been errors in transcribing ancient documents; that many of those documents have been corrupted by design, if an object was to be gained by it, if the glory of a nation or a hero was to be exalted, if the claims of a religion were to be established, if the interests of a party in the State or in philosophy was to be promoted; and it has learned that many of the documents which have come down to us from ancient times are forged documents; that there have been myths, legends, and fables wrought into history; that there have been fancied records of dynasties and heroes stretching back an almost illimitable number of years; that there have been details of unreal battles, of imaginary dynasties, and of fancied wonders; that there have been apocryphal histories and apocryphal gospels." It stands to watch, and wait, and see where this vast elimination is to end, and what is to be left after its work is done.

The world had foolishly and madly worshiped the Church as her infallible teacher and guide. How strong would be the tendency of that same world to suspect the Church in every thing and in all her departments, when once discovered to be fallible and mistaken in many things! And how natural, too, for the world to make the sad mistake of transferring the errors and mistakes of the Church to Christianity itself! How easy for multitudes to make the logical fallacy that the Church has been mistaken in some things, and, therefore, may be mistaken in all things—that because some venerable beliefs have been found erroneous, therefore all venerable beliefs may be found in the same category!

But we proceed to point out one more method by which the scientific spirit opens up the way to skepticism. In its march of discovery it not only reduces many old errors into order, remands many old superstitions to the realms of oblivion, and brings many things thought to be supernatural and inexplicable into the realm of natural law and rational explanation, but it brings to light some facts which seem to be in conflict with long-received interpretations of the Bible itself. It is not our purpose here to discuss those seeming or real conflicts between

science and the received interpretations of Scripture, but to indicate how they too are generating skepticism, and how insidious is the process. It is true that the facts of science have demonstrated that in some passages of the Bible the Church has been mistaken in its interpretation; that in this scientific age whole theories of science once condemned by the Church have grown up and demonstrated their truth, and the Church has been compelled to accept them as truth. It is true that scientific investigation grows still more bold and asserts that some things in the Bible can not be true, at least as the Bible has been popularly interpreted. It is true, that science, growing bolder, still challenges every supernatural claim of the Bible, declaring its ability to explain many of its so-called supernatural features, and its right to deny and disbelieve all that it can not thus explain. And the spirit that is making these broad claims, and uttering these significant challenges, is the spirit that is animating this practical, materialistic nineteenth century—the spirit that has corrected so many errors, that has delivered us from so many superstitions, that has revealed to us so many facts, and given to us so many arts and inventions. She utters these claims and challenges in our schools, teaches them in our text-books, incorporates them into our literature. Is it strange that their influence should begin to pervade society? that the victories she has gained in some respects, should give to some minds the thought that her victories will be universal and complete? Is not the same logical fallacy that we saw before quite as easy here? Science has proved that the Church has made some mistakes in interpreting the Bible, therefore she may be mistaken with regard to the whole of it. Science, this young giant that has overturned so many things in modern times, has challenged the Bible, and, therefore, the Bible, too, will be overturned! Science, that has reduced so many things out of the realm of the supernatural into that of nature and law, challenges the supernatural in the Bible also, and the Bible must give way before science!

It is easy to see, how this attitude of science the accepted leader in so many things in modern society, should be fruitful in the generation of doubts in an age to whose character and glory that same science has contributed so much. It is not difficult to see either, how a few mistaken interpretations by human commentators, forced into correction by scientific investigation, may illogically be made to reflect on the truthfulness and the divine authority of the Bible itself.

## THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

WHERE the sky with bluer glory smiled upon the peaceful town,  
And the solemn stars at evening looked with softer radiance down,  
Stood an old and low-roofed cottage, nestled in the pleasant shade,  
By the intertwining branches of a giant elm-tree made.

In the cool and spacious kitchen, on the floor of polished deal,  
In its long-accustomed station, stood the ancient spinning-wheel;  
Ah, I used to sit and listen idly, at the cottage door,  
To the quaintly measured music, which will never charm me more.

I remember well the stories that the spinner used to tell—  
She, whose mild and gentle presence all the children loved so well—  
Stories old, and strange, and dreamy, from the days of long ago,  
Mingling with the pleasant humming in a cadence soft and low.

There were lines upon her forehead written deep by years and care;  
Many shining threads of silver shimmered through her raven hair;  
But her meek and quiet patience, and her spirit's inward grace,  
Shone with more than youthful beauty through her fair, transparent face.

But her busy hands were folded, stilly folded, years ago;  
O'er her smile the Summer blossoms, o'er her drifts the Winter snow;  
From her sweet and peaceful slumber she can never wake again  
To the world's stern march of labor, to its care, and toil, and pain.

O'er the unforgotten homestead, skies are just as blue to-day,  
But the charm that love and childhood on them cast has passed away;  
Stranger voices wake new echoes, stranger forms the cottage fill,  
Stranger hearts with hope are beating, but the ancient wheel is still.

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THIS hope is earth's most estimable prize;  
This is man's portion, while no more than man:  
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;  
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.  
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;  
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,  
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenest;  
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;  
'T is all our present state can safely bear.

## WALTER SCOTT AT HOME.

**T**ENDER-HEARTED, loving old Walter Scott! one of the few great men whose goodness equaled his greatness, one of the few great men whose "greatness" did not beckon him from out of the domesticity of his own home, to find that "congeniality" which, by modern tongues and pens, is so much prated about. To this hale, strong, good old man, his wife and children, his old dog Camp, and his pleasant talks and rambles with them, was "congeniality." His "genius" had the true ring to it; and though he would not have been human had he been indifferent to his fame as an author, he had too much heart to starve that for his head. He had a passion for enacting the character of the family lairds, whose character he so often depicted in his writings.

In his large green morocco elbow-chair, in his "den," as he called it, in Edinburgh, he sat, and in one year, at fifty-two years of age, wrote three novels—"Quentin Durward," "Peveril of the Peak," and "St. Ronan's Well," besides other things. Sometimes when the inspiration was lacking, he would start up from his writing-desk, saying, "I can make nothing of all this to-day; come, Maida, you thief;" and he would ramble out with his dog to a house where lived a dear, precious little child by the name of Marjorie Flemming. "White as a frosted plum-cake," he exclaimed, as one snowy morning he took his plaid, and went to her house, of which, as a privileged friend, he had a latch-key. In Sir Walter and the hound went, shaking off the snow in the lobby. "Marjorie, Marjorie!" the old man would shout, "where are ye, my bonnie wee creedle dho?" In a moment a little eager, bright-eyed child of seven years leaped into his arms, he kissing her face all over. "Come in, Wattie," the mother would say. "No, no; I'm going to take Marjorie home wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Ray's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it on-ding-a-snaw!" said Mrs. Keith. "Hoot awa'! look here!" said Sir Walter, and he held up the corner of his plaid, sewed up so as to make a bag. "Tak' your lamb," said Mrs. Keith, laughing at the ingenious contrivance; and so, Marjorie well wrapped, Scott strode off through the snow with her, the great dog Maida gamboling after, and the great author in a paroxysm of delight.

When he reached his own "den," he would take out the warm, rosy little creature, and for three hours the two would make the house ring with laughter. Making the fire burn brightly, he would set Marjorie in his big green morocco

chair, and, standing sheepishly before her, begin to say his lesson to her, and this was his lesson:

"Won-ery, two-ery, tickery, seven;  
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven;  
Pin, pan—musky dan;  
Tweedle-um, twoodle-um, twenty-wan;  
Eerie, orie, ourie;  
You—are—out."

He pretended great difficulty in saying it, and Marjorie would rebuke him with comical gravity, treating him like a child. Then Sir Walter would read ballads to her in his glorious way, till the two were wild with excitement. Then he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Shakspeare, which she did in a most wonderful manner. Scott used to say that he was amazed himself at her power over him, and that these recitals of hers affected him as nothing else ever did.

One night, in Edinburgh, little Marjorie was invited to a Twelfth-Night supper at Scott's. All his friends had arrived except this little, dearest friend of all; and all were dull because Scott was dull. At last he exclaimed, impatiently, "Where's the bairn? What can have come over her? I'll go myself and see!" And he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Ray and his henchman, Tougall, and the sedan-chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and the top raised; and there, in its darkness and dingy oil cloth, sat bright little Marjorie, with her gleaming eyes, dressed in white, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy. "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you!" he cried, calling out to his guests. Then he lifted the child, and, perching her on his shoulders, marched with her to his seat and placed her beside him; and then began the night—and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said it never was equaled. Marjorie and he were the stars. She gave them all her little speeches and songs which Sir Walter had taught her, he often making blunders on purpose, while showing her off, for the fun of hearing her grave rebukes.

One year after this, when Marjorie was eight years old, she went to bed apparently well, but suddenly awoke her mother with the cry, "My head! my head!" Three days after this she died of water on the brain. Scott's grief may be imagined when those deep-set brooding eyes were closed, and the sweet, mobile mouth, so like his own, had, for the first time, for him no smile of greeting.

It may be that Sir Walter Scott thought remorsefully afterward, that the delightful hours which he passed with the gifted child, and which brought such delicious rest, and refreshment,



and vitality to him, were the exciting cause of disease to her little brain. It is more than fifty years since she was laid in her little grave; but her childish poems, yellow with time, are still preserved, in her little cramped handwriting, by those who held her dear.

All who read this, and have known such children, know how great is the temptation to hastening the blossoming of such a bud of promise, instead of waiting for nature's own safe, sweet, and gradual unfolding. Many a mother has wept her heart out over a little grave where she has learned too late this lesson.

#### PEOPLE AND I.

SAID I to my wife: "My dear, I do n't see why we should not stay where we are. We have lived in this house twenty years; our children were born here; some have died here. Every room has some recollection of our past life. I like the house—we like the house. It is convenient—it is get-at-able. Why should we go?"

"My dear," urged my wife, "it is so far down town; and the milliners and dentists are crowding into the street now; and, besides, what would people say? We should lose our place in society."

After this conversation, with variations, had taken place at least once a week for a year, seeing my wife in such great dread of what people might say, I began to think that very likely she was right, and I moved up town. I bought a tall, slim, brown stone-house, in a distinguished neighborhood, and felt that whatever people might say after that, they certainly could say nothing about me. Mistaken man! I had only placed myself, it seems, more conveniently to be observed, as I found on proposing to retain some of our old furniture.

My wife nearly fell into hysterics.

"Are you crazy, Mr. Smith? Hair-cloth furniture and three-ply carpets here? What would people say? We had better have staid where we were. There, such things at least were unheard of. Here, who do you suppose would enter the house the second time?"

It is no use to humor a woman half-way. I gave in; my wife had what furniture she liked, and I suppose that "people" were satisfied. Please to imagine my horror when I discovered that "people" were after me again. "People" were astonished that I attended an old-fashioned Church, made up of plain people. "People" knew none of its Church members. "People" were getting ready to say something—according

to my wife—unless I hired a pew at once in the fashionable church near by. I was disposed to make a stand, for I loved the old Church! I respected its honest members, and the pastor was my warm friend. But my wife had already been obliged to tell six distinct fibs to hide the facts about our Church-going, and my daughters on various occasions had suffered agonies of mortification. What man, who is not a brute and a ghoul, would allow his wife to fib, and his daughters to suffer agonies, if he could help it? I hired the desired pew, and "people's" mouth was stopped.

Stopped! No it was n't. "People" followed me up sharp, and were on the very verge of discovering that my wife and daughters assisted in the domestic work of the house. If "people" made the discovery fairly nothing less would happen than that my daughters' prospects in life would be blasted. That was not to be thought of, and we added two ladies of the Irish "persuasion" to our force.

Would you believe it, that I could not have done any thing worse for myself? Before, "people" had been at the necessity of guessing about me and my affairs; but I learned now from my wife that these Irish ladies—all Irish ladies are spies for the "people"—who are always about to say something, and if any thing was vulgar or poor in my house, "people" would now be informed of it, by one of the ladies aforesaid, at first hand. Nothing remained now but to bring my house and style of living, if my means would allow, up to the standard of the two Irish ladies, who, I found, were very severe and very lofty in their notions.

I began to grow very anxious, and, my wife said, mean. Recent losses made my heavy expenses difficult to meet; but when I mentioned economy, "people" sternly and disdainfully refused to hear a word of the subject, and I was rather weaker in the knees and less able to hold my own, because of a dreadful incident that occurred about this time.

As I was walking down the street, who should I meet but Peter Parker, an old neighbor, and one of the best fellows living.

"Hillo!" says Peter, "I guess you have forgotten old friends. My wife says she has n't set eyes on you since you moved."

"Not a bit of it," said I. "But we have been so busy. Mrs. Smith will be delighted to see you. Come home and dine with me to-day and see what you think of my new house."

Peter did not need much urging. Why should he? We had almost lived in each other's house. And forgetting all about "people" I walked home, jolly enough, with my arm tucked into

Peter's, and marched him straight into the parlor to surprise Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith had company. Mrs. Smith was dressed out in a mauve silk, and the girls in all the colors of the rainbow. Mrs. Smith turned white and red; she looked reproachfully at me and furiously at Peter, who, worthy man, saw nothing of it, but burst out in a great laugh and shook her hands, and shook them over again, and would n't let go of them.

"I declare," said Peter, "you have growed young and handsome. Fine feathers does make fine birds—do n't it, Smith? I should say she was twenty years younger now."

"Thank you," answered Mrs. Smith, stiffly. And drawing herself up with dignity, said aside to me, "How could you do such a thing? Clara and Herbert Eglantine are here to dinner."

It was all very fine to say, "How could you do such a thing?" but the thing was done. Peter was delighted with my house, with the girls, with every thing he saw. It was no use for Clara and Herbert at each of his sallies to put up their eye-glasses and look at him. Peter could not take a hint, and even I found myself thinking that he had grown decidedly vulgar, or my tastes had changed entirely.

I heard my daughters telling Clara privately that he was an old but excellent person, whom I had befriended and whom they allowed all sorts of liberties.

But just as I was thinking that this was a neat little shield against the sharp things that people would say, when informed by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert of what they had seen, that horrible Peter smashes my daughter's neat little lie after this fashion:

"I say, Smith, this is a world of changes, an't it? Why, I can scarcely believe that I am here, and that you own a house like this. Do you remember when you lived in the second floor of our house? In those days we rather thought we had the best of you."

Was n't that a stunner? and what is more, it turned out that Peter was not so innocent after all! I hear that he tells the story every-where, how when he found Mrs. Smith was going to put on airs, he brought down her colors before her grand friend. Not a blush of anger, not a gesture was on him; so that I tell my wife that it might have been better if she had received him kindly; but she insists that I was entirely to blame, and that the whole affair is another illustration of how an entire family may be dragged down from gentility by one person of vulgar tendencies.

In my secret heart I had rejoiced, for I supposed that people would now have so much to

say that out of sheer desperation we might now do as we pleased—a consideration which I found very pleasing, as I began to be embarrassed by my expenses. I discovered, however, that instead, we were to double our exertions by way of setting ourselves right! This view was so exasperating, that, although the most patient of men, I was filled with wrath against this shadowy persecutor, who was hunting and dogging me to my ruin. I determined that if he had a name I would find it out, and if he had a whereabouts I would go and remonstrate with him.

Full of this determination I went home to my wife.

"My dear," said I, "you are continually asking me what will people say, and because I did not know I have bought a new house, furnished it expensively, entered a new Church, cut all my old acquaintances, and now I find I have run myself seriously in debt.

"If I had been required to do all this, by any form of government, I should have denounced it as the greatest tyranny, and fought against it to the death."

"Dear me, what nonsense you do talk!" cried my wife.

"Nonsense or not," said I, "I am determined to know who it is that is badgering me out of all comfort. When you say 'what will people say,' who do you mean, Mrs. Smith?"

"La me!" answered my wife. "No one in particular; Mrs. Grundy, you know."

"You mean, then, that I bought this house for fear of no one in particular."

"Why, no. How queer you are! I mean folks, people who know us. There were the Judsons and the Piersalls, you know."

"O, the Judsons and the Piersalls!"

At the first opportunity I hailed old Jacob Judson.

"See here, Judson," said I, "suppose we had staid in our old house, what would you have thought about it?"

"Why, I wish to Heaven you had," answered Judson; "for as long as you staid, I said to Mrs. Judson, 'Well, the Smiths stay where they are. If they can stand it we can!' but just as soon as you were gone, there was my big gun muzzled, and my wife she gave me no peace till we moved too."

"Humph!" said I, and then went off to find Ogden Piersall.

"Ogden," said I, "what is your real opinion about joining the Church where you attend?"

"My real opinion!" Mr. Piersall looked puzzled. "Why, I do n't know that I ever thought about it. I never heard any body say any

thing about it. It is a matter of taste and preference, of course."

Mrs. Grundy was not in the Judsons and Piersalls then. In the course of a week I examined the majority of my acquaintances, and found that, as a rule, they had been so busy about their own affairs that they had not thought of mine: or else their wives and daughters had been preaching up mine to them.

I went home and reported to Mrs. Smith.

"Dear me!" screamed Mrs. Smith, "you do n't go around and talk in that way, do you? O, I wish you were like any one else! What will people say?"

"Mrs. Smith," said I, "give no more money to the missions sent out to convert the poor, ignorant savages from the folly of worshipping blocks and stones, that have no life in them, till the home missions have first converted those silly American women, who, blinder than the savages, worship things that have not so much claim to worship as a block, since they do not exist at all."

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#### MEN OF SONG.

OUR readers will find among our embellishments for this month a plate presenting excellent portraits of some of the leading contributors to the recent great advancements in sacred music, some whose names have long been familiar to them as authors of soul-inspiring tunes, and as writers of hymns and melodies which they have long been hearing and using in their Churches and homes. Through the kindness of Philip Phillips, whose name is in all our Churches, we have been able to secure the plate, and it is this fact that determines the selection and grouping of the figures in the engraving. While all have been contributors to Church music, they are here presented rather as co-workers in the improvement of the songs and music of our Sabbath schools, and as we accept the books of Mr. Phillips as among the best representatives of our present Sunday school music, these fellow-laborers are grouped as "Musical Contributors to the Singing Pilgrim and Musical Leaves." We esteem these men as noble workers in a noble cause, and we know that we will please thousands of our readers by furnishing these portraits of them, with such sketches of their lives and works as we have been able to gather.

Dr. HASTINGS, whose age entitles him to stand at the head of the list, was born in Washington, Litchfield county, Connecticut, October 15, 1784. On account of his weak

and very near-sighted eyes, it was with great difficulty he could be taught to read and write; and, as in music, he early imitated some of the family who sang out of tune, his voice was for a while ungovernable, and, according to prevailing ideas, would then have been condemned as unnatural. These several difficulties, through the determined perseverance of his kind and excellent father, were at length fully overcome. At twelve years of age he commenced his musical studies upon a "six-penny gamut," under many disadvantages. He thought himself very deficient in his attainment for a while, but at length discovered, with delight, that he was outstripping his fellows, and that they were willing to avail themselves of his assistance. Here, then, was something in which, by untiring perseverance, he might hope to excel, especially as the large characters then in use would enable him to read music by dim candle-light. A few years later another important discovery proved equally beneficial. Near-sighted, albino eyes, require very convex glasses instead of concave. A pair of these glasses carefully adapted to his sight was procured, and he could now pursue other studies by candle-light, and parental lessons of perseverance were not to be forgotten.

His daily occupations were agricultural, except in the Winter, when he could find time for study and for teaching. Through his academic course he had no idea of a professional calling, or of being any thing more in music than a temporary instructor. But, while engaged in schools, he would do all he could toward elevating and forming the public taste. By degrees he became lecturer, author and contributor, to journals and quarterlies, and then, for nearly eight years, conductor of a religious newspaper, the *Western Recorder*, in Utica. From this position he was summoned to New York, by twelve Churches of that city, to take charge of such efforts as he had been advocating in the *Recorder* in behalf of devotional singing.

With trembling anxiety his decision was made. The call in many respects seemed strikingly providential, and he answered it more in the character of a missionary than a musical adventurer. This was in the Autumn of 1832.

During the past thirty-five years he has witnessed great changes for the better and for worse, and conflicting influences still seem destined to prevail. Mr. Hastings has always favored congregational singing where it could be well sustained by a truly Christian choir, but Churches, for the most part, have been slow to make the necessary efforts and sacrifices. As to hymns, his juvenile propensities of rhyming were crushed by the ridicule and merriment of

his companions. His habits of hymn-writing grew out of the exigencies of musical adaptation. Foreign melodies of peculiar excellence could not be largely introduced without the additions of new meters in our hymnology. The first few and timid efforts proving successful on both sides of the Atlantic, he wrote more, and not always anonymously. A small volume of these pieces was issued for the use of his friends, though not for general circulation. Besides his numerous publications in church music, he is the author of "Dissertation on Musical Taste," "History of Forty Choirs," and a little volume on "Sacred Praise." Dr. Hastings is the author of the following tunes, sung all over the land: "Rock of Ages," "From Every Stormy Wind that Blows," "Ortonville," "Balerma," "Watchman, tell us of the Night," "Come ye Disconsolate," "Zion," etc.

DR. LOWELL MASON was born at Midfield, Mass., in January, 1792. He is consequently now more than seventy-five years of age. He is known chiefly as a composer of popular Church music. He is one of the pioneers in the work, and, being a man of great executive ability, has made his influence felt to a greater extent than any other man in the country in this department. At his first outset in the world he went to Savannah, Ga., when quite a young man, and was engaged for several years, a part of the time in a bank; but finally yielding to his inclinations, gave himself up to the work of studying and teaching music. His first book of Church music was composed and arranged with great care, but he visited all the publishers in Boston in vain to get it published. No one was willing to take the risk, although he finally offered to give them the manuscript, and to become the first purchaser himself, and agree to dispose of a certain number of books. As he was at last about to give up in despair, he met a man who offered to publish "the thing" if he would take one-half the risk and expense himself, and to share the profits if there should happen to be any. It is gratifying to know that the result was, that Mr. Mason realized something over \$10,000 for his share of the profits in the book. Dr. Mason's Missionary Hymn is sung in every land and clime under the sun, and many of his Church tunes will live as long as "Old Hundred" itself. Dr. Mason is an earnest, enthusiastic laborer in the cause of congregational singing. He has also done a great work in introducing improved methods of instruction in music. He now resides with his sons in Orange, New Jersey. Dr. Mason has given to the Church such well-known tunes as Rockingham, Hebron, Ward, Boylston, Bethany,

Hamburg, The Missionary Hymn, Ariel, Laban, etc., and a number of admirable collections of Church music.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.—It is a matter of great regret that we have been unable to secure accurate data from which to give a befitting sketch of Mr. Bradbury. Indeed, Mr. Bradbury has been for some time so much of an invalid that he has himself been unable to furnish us the information. We shall have to omit it in the present article, hoping to be able at some other time to give a sketch to our readers. No man has endeared his name more to the Sunday schools of America than has Mr. Bradbury. He is among the pioneers in the work of giving a better order of hymns and tunes to our schools, and in ministering to what we may with propriety call the great Sunday school revival of our day. We believe that among the recent improvements in conducting these schools there are none that have ministered more to the interest, efficiency, and impressiveness of the schools than the great improvement in the character and adaptation of our hymns and music.

It is vain to think of giving any thing like a Biblical or religious education, in any proper sense of the word education, in our Sabbath schools. The time is too short, the sessions are too widely separated, the period during which the great majority of our children attend the school is not long enough, for any thing like a complete educational process. Many valuable facts may be taught, many precious truths may be inculcated, many things may be said about the Bible; but the shortness of the time—only about thirty minutes during each week—should admonish us that the great aim of the Sabbath school should be to make early, deep, and abiding impressions on the moral nature of the children. For this purpose such hymns and tunes as have been furnished us by such men as Hastings, Mason, Bradbury, Phillips, and many others, are most efficient adjuncts to the other services of the school.

In this list no name stands higher than that of Mr. Bradbury, and none suggests a larger number of Sunday school music books, or of beautiful hymns, or of thrilling or melting tunes. What Sunday school scholar, officer, or teacher does not know the Golden Chain, Golden Censer, Golden Showers, Golden Trio, Oriola, Pilgrims' Songs, and Once in a While? Who has not heard and been moved by Sweet Hour of Prayer, Just as Thou Art, A Light in the Window, Shall we Sing in Heaven, and Shepherd, and Zephyr, and Blessed Bible, and Beautiful Land, and The Shining Shore? And who does



not know that for these gems we are indebted to Wm. B. Bradbury?

GEO. F. ROOT was born at North Reading, Mass., a little town about twenty miles north of Boston. He early manifested great fondness for music, and, while a plain country boy, commenced to practice on such instruments as he could find in a little country village. In this way he practiced successively on the violin, flute, and an old harpsichord. When about eighteen years of age he went to Boston and commenced the study of music in good earnest. His means were very limited, but he managed, by teaching a little himself, playing the organ, and singing in Church, and playing the flute in concerts, to work his way. He was for some time under the instruction of Dr. Lowell Mason and Mr. Geo. J. Webb, at the old Academy of Music, in Boston. Mr. Root finally came to New York, and for quite a number of years was the teacher of music at the asylum for the blind. He spent some time in Europe studying under the best masters, and on his return he commenced to write and publish music, chiefly popular songs. In this work he has attained wide celebrity. His songs are among the very best of American song writers. Many of them have become almost as popular in England as in this country, and one of them has been sung six or seven times at the great public festivals at the Sydenham Crystal Palace. Mr. Root's war songs were sung throughout the land during our terrible four years of conflict, and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," was sung many times in the face of flying shot and shell, and to the accompaniment of the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry. Besides his popularity as a song writer, Mr. Root is a fine singer, and, we think, the best popular teacher of vocal music in the country. He is now about forty-five or fifty years of age, and has for the last six years resided in Chicago. "The Shining Shore," "Remember the Poor," "The Morning Star," "Music Every-Where," and many other such songs and tunes have made Mr. Root well known in our Churches and Sunday schools.

SILAS J. VAIL was born at Southold, Long Island, October 16, 1818. When about eighteen years of age he united with the Seventh Presbyterian Church in the city of New York, and soon began to take an active part in a mission or branch Sunday school, from which was subsequently formed the Madison-Street Presbyterian Church, in which, as a member of the choir, and afterward as chorister, his musical history began. Finding himself possessed of a voice of marked power and purity of tone, he began to devote much time and attention to

music, improving such facilities as were at his command. As American organs were then unknown, and his means quite limited, he resuscitated an old piano, and, locating it in an attic room, received his first instructions in thorough bass from a young man regarded at that time as quite proficient in the art. Since then he has been favored with instructions from Dr. Hastings, Prof. S. P. Taylor, and others. For several years he devoted his Winter evenings to instructing singing-schools in city and country, and in some instances with great success. He has officiated for many years as chorister in Presbyterian, Reformed Dutch, and Methodist Churches. While at the Summerfield Methodist Episcopal Church his services were devoted to the Sunday school as well as the choir, and here a combination of circumstances, chiefly the necessities of the Sabbath school, brought into use and notice his capabilities as a composer of music.

His aim seems never to have been in the direction of "making merchandise" of his music, and hence, while he has contributed largely and gratuitously toward the making of many books, he has never attempted more than a little Sunday school book on his own account. His music is, however, highly appreciated by those who admire a chaste, devotional style, and is sure to make a permanent lodgment in the hearts of all who apply themselves sufficiently to become thoroughly acquainted with it. He has never devoted himself exclusively to music as a professor; his claims are only those of an amateur. And yet, like many others of this class, he has done good service in the cause of sacred music, devoting himself to the Church and Sunday school as chorister, and improving his leisure moments in writing music for each of them, which will remain a satisfactory evidence that "the world is better for his having lived in it." Such tunes as "Atonement," "Freedom," "Come unto me," etc., "River of Death," "Where do you journey, my brother?" "Let it Pass," "We shall sleep, but not forever," and "O, say, shall we meet you all there?" have endeared his name to thousands.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE is a native of Fairfield county, Ohio. He spent the first eight years of his life in his native village, and the next eleven years in the village of Reynoldsburg, ten miles east of Columbus, Ohio. Whatever time could be spared from agricultural pursuits he spent in the public and "select" schools of the village, the latter being far inferior to the common schools of the present. He, however, so improved his opportunities that, when

in the Spring of 1849, at the age of nineteen, he went to the Ohio Wesleyan University, he was prepared to enter the regular college classes so as to graduate in 1852. Upon his graduation he was tendered a tutorship in the University, which he filled successfully for five years. He was elected for the sixth year, but receiving during vacation a proposition to take the Principalship of one of the Cincinnati public schools at more than double the salary he had been receiving, he accepted it, and continued in that position for nearly seven years. In February, 1864, he resigned to take a place in the musical house of Philip Phillips & Co., which had just been established.

At a very early age he manifested a great fondness for music, but, till he entered college, had no facilities whatever for obtaining a knowledge of it, aside from personal study and such suggestions as to its theory and practice as he gathered from the itinerating singing-teachers of that day, who themselves knew but little of the science. At the age of twelve or thirteen he obtained a copy of the "Devotional Harmonist," and at once began to study and practice diligently the elements and music therein, and in a few years had the self-satisfaction of being able to read and sing in a creditable manner ordinary psalm-tunes, anthems, and glees, and also to play the flute with proficiency. When he entered college, his pecuniary resources being very limited, he was compelled to "board himself" in order to have enough to pay his tuition and purchase the necessary college text-books. This done he had nothing left to secure a musical instructor; but nothing daunted, and encouraged by past success, he entered upon a more critical study of the principles of music, and soon made such progress as to compose and arrange music with considerable skill and accuracy. During this time he also learned to play on the melodeon and organ, though previous to entering college *he had never seen or heard either instrument, and even a piano only once.* During his college course he and a few others of like sympathies and pursuits organized a "Choral Society" for the study and practice of vocal music. This organization was continued more than ten years.

His practical knowledge of music, love for the Sabbath school work, and extensive personal acquaintance throughout the West were duly considered and appreciated by Philip Phillips & Co. in tendering him a position in their house. He assisted Mr. Phillips in preparing the "Musical Leaves," "Singing Pilgrim," etc., and to a much greater extent in the two speci-

fied than would be inferred from an examination of them. He also assisted him in the Sunday school work, singing with various schools, often visiting three or four during a Sabbath, and, like him, endeavoring in song to lead the children to lives of Christian usefulness. He is now devoting his entire time in his prime of life to the promotion of music in the Sabbath school, Church, and family. Mr. O'Kane has contributed the following gems and others to the Musical Leaves and Singing Pilgrim: "Angels are Waiting," "Guide us, Savior," "The Morning Land," "Jesus Bids us Shine," "Just Beyond"—words and music—and "Young Soldiers."

We conclude these sketches with a brief notice of PHILIP PHILLIPS. We do not say sketch, for we are strongly inclined to believe that Mr. Phillips has yet the best part of his life to make, and that hereafter the Church will desire to know much more about him than it is possible for us to give at this time. He was born in the town of Stockton, Chautauqua county, New York, on the 13th of August, 1834. Being one of a large family, nine of whom are still living, and losing a devotedly pious mother at the age of eight years, leaving his father with the care of a large family, and in rather limited circumstances, Philip, at his own request, and with the consent of his father, left home to live and work on a farm near by. He lived there a little more than a year, when his friend and employer died, and he returned home. Feeling still that he should so far relieve the burden of his father, he indentured himself as an apprentice to work on a dairy farm till he was twenty-one years of age, when he was to receive one hundred dollars and two suits of clothes. His agreement was afterward ratified by his father and faithfully kept by Philip.

He early exhibited talents for music, even when he rocked and sang in his childhood cradle. And long before he devoted himself to the work he felt that a life of usefulness could be made in this department of labor, and began immediately after his conversion the study of music as a science, and soon entered upon the work of teaching music and holding musical conventions. He continued in this work for about ten years, in the mean time making an occasional experiment in musical composition. His first book for Sunday schools was entitled "Early Blossoms," and reached a sale of twenty thousand copies, when the plates were sold to an enterprising firm of Cincinnati. In the year 1862 Mr. Phillips himself removed to Cincinnati and devoted himself to the work of

making and selling music and musical instruments, and traveling the Western States extensively, introducing his music and working in Sabbath schools and Churches, inaugurating his mission of introducing a better and more popular style of singing into both.

He was very successful in business till the burning of his store-room in the Spring of 1866. Soon after this he was called to New York, to superintend the publication of our New Hymn and Tune Book, and to assist in its introduction into our Churches. In the mean time he had already issued "The Musical Leaves," the "Hallowed Songs," and the "Singing Pilgrim." All these books have been exceedingly popular, and have been introduced into thousands of Sabbath schools, by no means being limited to our own denomination.

A few months ago Mr. Phillips, designing to furnish an innocent, valuable, and instructive entertainment to the Christian public, united with others in exhibiting a splendid panoramic illustration of the Story of the Pilgrim, which has proved a great success, having been pronounced "the most attractive and meritorious entertainment yet presented to an American audience." Notwithstanding its success, Mr. Phillips still felt that his true mission is the promotion of congregational and earnestly devotional singing, and he has retired from "The Pilgrim."

During the war, and especially after the organization of the Christian Commission, Mr. Phillips consecrated a large share of his time in using his great musical powers for the inspiration of the people, and for the interest of meetings gathered in behalf of the necessities of our soldiers. The first time that we ever heard of him was at the great meeting in behalf of the Christian Commission in Washington, when President Lincoln was so pleased with the singing that he wrote a note requesting the repetition of the song. The song was "Your Mission," which has since thrilled and inspired the hearts of thousands. Since that time he has become known in all our Churches, and his name has been heralded all over the land from the throats of tens of thousands of Sunday school children as they sang his exquisite pieces of sacred music.

We have no criticism to offer on his singing. It is not subject to criticism. It is from the heart, and is intended to reach the heart. He is possessed of a clear, mellow, and vigorous baritone voice, and sings his simple, touching songs with marvelous effect. Whether in the presence of the highest dignitaries of the State, at the Conference, prayer meeting, or Sabbath

school, he charms alike, and rouses patriotism or devotion at will. Nor is he great alone on great occasions before vast assemblies. He is as touching and as tender in the social circle with a select and admiring few. He is a devoutly pious man, and sings the Gospel into the heart, making it swell with tenderness and sacredness. He is a living demonstration of the Divine influence of sacred music when well executed, and the whole Church will rejoice and welcome him back again to his legitimate and useful profession. We need not specify his musical compositions; they have been the joy of thousands. We have only to say, May the Lord bless him in his beautiful life-work of "singing for Jesus!"

#### THE DISSIPATED FATHER.

HEARING that a sick man and his child were in a state of destitution at No. —, Baxter-street, I started early one morning to visit them.

Their abode was on the top floor of the rear building—a dilapidated tenement, three stories in height, and occupied by twenty families, some of whose rooms had neither windows nor fire-places. The halls and staircases were so dark that I was obliged to feel my way after passing the first landing.

The air of the place reeked with the fumes of cheap rum, stale tobacco, and filth of all sorts. Oaths and ribald songs assailed my ears through many half-opened doors. Some of the stairs were broken, and from the upper flight some of the banisters had entirely disappeared, making an ascent in the darkness a feat not unattended with danger.

In a shaky attic, lighted by a single pane, without fire or fireplace, though in the depth of Winter, lay the persons whom I sought. The sick man's child was a little girl of four years. Though pale and emaciated almost to the last degree, yet a more beautiful being I had scarcely ever seen. Her large eyes beamed with an unnatural brilliancy, and her clustering chestnut curls fell over her cheeks, flushed with the consuming hectic of decay. A first glance at her face as she sat propped up on the miserable couch by the side of her father, sufficed to tell me that she, too, was fast passing away. It was hard to believe that the forlorn wretch beside her, with visage seamed by the scars of profligacy and disease, could indeed be her father. They lay in a corner on a rug spread over a heap of straw, with some old clothes for a pillow, and a worn and filthy blanket for

covering. A broken green chest, and a chair in like condition, a charcoal furnace, and some dishes on a shelf comprised the remaining contents of the room.

The man at first appeared disturbed; he feared my errand was to remove his child. Becoming assured as to my intentions, he allowed himself to be drawn into conversation, and at different times confided to me the particulars of his sad history. Omitting names, the narrative was, in substance, as follows:

"I was born," he said, "in the city of B., where my father, himself the son of a wealthy banker, was then a rising lawyer. My mother died in giving me birth, and I was left to the care of her sister, who resided with us. Our home was as delightful as means and care could make it. I began to attend school, and in due course entered college.

"About this time my aunt died, and my father, now among the most influential citizens of B., married a second time. Having graduated, I returned home to find it no longer for me the home it had been.

"My mother's successor was but a few years older than myself, very beautiful, very haughty, and extremely jealous of my father's fondness for me. We soon contracted a mutual aversion, and as my father's attention was engrossed by his public duties, and I had not yet embraced my profession, most of my time was spent in the pursuit of idle pleasure, with companions as careless as myself. As the son of one so wealthy and popular, my course was regarded with an unfortunate degree of indulgence, while I was left without the shield of parental counsel and restraint. Under such auspices it was that I launched forth on the career of active life.

"My father had designed me for the ministry, but I preferred to adopt his own profession, and he did not oppose my wishes.

"When I rose in court to plead my first cause, I was not a little under the influence of a potation I had taken 'just to quicken my ideas.' I was successful, though the opposite counsel was an elderly gentleman of high repute. My client was a millionaire. A friend of my father, he had also, it may be, discovered some token of ability in myself, and from that day my fortune seemed secure.

"This gentleman, Mr. T., had a daughter of sixteen, a creature formed to love and be loved, to whom I soon became attached. Her father favoring my suit, I quickly won her consent to be my wife, and our wedding day was fixed. But before that day came the doors of respectable society were closed against me, and even

my own kindred had thrown me off, for I had incurred public disgrace as a drunkard and a gambler.

"Mr. T. forbade his daughter even to see me, but I prevailed on her to meet me in secret. Again and again we met, and at length, overcome by my love—for I loved her wildly—she consented to flee with me.

"We were married at a village six miles from B., and, after the lapse of a few days, returned to seek her father's forgiveness.

"But Mr. T. refused to see us or to communicate in any way with us, and my father was equally stern. Thus, almost penniless, with blighted reputation, and without a declared friend, I found myself the pledged protector of a beautiful and tenderly nurtured creature, almost a child, who clung to me with affection the most constant and absorbing.

"The spectacle of such devotion and such helplessness could not but appeal most powerfully to my better nature. I resolved on immediate reformation, and on regaining, if possible, the position I had forfeited. At first the endeavor seemed almost hopeless, but gradually I succeeded in recovering the confidence of a few who had not utterly renounced me, and who had closely watched my struggle. By their friendly aid I was enabled to remove to this city, where I entered on a new and wider field of labor. My efforts were prospered beyond my most sanguine expectation, and, with returning competence, peace and security came to bless my abode.

"It was in the Winter of 1862, just five years after our marriage, that this little girl, our only child, was born. With joyful pride we welcomed her as a pledge of renewed happiness, and many and kind were the friends that congratulated us. New-Year's day quickly arrived, and I was induced to make a few visits. I was on my guard against the temptations which were every-where held out, and at first steadily refused to taste wine; but while calling on the charming Miss C., she urged me to pledge her in a single glass; and, finally, with her most winning smile, challenged me to drink 'at least to the health of the little one at home.' Long abstinence, I allowed myself to think, would render the slight indulgence harmless. I yielded; and in that one moment undid the work of years of industry and self-denial.

"Call after call succeeded; the insane thirst was fully aroused, and I required no further urging. Of how I reached home that night, and of what immediately followed, I retained no remembrance. From this time my wife pleaded and wept in vain. Day by day I saw her cheek



grow paler and thinner, the light fade from her eye, and the smile from her lips, yet I could not summon again a manly resolution to escape.

"One night, as I was about to leave the house as usual, she threw her arms about me, and begged me not to go, saying that she felt unwell. I shook her off rudely, with a sneer at her fancies, and a muttered curse. Our baby girl, who was just learning to speak, clung to my side, and holding up her face for a kiss, lisped out:

"Please, papa, 'tay."

"My better angel, speaking through those innocent lips, for a moment seemed about to triumph. Just then, in fancy, I heard my associates rallying me on my weakness. I tore myself away, and hastened to my usual haunt. It was my last chance for rescue, and, in rejecting it, I had inflicted the last pang on the only heart that loved me. On returning home, I was abruptly told that my wife was dead. Half sobered by the shock, I rushed to her room. Strange faces were there, and the curtains of the bed were drawn, but at my approach they were thrown open.

"There lay my wife! mine no longer—for she had passed beyond the reach of kindness or of injury. O, what would I not have given to catch a single look of forgiveness from those mournful eyes! She had for some time labored under symptoms of heart disease, and had sunk under a sudden seizure a short time after I left the house. How did the recollection of her tender pleadings, so brutally repulsed, now torture my guilty soul! She was laid in Greenwood, and I drank deeper than ever to drown the voice of conscience. Poverty soon came upon me, and, with my little daughter, I was forced to seek a cheaper dwelling.

"I loved the child, and for her sake, made many a resolution to reform; but a power mightier than human could alone battle with the demon to whom I had given up both soul and body. But that aid I sought not; and day by day I sank lower, dragging my innocent child with me, till I became an inmate of this wretched abode."

Such, when completed, was his story, gathered in the course of several successive visits; for his weakness was extreme, and the evidences of his remorse and shame were fearful to behold, his narrative being often interrupted by tears and groans as well as by fits of coughing. It was sad to watch the repentant father and his innocent child sinking hopelessly, day by day, while all we could do served only to lighten their pathway to the grave.

The father could not be removed, and it

would have been cruel to separate him from the child who clung to him. They lingered painfully for some weeks, till, on making my usual visit one afternoon, I found the pair lying cold and motionless—the little one encircled by the father's arm, and his face, no longer darkened and scowling, pressed closely by its wasted cheek. The dread messenger had approached them gently; his summons had not divided them, and they were buried, as they died, together.

#### LITTLE GIRLS.

I CAN not well imagine a home more incomplete than that one where there is no little girl to fill the void of the domestic circle which boys can never fill, to draw all hearts within the magic ring of her presence. There is something about little girls which is especially lovable; even their willful naughty ways seem utterly void of all evil when they are soon followed by the sweet penitence that overflows in such gracious showers. Your boys are great noble fellows, generous, loving, and full of good impulses, but they are noisy and demonstrative, and dearly as you love them, you are glad their place is out of doors; but Jennie, with her light step, is always beside you; she brings the slippers for papa, and with her pretty, dimpled fingers, unfolds the paper for him to read; she puts on a thimble no bigger than a fairy's, and, with some very mysterious combination of "doll rags," fills up a small rocker by mamma, with a wonderful assumption of womanly dignity, and even more than womanly grace.

And who shall tell how the little thread of speech, that flows with such sweet, silvery lightness from those innocent lips, twines itself around the mother's heart, never to rust, not even when the dear little face is hid among the daisies, and comes no more forever, as so many mothers know!

But Jennie grows to be a woman, and there is a long and shining track from the half-latched door of childhood till the girl blooms into the mature woman. There are the brothers who always lower their voices when they talk to their sister, and tell of the sports, in which she takes almost as much interest as they do, while in turn she instructs them in all the little details of home life, of which they would grow up ignorant if not for her. And what a shield she is upon the dawning manhood, wherein so many temptations lie! Always her sweet presence to guard and inspire them, a check upon profanity, a living sermon on immorality, a sweet example of purity!

How fragrant the cup of tea she hands them at the evening meal; how cheerily her voice as she relates the little incidents of the day! No silly talk of incipient beaux, or loves of young men met on the promenade. A girl like that has no empty space in her head for such thoughts to run riot in, and you don't find her spending the evening in the dim parlor with a questionable young man for her company. When her lover comes, he must say what he has to say in the family sitting rooms with father and mother, or, if ashamed to, there is no room for him there. Jennie's young heart had not been filled by the pernicious nonsense which results in so many unhappy marriages, or hasty divorces. Dear girl, she thinks only of what a good home she has, what dear brothers, and, on bended knees, craves the blessings of Heaven to rest on them, but she does not know how far, very far, for time and eternity, her own pure example goes, how it will radiate as a blessing to other homes where a sister's memory will be the consecrated ground of the past.

Cherish, then, the little girls, dimpled darlings, who tear their aprons, and cut the tablecloths, and eat the sugar and salt of life! Let them dress and undress the doll-babies to their heart's content, and do n't tell them "Tom Thumb" and "Red Riding Hood" are fiction, but leave them alone till they find it out, which they will all too soon. Answer all the funny questions they ask, and do n't make fun of their baby theology; and when you must whip them, do it so that, if you should remember it, it would not be with tears, for a great many little girls lose their hold suddenly before the door from which they just escaped is shut, and find their way back to the angels. So be gentle with the darlings, and see what a track of sunshine will follow in the wake of the little bobbing heads that daily find a great many hard problems to solve.

#### WORD PAINTING.

I SIT beside my shaded lamp,  
And con my treasures o'er,  
Treasures that Thought with busy wing  
Adds each day to my store.

He caught a picture of a child  
Close by a bubbling spring,  
Her tiny hand had scooped it out  
Where hill-side echoes ring.

A dusty traveler passed that way,  
When quick the laughing child  
Filled from the "well" her tiny cup;  
The old man drank and smiled,

Then murmured, as he tottered on  
With strengthened heart and limb,  
"God's blessing be on thee, my child,  
Ye did it as to him!"

A grandame in an old arm-chair,  
Beside the chimney nook,  
Her little stand where always lay  
The well-read holy book;

Her snowy cap like "raiment white,"  
The kerchief o'er her breast;  
One day the angels found her there,  
And bore her to her rest.

One trembling hand with patient care  
Across the page had crept;  
"I shall be satisfied," she read,  
And then she softly "slept."

I can not paint the glory rays  
Which round the spirit break,  
When those who sleep in Jesus here,  
Shall "in his likeness wake."

The long, long watches of the night  
A mother wore away,  
Half kneeling by the wretched bed  
Where her last darling lay.

"One little crust," the parched lips breathed,  
"I would not ask again,  
I've waited," and he slept once more,  
In hunger and in pain!

She had no time for tears, and grief  
Like hers is all too deep;  
So, toiling through the weary night,  
Thanked God her boy could sleep.

Day dawned in splendor o'er the earth,  
In cot or mansion fair,  
It broke within that lowly room,  
And woke the sleeper there.

"O! mother, take me up once more,"  
The little sufferer said,  
"And say if, where the angels are,  
They ever cry for bread?"

I wonder if they'd mind, up there,  
What clothes your darling wore;  
And would they love me just the same  
As if I was n't poor?

They would n't shout, 'There's ragged Ned,  
The drunken cobbler's son,'  
And, mamma, you would have more bread  
If only I were gone!"

And so the little life went out,  
And angels waiting there,  
Bore the freed soul from want and gloom  
Up to the mansions fair.

O! mother-heart in straits like these,  
When hope and joy seem dead,  
God is the portion of thy cup,  
He shall lift up thy head.

## THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

## THE TWO TEA-SETS.

HOW beautiful the city looked all that holiday week! The great plate-glass windows of the large stores, and the little panes of the small ones, were glittering from top to bottom with beautiful things suitable for gifts. However dull they might have been before, there was a general brightening up at this season. The gayest wares of all sorts had been reserved for the merry Christmas times. There was something to attract the attention at every step, and velvet and tattered shoddy mingled strangely before these glittering windows. The joy of seeing was free alike to the prince and beggar. It was a pleasant sight even to those who had no part or lot in the brightness, and beggar children would shout gleefully to one another to come and see this or that new wonder. Yes, the city was pleasant to every one abroad in it, who had a warm home to go to, even though that home was very poor and ragged. A home made warm by a good fire and kind words was a delightful thing to look forward to that bleak December day. God help the poor, shivering hearts which stood alone and homeless in that frosty air! One who had experienced both said that the pangs of hunger were light compared with the suffering from cold.

Little Mattie had taken a rapid walk through the streets that day to see the beautiful things other children were to have for their Christmas gifts, and she lingered longest, as all the poor children did, before the toy-shop windows. O, what beautiful dolls with curling hair like yellow silk! what baby coaches and sets of delicate gold-rimmed china! It was these she coveted most, for away down deep in almost every woman's heart, be she big or little, is a love for beautiful china. O, what tea-drinkings she could have with Tony, if she only had two of those little cups! They would play "supper" from morning till night, and Tony should not be the least trouble to mother. But she knew well enough that these were all day-dreams, so she pattered on and looked in at other stores where were elegant Christmas-trees crowned to the top with glittering jewelry and fancy articles. But these attracted her less than the piles of Christmas greens heaped up on the sidewalk. There was something delightful in the very odor of the

cedar and the wreaths of "Robin Hood" which were for sale on every side, and she longed so for a little spray to carry home to little Tony, who could not come out in his thin clothes and see all these beauties. As if in answer to her sisterly wish, she just then passed a church, which some ladies had been trimming, and the sexton was sweeping out into the street a quantity of greens that were not needed.

"O please, may I have one?" she asked eagerly, bounding to the old man's side.

"Have 'em all if you wish," he said good-humoredly. "What'll you do with them?"

"O, make Tony a little Christmas-tree," she said, her eyes fairly dancing with joy as she sprang into the midst of the rubbish and picked out the largest branch she could find. Then she filled her scanty but clean apron with little twigs of evergreen, and carefully untangled a string wound in with them. The excitement and eagerness of the child attracted the attention of a lady who had just come down the steps, and a quick glance at her neat, coarse garments showed that she did not belong to the beggar class. Her own heart was open wide with the charity this blessed season should bring to all our hearts; and it was further widened by the love, and care, and labor which six little children claimed at her hands. She knew that the brightness which shone in her own pleasant parlor was a stranger to the lowly home of this little girl, and if she could throw a ray of sunshine on her path she rejoiced to do it.

"And what will you put on your Christmas-tree, little girl?" she asked.

Mattie lifted her head suddenly. She was so absorbed in her work she had forgotten there was any one else in the world but herself and Tony, and father and mother.

"I have n't got nothing," she said with a blush, "but Tony will like to look at the green bush; it's as nice as flowers."

The lady smiled and took from her sachel a little gilt paper of sweets which she slipped into her apron.

"There is something to help you to keep Christmas with," and then she took little Mattie to a stand near by and bought of an old woman a warm crimson hood and a pair of bright crocheted mittens, which she had the little girl put on, and then bade her run away

home, as the snow was beginning to sprinkle down fast.

Little Mattie stood still a minute in mute astonishment, after the lady had stepped into an omnibus, and was only recalled to her senses by the voice of the old lady, who called to her over her stand of woollen goods,

"You had best do as the lady bid you, honey, for it's going to be a regular snow-squall."

Then little Mattie gathered her apron closer with her treasures in it, and with a hasty "thank you, ma'am," and "good-by," she sped away as fast as two little feet in stout leather shoes could carry her.

Her father was a bricklayer, and though he made good wages in the Summer, he had been laid up a great deal of the time with sickness, so now it was going to be a hard matter to rub through the Winter even with the closest economy. He loved his children dearly, but he felt that he could not spare even a penny for Christmas things this year. He had told little Mattie this as she sat on his knee, and like a good, dutiful child she had never teased for any thing after that. He managed by one means and another to keep their little kitchen warm, and had quite a pile of old sticks and a barrel of coal always on hand. He was not ashamed to turn his hand to any honest work when he could not get employment at his regular trade, and he never failed when he went out in the morning to pray God to give him success through the day, and he knew that the prayers of his pious wife went with him as he walked the streets.

He was thinking about his children this evening as he walked home, and he looked with a sigh at the brightly lighted windows of toy-shops and the happy fathers and mothers passing in and out, but he felt that such things were not for him. He crossed over to the opposite side of the street to get out of the throng a little, and just as he passed a grand china store the door opened and a porter came out with a great basket in his hands. I can not tell how it happened—whether that historical animal which did so much mischief "in a china shop" had got in, or whether a shelf had fallen, or whether they had just been unpacking an invoice of new wares and found some broken ones in it; but however it might have been, this basket was full of broken china of the most exquisite beauty—parts of vases, cups, fruit-dishes, woven like willow-work, and all tints and varieties of glass ware, besides various fragments of what had been beautiful toys. It must have been an expensive crash to its

owners; but it was a matter of no interest to the stolid porter. He poured them out into the gutter for the street scavengers, as if they had been only a pile of chips. A swarm of ragged children quickly gathered around the pile, selecting what pleased them best, and Mattie's father, thinking of his own little girl, filled the pocket of his blouse with the pieces. He had under his arm some scraps of planed boards a carpenter had given him, and with these he had intended to make some little playthings for the children, and now he decided it should be a cupboard.

There were not many happier children in all that great city on that Christmas day than the bricklayer's two little ones. Mother had found time to help Mattie weave her wreath, and the Christmas branch looked really beautiful on the wall with those choice candies sprinkled over it. But the crowning joy was that little cupboard full of such beautiful dishes. The few bits of pink and blue earthenware which Mattie had treasured in former times, were cast quite in the shade by this china set. Some were sea-green and gold, some ruby-hued, some the very azure of the sky, and all as brilliant as diamonds in the dazzled eyes of the little girl. And a feast it was to see the happy children mincing their sweetmeats in the little dishes and playing "make tea" so happily together. Contentment and joy can spring from very humble sources.

From the very china-store where the accident occurred a richly dressed lady swept out to her carriage, followed by an obsequious clerk, just as the humble bricklayer was passing on with his pocket full of the jingling pieces of china. The box she had purchased was placed in the carriage, and then the driver drew in his reins and drove off rapidly to a brown stone mansion far up town.

The next morning early there was a stir in the grand house an hour before the usual time, and Miss Arabella, disdaining the advice of her maid to wait till she was properly dressed, thrust her feet into her slippers, and, throwing a dressing-gown about her, rushed down into the parlor to look at her Christmas gifts. There was a beautiful Norway spruce, with its wide-spreading branches glittering from its crown to its foot with the choice fruit it only bears on Christmas times, and there on the marble table were other costly gifts enough to make joyous the hearts of a dozen little girls. There was the elegant set of baby china, the cups, and saucers, and sugar-basin, the creamer, and every thing complete. There was a little castor of real silver with four crystal bottles,



and many other articles so delightful in the little girl's housekeeping.

Should you not think Arabella would have been a very happy little girl this Christmas day? Would you not have been very grateful to the dear mother who had tried so hard to give you pleasure?

The first thing Miss Arabella said after her curiosity was satisfied was, "My china set is n't half so nice as Charlotte Lee's. Mamma might have known I would like an emerald green better than this blue and gold. My cups are a size smaller than Lottie's, and she has six bottles in her castor."

And so she ran on about all her costly gifts; nothing quite pleased her. She sat down to breakfast dainty and dissatisfied, to spread her dissatisfaction and discontent to the minds of all about her. Mother was discouraged, as usual, in trying to please her, and father turned with a clouded brow to his morning paper, as quite a relief from his little daughter's fretting. A great deal of money had been spent to make it "a merry Christmas" to her, but all had proved a failure. Ten times the sum would have been equally unsuccessful, for happiness, dear children, is within and not without us.

With her selfish spirit the universe itself would have failed to satisfy her. And so it often is with us. When our Heavenly Father gives us most we are apt to love and thank him least. I know of but one way for those whom he greatly prospers to keep the heart from growing selfish and discontented; it is by giving away largely. It is a never-failing fountain of joy to the giver, and a well-spring which rejoices many hearts besides. "The poor ye have always with you, and whosoever ye will ye may do them good." So you will never want for opportunities if you will but seek them out. Do n't hoard your out-grown toys, your last year's dolls and tops, which have long since ceased to amuse you; let them go cheerfully to gladden some humble home, and you may rest assured that you will not lose your reward.

A LITTLE girl of six years old was a little while ago called home to God. About a year before her death she had a small writing-desk given her. After her death her mother unlocked it, and found this writing:

The minute I wake up in the morning I will thank God.

I will mind my father and mother always.

I will try to have my lessons perfect.

I will try to be kind and not get cross.

I want to behave like God's child.

VOL. XXVIII.—10

### ASA TROT.

THE Autumn winds were blowing cold,  
The Summer bloom was o'er,  
And Asa Trot, infirm and old,  
Entered the cottage door.

With feeble step and wistful look,  
Trembling with cold and age,  
He tottered to the chimney nook,  
But heard a voice of rage.

"I hate this mean old elbow'd chair,  
Forever in my way;  
Say, do you think that I will bear  
To have it here all day?"

The aged man, with tears, replies,  
"My *work* on earth is done,  
But since my *presence* you despise,  
Where shall I go, my son?"

"You need not ask," said Asa Trot,  
"The alms-house is in view;  
Before *this* time you should have thought  
That was the place for you."

My little reader, think of that!  
Poor grandpa said no more,  
But, taking up his tattered hat,  
He staggered to the door.

Beneath an aged apple-tree,  
Whose Autumn leaves were shed,  
He sat him down, and on his knee  
Reclined his aching head.

At last he heard a gentle sound,  
And little Tommy said,  
"Why sits my grandpa on the ground,  
And what does ail his head?"

"Alas, my son, I have no more  
A place to call my own,  
And I must join the pauper poor,  
Supported by the town!"

But I am very cold, my dear,  
My strength is nearly gone;  
I must not sit and perish here,  
That would be doing wrong.

Run to my chamber, little son—  
I take it without guilt,  
For by my wife those seams were run—  
Go, fetch my patch-work quilt."

With swelling heart poor Thomas ran,  
Determined now to know  
If his own father was the man  
That treated grandpa so.

Now Asa, in a sullen mood,  
Was posting books that day,  
And Tommy said, "'T is very rude  
To send grandpa away.

Pray tell me now, what has he done  
That you should treat him so?"

Said madam Jennie, "Hold your tongue ;"  
Said Asa, "Let him go."

To grandpa's chamber Tommy went,  
And now his sorrows found a vent  
In bitter tears at last.  
"But grandpa waits," he, sobbing, said,  
Then snatched the quilt from off the bed,  
And down the stairway passed.

Then close to father's ear he drew,  
And whispered, "Cut this quilt in two,  
Grandfather needs but half;  
*You 'll* need the other half when, poor  
And old, I drive *you* from the door,  
And at *your* sorrows laugh."

The father started with surprise.  
"O, Tommy, if you e'er despise  
And treat your father thus—"  
He paused with sudden dread,  
And felt upon his guilty head  
That same half-uttered curse.

The boy had raised a mirror there;  
He saw himself, with hoary hair,  
Scorned by his darling son,  
Doomed at the last to wander forth  
A vagabond upon the earth,  
Till life's last sands were run.

"O, Tommy, take my hand," he said;  
And Tommy to the garden led  
Poor Asa, bowed in shame,  
And there upon his bended knee,  
Beneath the aged apple-tree,  
He called his father's name.

'T was rapture to the little boy,  
And angels heard the sound with joy,  
When, in a humble tone,  
Repentant Asa, sad but calm,  
Said, "Father, lean upon my arm,  
And let us now go home."

Now in the chimney's warmest nook  
Sat grandpa with the holy book,  
His countenance serene.  
But dimmer grew his sunken eye;  
A cough proclaimed that he would die  
Before the grass was green.

Now Asa watched him day by day,  
And wept alone and tried to pray  
That God his life would save.  
But weaker now the old man grew,  
And nearer still each day he drew  
Unto the silent grave.

One morning, just at dawn of day,  
Poor Asa heard him feebly say,  
"Forget what is forgiven;  
Remember, 't is my dying prayer—  
Forget the past and meet me there,  
In heaven, my son—in heaven."

#### GRACIE, OR THE BRIGHT SIDE.

GRACIE always looks on the bright side. One day when she was just old enough to run about alone, and to prattle very pretty baby-talk, Bridget happened to break the handle off the covered china pitcher which was used for sirup at almost every meal.

"Mamma dit a new one," suggested little Gracie, consolingly, to poor Bridget, as she stood bemoaning her misfortune in true Irish fashion.

Mamma, however, did not get the new one before the next meal; so the pitcher, without a handle, made its appearance at the breakfast-table. It was rather awkward work handling it, so papa found, and even Gracie noticed, as he poured the sirup on her griddle-cakes; but, never at a loss for the bright side, she looked smilingly into her father's face, lisping, "We 're dlad its dot a *nose*, are n't we, pa?"

So, thanks to Gracie, a ray of sunshine reflected even from a broken pitcher, made light and warmth at the breakfast-table.

The little cousins, too, who were present, repeated the story at their home, where others were led, by Gracie's example, to look on the bright side, saying with her, as they tried to make the best of the unwieldy circumstances of life, "We are glad the pitcher has a nose."

Gracie has long ago laid aside her baby-talk, but never her happy faculty of looking on the bright side. At home the very sound of her footstep is a token of joy. At school the teacher smiles approvingly at the very thought of Gracie, and her schoolmates all love the one who has so much of that "charity" which "thinketh no evil" that she never looks on any but the bright side of their characters.

Did I say Gracie *always* looked on the bright side? Ah, there was a dark, dark day when even Gracie saw no light, when she looked downward into the blackness of her own heart, beholding only sin, and upward to an angry God, beholding only condemnation. But soon the Holy Comforter whispered the sweet name of Jesus in Gracie's sorrowing heart, and she fled quickly from the darkness of self and sin to the Cross, crowned with its halo of eternal glory. So Gracie is a joyful little Christian now, looking ever on the bright, bright side, where Jesus sheds unfading light.

Happy Gracie! happy now, and happy for evermore! What though the days of life be dark and often the rain fall; Gracie knows that behind the clouds the sun still shines, and with contented heart she waits till the light breaks forth.

## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

WHAT CHILDHOOD SHOULD BE.—We could not accept and endure every thing that comes from the pen of "Fanny Fern," but among the many acute, pithy, and sometimes incisive things which she says, there is much that abounds in sound, practical common-sense, and we place the following sayings in that class:

If it were not too serious a subject for mirth, one might often laugh at the superhuman virtue required by adults of little children. "Be good," says the autocrat of the family—mother, father, uncle, or aunt, as the case may be—"be good." Now being "good" in this instance may mean that a restless little creature, brimming with pent-up vitality, shall not touch a finger to any article in a small confined room, except toys whose magic virtues he has long since exhausted, having them over day after day for weeks without a solitary word of interest or sympathy addressed him in his efforts to extract amusements from the same. At length he cries—cries simply because he is weary and has nothing to do. "Be good" thunders the family autocrat—"be good;" which, translated, means do n't trouble me. Now if, instead, the autocrat were to take the little creature in his or her lap, in an easy position, so as to rest the little tired limbs, and tell it a story to withdraw its thoughts awhile from itself, and give it material out of which to build a little play, which you should presently see him jump down from the lap in glee to rehearse, would it not be vastly more sensible as well as reasonable?

"Naughtiness," so styled, is oftener than any thing else, in young children, want of occupation, confined apartments, and insufficient ventilation. The truth is, that "all out doors," as the phrase is, is the only proper apartment for them. *There* is a variety; *there* is space; *there* is fresh air. A child brought up in the city, accustomed only to the limitations of a daily walk, is really defrauded of its childhood; and what is more mournful, the theft can never be atoned for in after life. *Nothing* can make up for it, for the gleeful delight of picking shells upon the sea-shore, or paddling with dimpled feet in the foam of the waves, or plucking handfuls of flowers, wheresoever it chooses to stray, or looking at the animal creation, every one of which, from a caterpillar to an ox, is a marvel and wonder, compared to which a toy-shop is of no interest whatever. Simply as an educating process, without regard to health or pleasure, it is

of more value than any other to childhood; we are taking it for granted that such a child is neither fettered by fine clothes, or tyrannized over by a stupid, ignorant, selfish nurse, who replies to every intelligent query, "Hold your tongue!" or "Do n't bother!"

I think that I can select from out the grown people I meet those who, when they came into the world, brought their welcome with them, and over whose infancy Heaven's dew and sunshine fell without stint or limit. What crosses soever in after life they may have been called to bear in a world of mutation, still the eye, at times, brightens, and the worn hands clasp each other, while the eyes seem to be looking back through the far years, as you hear from their lips the slowly voiced words, "I had such a happy childhood!" and now, when the chosen voice that promised to cherish is harsh, and stern, and cold, and "duty" is in place of love, and the years move all too slowly and wearily to the coveted grave, there still will remain the blessed memory! Perhaps some one scene stands out in bold relief against all the dark years; some day when the childish grief had reached its climax, and sympathy and love came raining into the little aching heart, healing wheresoever it touched, till smiles chased the tears away, and sobs were turned to kisses. And if, at such a memory and its dark contrast, the agonized cry should escape, "O, mother! mother!" who shall tell me that eternity has severed such strong heart-strings? What were life worth if one believed this!

AMUSEMENTS.—Speaking of amusements, the Liberal Christian very justly and pertinently remarks:

There is no question but that many of our people are squandering both time and health by making a business of what should be an occasional indulgence, and, indeed, what must be only sparingly indulged in to give any great amount of pleasure or profit. There is altogether too much play-going, and concert-going, and party-going, too much public entertainment and excitement for the mind and conscience, the health and happiness of our people, especially in the cities and large towns.

We are losing something of our seriousness and steadiness, and relaxing our hold on the solid and satisfying realities of life altogether too much, we fear, in the enervating air and languor giving intoxication of public excitement and frivolous revels. It

would be incalculably better for most of our people if they kept at home more than they do, and made that a more cheerful, attractive, satisfying place than it is. Why can we not have more home entertainment, recreations, fascinations? Why can not these long Winter evenings be filled with pleasant, exhilarating, elevating occupations and amusements around the family fireside? For no earthly reason than because so many people have an idea that to be happy, they must go with a crowd to some ill-ventilated assembly-room, and be jostled and jammed, piqued and snubbed, stepped upon and run against, bothered and bored, till worn out and ready to faint, and then get home as they can to pass a half-sleepless night, and be half sick the next day. Happiness forsooth!

Make home what it can easily be made, the brightest, cheerfulest, most attractive, most entertaining place in the world, by concentrating attention and affection upon it, and filling at least the long evenings with delightful exercises and pleasurable pastimes, and you need have no fear that saloon or theater will steal away your sons.

**WORK AND WORKERS.**—We copy the following sensible remarks from the *Pittsburg Gazette*. We commend them to the attention of parents:

Every boy ought to be thoroughly instructed in some honest trade or calling. Great utility there was in those laws of several ancient States which made such instruction obligatory. Work, in some form, is the foreordained lot of all men; and this is not a curse or penalty, but a wise provision alike for happiness and respectability. Physical exercise is the indispensable condition of health and enjoyment; and it had better be taken in ways to be really productive than as a recreation or amusement, even if the worker has no absolute need of the proceeds of his labor. But it is simply impossible to foretell, except in very uncommon cases, whether a lad will have occasion for a trade as a means of support, or whether he will develop intellectual powers fitting him for mental work. Riches notoriously take to themselves wings and fly away. Patrimonial expectations in this country, at least, destroy most of those who depend upon them. Society is everywhere strewn with the wrecks of young men, sons of persons in competent or affluent circumstances, habituated to a style of living and expenditure equal to the whole estate, and which upon division among the heirs proves an inadequate maintenance. They take on habits of ease and luxury which acquire the force of nature; fail to comprehend the value of money by earning it, and swiftly or slowly descend to hang as pests upon the skirts of the community. Many of these cadets carefully schooled, but above their natural endowments, crowd what are called the learned professions, find that sort of work above their calibers, and demanding a continuous strain to which they are not equal, and they fall out by the way, to find themselves totally unprepared to grapple with life as it is presented to them.

It is simply impossible to tell what a boy is good

for in the great bulk of cases. If he is precocious, developing early and in an extraordinary fashion, he is pretty sure to prove a failure upon reaching manhood. Hence, all boys should be put to trades, and be kept at them till they have disclosed capacities and aptitudes for other kinds of work. A trade is a sure resource, and by no means a bad one. A competent journeyman is certain of an income as large or larger than a majority of clerks, accountants, railway employes, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen. Not only is he immediately better off as to wages or emoluments, but he is more certain of expanding to ultimate success, if he have talents, energy, sobriety, and integrity to back him. The material prizes of life do not fall to professional men. Excepting that the lawyers have a monopoly of high political employments, for which they are, in the main, of all men most unfit, professional life affords in the aggregate less substantial rewards than any other, and is by large odds the most severe and exhaustive in its demands upon the physical energies.

**AIR AND EXERCISE.**—Deprive the laboring classes of these, and they must go without the most precious and often the only boon of their toilsome lives. Air and exercise are indeed the safeguard of all. Specially are they so to those who can command but small freedom and brief leisure.

For instance, the student, the writer, who sits bent forward hour after hour, can, on a temporary change of occupation, vary his attitude by leaning well back in his chair, or by standing erect with well-expanded chest, so as not to rob his lungs of their complement of vital air one moment longer than is necessary. When, after long sitting, the circulation becomes torpid and the brain weary, he can set his window open for a few moments, even in midwinter. And if a short brisk walk out doors during the interval be impracticable, let him go through a series of gymnastics, or wrestle with imaginary burglars in his own sanctum, and he will not find his minutes thrown away. It is better for a person in health, and of sedentary habits, to walk in the rain rather than not walk at all.

"Blue pill, madam!—stuff-a-nonsense! you can't want more blue pill, madam; take exercise instead; it's only lazy folks who want so much blue pill." So said an honest doctor to a sluggish patient. "Take exercise; it's only lazy folks who want so much blue pill." This reminds us of our old friend Abernethy, who, after listening to a long list of ailments detailed by the anxious mother of a languid daughter, growled out, as he put on his hat and returned a shilling of the fee, "Buy her a skipping rope."

**CHEERFULNESS.**—Tonics, stimulatives, medicines! There is nothing in all the pharmacopœia half so inspiring as a cheerful temper. Do not fancy yourself a victim. Do not go through the world with a face half a yard long. Do not persuade yourself that every thing happens wrong. My dear friend, you are the only person that is wrong, when you say that this is a world of trial and trouble. It is a



great deal better to be without an arm, or a leg, than to lack cheerfulness. What if the globe does not roll round in the precise direction you want it to? Make the best of it. Put a pleasant face on the matter, and do not go about throwing cold water on the firesides of all the rest of mankind. If you are in want of an example, look at the birds, or the very sunshine on the grass. Show us one grumbler in all nature's wide domains. The man who is habitually cheerful has found the true philosopher's stone; there is no cloud so dark but he sees the blue sky beyond, no trouble so calamitous but he finds some blessing left him to thank Providence for. He may be poor and destitute, but he walks clad in armor that all the mines of Golconda can not purchase. Snow and rain can not penetrate it, scorn and contumely fall harmless from its surface. The storm that sinks a less courageous craft can only compel him to trim his sails and try again. Who would be a mere thermometer, to rise and fall in spirit with every change of life's atmosphere?

Whenever we see a man sighing and despondent about any thing and every thing, we know that it is his mental health that is out of gear. Cheerfulness is all that he wants. No matter how thick and fast vexations may come, there is nothing like a bright little ray of the soul's sunshine to disperse them. Counted in dollars and cents, your wealth may be a paltry sum; but if you have a cheerful temper you are rich.

**WHAT WOMEN'S RIGHTS ARE.**—If woman steps out of her sphere, and demands to be and to do what men do, to enter political life, to enter the professions, to wrestle with us for office, and employments; and gains, she must understand that she will have to take the low places as well as the high places of life. She will not be allowed to be a man and be treated with the tenderness due to women. If she goes to Congress, she must also go to the heavy drudgery of the earth.

I claim then for her, that it is her "right" to be treated with the utmost love, respect, honor, and consideration in her sphere. I claim that it is her "right" to have every possible aid and advantage to fulfill her mission. I claim that she has a "right" to be let alone there, and not be teased, or flattered, or wheedled, out of her place, and made to believe what can never be.

She has a "right," then, to be exempted from certain things which men must endure. It is her privilege and her right. She ought to be exempted from the hard drudgery of earth. She ought not to be made a sailor, to hang out on the yard arms—to chase, and kill, and try up whales—to be a surgeon, to pull teeth, cut off legs, or cut tumors, to go into the mines, and dig ore and coal, to burn over the smelting furnace. She ought not to be compelled to be a barber, a boot-black, to carry hods of brick and mortar up the ladder, to be a soap boiler, to groom horses, dig canals, dig out peat, tan leather and stir the tan vats—to make coffins and dig graves, to go to the Arctic Ocean for seals, or to spend the long

Winter in the forest cutting down timber, and in the snow water of Spring to drive logs for hundreds of miles to get these logs out of their native forests. She ought not to be made to butcher, bleed calves, knock down oxen, stick swine, and slaughter cattle. Now she must go in for all this if she leaves her sphere and tries to be a man. I claim that she has a right to be exempted. But you may ask, Has she not a *natural* right to enter any and all employments as well as men? Suppose that we allow it, and admit that she has a *natural* right to wear jack boots and spurs, horse pistols and a sword, and be a complete soldier, and a "natural" right to sing bass and beat a bass drum, and that men have a "natural" right to wear petticoats, dress with low necks and short sleeves, wear pink slippers with paper soles—but would it be wise to do so? Dear sisters, you *can't* be good wives, mothers, and crowns of your families, and go into these, can you? We are sure of the answer every true woman will give.—*John Todd, D. D.*

**CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.**—Among parents, calmness, patience, cheerful good-nature, are of vital importance. Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy. Solomon's rod is a great institution, but there are cases, not a few, where a smile or a pleasant word will serve a better purpose, and be more agreeable to both parties.

**A MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION.**—A hopeful, genial, unselfish Christian lady, ever the light of home in her own dear circle, and yet more or less an invalid, was advised to ask counsel of an eminent physician. After giving the case of the stranger careful attention, he sought very kindly to drive from her mind the harassing thoughts that had been awakened.

"Now, my good lady," said he, "shall I advise you just what to do? Well, take half a dozen homeless children, and train them for the better world; go among the destitute and suffering, and relieve them, or seek any place where you can do or get most good; throw medicines to the winds, use a morning bath if you choose, take plenty of exercise in the open air, and you may maintain a comfortable state of health for many years."

Whether this prescription, if followed to the letter, would restore perfect health in the case in question, we may not aver; but believing it may at least prove suggestive to some of our readers, we cite it for the benefit of any disposed to give it a fair trial, and are confident that good results will follow in every case.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

THE CROSS OF JESUS CHRIST.—It is the Alpha and Omega of the Christian's joy, of the Christian's comfort, of the Christian's hope. He comes to it weeping, weary, heavy laden; he goes from it laughing, light-hearted, strong. It is his song in his night of sorrow; it is his well in every "valley of Baca." The path of his experience may be rough and tortuous, but the cross makes it smooth and plain. It is the rod and the staff in the walk "through the valley and the shadow of death." It is the last thing the Christian feasts upon here, and the first begun in this vale of tears. It goes with him to the sloping verge of the river of death, and casts its shadow in its dark flood; yea, it casts its shadow to the remotest shore, and rises before him in the midst of the blessed paradise of God. There it will be the source, the continual support, and the end of his enjoyment. The surpassing splendor of the temple not made with hands, the ineffable loveliness of the new heavens and the new earth, the ever-continuing and ever-developing delights of the better country—even the heavenly—the enjoyable society of the innumerable beatified, the great white throne with its four-and-twenty elders round about the twelve apostles of the Lamb, the loud, unbroken chorus of the blessed Redeemer; chorus! rather the grand triumphant religious hymn which leaps from pure and unpolluted lips, will not so stir the Christian's soul, will not so make up his joy unspeakable, as He that "sitteth upon the throne." And who is this? Not an angel, *excelling in wisdom and strength*, nor a sanctified soul, whose countenance is as clear as the sun, but "the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne," and this is "the Lamb that was slain." It is Christ the crucified as well as the Christ coronated that enters into the Christian's constant enjoyment and unmeasured felicity hereafter. In heaven we shall gaze upon and admire, eternally, Christ crucified. And the burden of our "new song" shall be ascriptions of glory, and majesty, and dominion unto Him that was dead and is alive again, and who now liveth ever more; unto Him that was *slain*, and has redeemed us unto God by his blood.

Then alone, dear Christian, shall we know in full why we should glory only in the *cross* of Christ.

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.—It is easy to hold a small shred of cloth so near your eyes that it will shut out the view of all things else in heaven or earth. So do many of those who proclaim themselves infidels. Some paltry shred of difficulty is held so closely to the eye that the most convincing proofs all about us are effectually hidden from view. Who can answer an argument like the following? Does it not require more credulity to disbelieve than to believe? The words are by a writer from

France, who has himself once walked in the blindness of skepticism:

"I was a skeptic, but this scene discovered a new world of thought to me. For afterward, as I traveled on my lonely way eastward, I never saw a church in the little villages that were stationed thirty miles apart, with no intervening civilization, but the thought arose, 'Who is this Man that he can do these wonderful things?' Voltaire's sneers, the arguments of Hume, the ribaldry of Paine, vanished like matutinal mist in the effort to reply. For, see! sixty generations have come and gone, crop after crop of men has been reaped by the mower Death, since, in an obscure and lonely village of a remote and despised province of the Roman empire, a babe was born whose reputed parents were poor Jewish peasants; a carpenter's son, who, without culture, without social position, without political power, uttered words that have ever since molded the lives of the greatest, the most powerful, the best, the wisest, ay, and the vilest also, of the most enlightened continents of the world. History, since this young man died, has been a mere record of struggles either to assert or to resist his dominion. He left no written word; and yet the human race has bowed before the reports of his sayings by the waysides of Galilee and the deserts of Judea, to a group of fishermen and crowds of the despised of the earth. I never saw a church in these frontier settlements without feeling a sense of awe as I thought of the origin of the religion it represented. Scenes like these, and thoughts like these, opened the heart to reply, in the words of earnest Peter, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.'"

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.—And I have said in my heart, what is life? Shall I too go, following those who have preceded me, like the lamb that passes where its mother has passed, to imitate the immortal folly of mankind? One seeks upon the seas the treasures of Memnon, and the waves engulf his wishes and his ship; in the bosom of the glory to which his genius aspires, another dies, intoxicated by the echo of an empty name. Forming his deep plot out of our passions, one erects a throne, and ascends but to fall; loving to succumb to sweeter snares, another reads his fate in a woman's eyes. The idler falls asleep in the arms of hunger; the husbandman guides his fruitful plow; the scholar thinks and reads; the warrior strikes and kills; the beggar sits down by the wayside. But where are they going? They are going where goes the leaf that the breath of Winter chases before it. Thus go to wither amid their varied works those generations of men which the hand of time sows and gathers. They strove against it, but time has conquered. As a river

ingulfs the sand of its banks, I have seen it devour their fugitive shadows. They are born, they are dead. Lord, have they lived? As for me, I will sing the Master whom I adore, amid the din of cities, amid the solitude of deserts, reclining on the shore, or floating on the seas, at the sun's decline, or at the hour of dawn. The earth has cried to me, "Who, then, is the Lord?" He whose mighty Spirit is every-where displayed, he of whom a single step measures immensity, he from whom the sun borrows his splendor, he who from nothing has created matter, he who on empty space has founded the universe, he who without shore has inclosed the seas, he who with a glance has launched forth light, he who knows neither to-day nor to-morrow, he who has of himself existed from all time, who lives in the future as well as in the present hour, and recalls the ages that have escaped from his hand. This is he, this is the Lord! May my tongue repeat the hundred names of his glory to the children of men! Like the golden harp hung at his altars, will I sing of him even unto death!—*Lamartine.*

**SOMETIME.**—It is a sweet, sweet song, flowing to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and fills the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do, when the Summer morning comes out of the darkness, and the day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future, which we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers and sweet singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear, except in faint, far-off strains, the other. But O, reader, be of good cheer, for to all the good there is a golden "sometime!" When the hills and valleys of time are all passed, when the wear and the fever, the disappointment and the sorrow of life are over, then there is the peace and the rest appointed of God. O, homestead, over whose blessed roof falls no shadow even of clouds, across whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm-trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow, nor pain, nor the sound of weeping.

**THE BIBLE IN THE HEART.**—The heart of the Christian should resemble "that famous picture of King Charles I, which had the whole book of Psalms written on the lines of the face and the hair of the head." So by the hand of our own diligent study, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, should that book, with all other books of Scripture, be written in the heart—the picture—the image rather—nay, the living image of the great King who won, not lost, his crown through death.

Let us seek to transcribe on this inner tablet at least one verse every day—one verse, whether of doctrine, or warning, or promise, till the time shall come when, as often as we look in upon the records of memory and the characters of affection, our glance shall meet some enlightening, reclaiming, supporting word of the Father. How many a saint has known

the blessedness of this familiarity with Bible truths in Bible language—bringing them vividly before the eyes of the mind, when the outward eye had waxed dim by reason of age, and could no longer read what it would have been tenfold anguish to forget!

**A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.**—It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nations in its enlightened shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold and insufficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relations to heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery. It was at this period that two forms of ethereal mold hovered about the land of God's chosen people. They seemed like sister angels, sent to earth on some embassy of love. The one of majestic stature and well-formed limb, which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an impressive gesture upward where Night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion; while on her left reclined her delicate companion, in form and countenance the contrast of the other, drooping like a flower moistened by refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eyes scanning them with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending star of Bethlehem. Years rolled away, and the stranger was seen at Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance, though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles, that the blind saw, that the dumb spoke, the dead arose, the ocean moderated its chafing tide; the very thunder articulated, he is the Son of God! Envy assailed him to death. Thickly guarded, he slowly ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But Faith leaned on his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies.

**THE WRECK.**—A noble vessel lay stranded on the beach, the sea sweeping her decks, and her helpless crew and passengers clinging to the rigging, and directing their imploring eyes to the shore for help. The storm raged, and ever and anon a strong wave, beating on the shattered wreck, loosed the grasp of some unfortunate mortal, whose strength at length had failed, and sunk him beneath the waves to rise no more. A crowd appeared on the shore, and while many gazed with idle curiosity on the harrowing scene, a few seemed busy in preparations to afford relief to the suffering. They had, however,

a single small boat, and not sufficient courage and humanity to man it. Sad was the scene! How hopeless the prospect of the shipwrecked! Can our sympathies be touched by such a picture? Then let us contemplate a still sadder representation. Millions are clinging to a frail support, and are momentarily sinking into the abyss of woe. They implore help from those who have been saved from the ruin. But, alas! how few of those who profess to have been rescued by Divine grace, are actively engaged in efforts to save the perishing! The missionary enterprise is as yet but like a small life-boat, poorly manned, able only to pick up one here and there, of the drowning thousands, as they struggle in the agitated ocean. When will the listlessness of Christians be overcome? When will they be induced to make adequate exertions to save the millions who are perishing without hope?

AN ANGEL STANDING BY.—We have read of a certain youth in the early days of Christianity—those periods of historic suffering and heroic patience and legendary wonder to which I call your attention—we read of a Christian youth on whom his persecutors put in practice a more than common share of their ingenuity, that by his torments—let those who can or will go through the horrible details—they might compel him to deny his Lord and Savior.

After a long endurance of those pains they released him, in wonder at his obstinacy. His Christian brethren are said to have wondered too, and to have asked him by what mighty faith he could so strangely subdue the violence of the fire, as that neither a cry nor a groan escaped him.

"It was indeed most painful," was the noble youth's reply, "but an angel stood by me when my anguish was at the worst, and with his finger pointed to heaven."

O thou, whoever thou art that are tempted to commit a sin, do thou think on death, and that thought will be an angel to thee! The hope of heaven will raise thy courage above the fire-cast threatenings of the world; the fear of hell will rob its persuasions of all their enchantment; and the very extremity of their trial may itself contribute to animate thy exertions by the thought that the greater will be thy reward hereafter.—*Bishop Heber.*

TO EVERY CHRISTIAN.—What are you doing for Christ? Christ has done much for *you*, what are you doing for *him*? Your soul has been saved; your inheritance of eternal life made sure; your sins have been washed away; your eternal prospects are glorious beyond conception; the sting of death has been removed. You know and realize that however tried you may be in this life, beyond the grave there is a calm, never-ending rest reserved for you in the bosom of the Savior. You have received much, not that you deserved it any more than others, but because Christ has loved you and given himself for you. And are you going to be satisfied with simply receiving salvation for *your own soul*? Is it enough that you should read, and hope, and think, and hear

all you can for *yourself* only? If some kind friend has taught you to love Christ, is it not your bounden duty, should it not be your highest delight to endeavor to teach those around you to love Christ? What blessed results would follow if all who have been saved would seek to save others! What great good one earnest, industrious Christian can accomplish if he will! Nearly all the good which has been accomplished has been done by a comparatively few. If all worked as the few have worked, if all prayed as the few have prayed, the blessings of Christianity would by this time have penetrated every part of the globe, and the name of Christ would be welcomed at every fireside. What are you doing for Christ? "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

MAN AND DUTY.—Through the atonement of the Redeemer, man becomes reconciled to duty. There is no discord more terrible than that between man and duty. There are few of us who fancy we have found our own places in this world; our lives, our partnerships, our professions, and our trades are not those which we should have chosen for ourselves. There is an ambition within us which sometimes makes us fancy we are fit for higher things, that we are adapted for other and better things than those to which we are called. But we turn again to the cross of Christ, and the mystery of life becomes plain. The life and death of Christ are the reconciliation of man to the duties which he has to do. You can not study his marvelous life without perceiving that the whole of its details are uncongenial, mean, trivial, wretched circumstances—from which the spirit of a man revolts. To bear the sneer of the Sadducee and the curse of the Pharisee; to be rejected by his family and friends; to be harassed by the petty disputes and miserable quarrels of his followers about their own personal precedence; to be treated by the government of his country as a charlatan and a demagogue; to be surrounded by a crowd of men, coming and going without sympathy; to retire and find his leisure intruded on and himself pursued for ignoble ends—these were the circumstances of the Redeemer's existence here. Yet in these it was that the noblest life the world has ever seen was lived. He retired into the wilderness, and one by one put down all those visions that would have seduced him from the higher path of duty; the vision of comfort which tempted him to change the stones of this world into bread; the vision of ambition which tempted him to make the kingdoms of this world his own by seeking good through evil; the vision which tempted him to distrust God, and become important by pursuing some strange, unauthorized way of his own, instead of following the way of submission to the will of God.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

DIVINE PROMISES.—The promises of the Bible, like the beams of the sun, shine as freely in at the windows of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace. A mountain of gold heaped as high as heaven, would be no such treasure as one promise of God.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

LECTURE ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Rev. Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the New Testament," etc. 12mo. Pp. 451. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Zebulon S. Ely gave the sum of ten thousand dollars to the Union Theological Seminary of the city of New York, to found a lectureship on the evidences of Christianity, the successive courses of lectures to comprise "any topics that serve to establish the proposition that Christianity is a religion from God, or that it is the perfect and final form of religion for man," each course to consist of ten lectures, to be given at least once in two or three years. The course of lectures before us is the first delivered on this foundation, and is a most hopeful intimation of the powerful aid Mr. Ely's generous donation is to contribute, through successive years, to the department of Christian evidences. The directors and faculty of the seminary were most fortunate in selecting Mr. Barnes, the veteran divine, and scholar, and commentator, to initiate this important work.

Mr. Barnes needs no introduction to our readers, as his excellent "Notes on the New Testament," and his Commentaries on the Psalms, Job, Isaiah, etc., have been favorites with many of them. We confess, however, that we were not prepared to find such eminent adaptation to the work assigned him as is evidenced in this masterly volume. As a scholar, as a thorough master of all kinds of Biblical lore, as a writer and a reasoner, we know him to be among the first of American divines. We did not know that one who had devoted so much time to critical and exegetical studies, to the Bible in itself and the theology developed from the Bible, and who had reached the age when men usually begin to lose interest in the living present, and to relive rather the studies and thoughts of their earlier years, was thoroughly abreast with the times in which we live. Mr. Barnes writes for the nineteenth century, and he is a master of the situation. He battles with no dead issues, he understands and accepts the present, and we welcome him, another octogenarian, by the side of M. Guizot, whom we noticed a month ago, as a venerable and successful defender of the faith, against the subtle and powerful attacks of our own day.

The work is timely and admirably adapted to the present wants of the department of Christian evidences. Mr. Barnes clearly understands that the ground of infidel attacks upon Christianity is entirely changed; that in its spirit, forms, modes of attack, and the nature of its objections, infidelity in the nineteenth century is very different from the infidelity of former times; that it is simply a waste of labor to endeavor to meet it with the old weapons of de-

fense; that it is worse than a waste of labor simply to denounce it, and to endeavor to overwhelm it with abusive epithets; and that it is a betrayal of weakness and fear to attempt to evade it, or to conceal from ourselves and the world its true significance and seriousness. The author of these lectures approaches it candidly but fearlessly; he gives it credit for all that is good in it; he acknowledges the changes that have passed over modern society, and the influence of these changes in weakening the force of arguments that in former times were available and powerful as evidences of the Divine origin of Christianity; he concedes the necessity of a new line of argument, adapted to the advanced knowledge, science, and acutely critical spirit of our day; he fairly and fully states the questions and objections of modern skepticism, the more recent difficulties in the way of faith arising out of modern philosophy, science, and historical criticism, and the difficulties that Christianity has to meet in that complicated influence which we may designate as the state of modern society. He endeavors to extenuate none of these difficulties, to evade none of these issues. He perfectly understands that in our critical and inquiring age, characterized by many evil and dangerous forces, but also characterized by an intense and searching inquiry after truth and knowledge, Christianity is to be maintained by no evasions, no unfairness, no denunciation or vituperation, but by demonstrating in the face of all these questions and objections that her origin is of God.

In this spirit and with this candor Mr. Barnes approaches the task before him. In three admirable lectures he brings the case fully before us. He carefully fixes the limitations of the human mind on the subject of religion, raising the most essential elements of religion fairly out of the sphere of human philosophy and science. The battle-ground, the author claims, is not and can not be here; it must find place only in the evidences of Christianity as a historical utterance of religion. The second, and third, and fifth, and sixth lectures are most excellent statements of these evidences from history, miracle, and prophecy as affected by time, science, and the progress of civilization. The remaining lectures give the line of positive argument drawn from history, miracle, and prophecy, from the propagation of Christianity, from the personal character and incarnation of Christ, from the adaptation of the Christian religion to the wants of man, concluding with an accurate survey of the relation of Christianity to the world's progress in science, civilization, and the arts in the nineteenth century. The volume is worthy of a high place among the ablest of recent contributions to the evidences of Christianity, and will repay a careful study.

THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN: *A Course of Lectures on the Political History of England.* By Goldwin Smith. 12mo. Pp. 298. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Goldwin Smith is one of the live men of the day. He never writes without having something valuable and important to say, and therefore all that comes from his pen is well worth the reading, and what he has to say is said in a style so vigorous, trenchant, and clear that there is not much danger of our ceasing to read after we have once begun. He sees things very clearly, and in broad and comprehensive relations; he hates every thing little, evasive, base, or mean; self-proud aristocracy, contracted, narrow-sighted politics, conceited science or knowledge, small bigotry and exclusivism, all receive the indignant strokes of his satire, in which art he is a master. A high moral tone is a prominent characteristic of all he writes; a broad love of humanity gives warmth and earnestness to his pen, while his knowledge of the history of that humanity serves to temper his enthusiasm. He loves strength, fairness, and nobleness, and turns with evident delight to the study of two of the statesmen of this volume, Pym and Cromwell, whom he eulogizes and justifies, while he vigorously denounces Pitt, the third subject of his lectures. In this volume he is not so much the historian as the popular lecturer, and evidently rather uses the character and history of these statesmen as the web into which to weave many a valuable lesson for the Church and Parliament on the wrongs and needs of the present day. Modern politicians are made to look small in the presence of these colossal specimens of a former century, and high pretenders in the Anglican Church look rather ludicrous in the presence of the Lauds and Manwaring of the seventeenth century. He has no sympathy with a hesitating, "dawdling" Parliament, or with a "religion of flowers and incense, of millineries and upholsteries, of insinuating directors, clerical celibacy, monachism, the confessional and eucharistic miracles." There is not much here that is new to be learned about Pym, Cromwell, or Pitt, but there are many valuable thoughts on questions of the living present that are of interest to all classes of readers.

LIFE-SCENES FROM THE FOUR GOSPELS. *Revised Edition, with Maps and Illustrations.* By Rev. George Jones, M. A., Chaplain U. S. N. 12mo. Pp. 443. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

This is a most valuable, interesting, and instructive book. Its object is to give a fullness to the scenes in the Gospels by interweaving with the Gospel narrative the various knowledge which modern research has placed within our reach, and thus imparting to them a freshness and reality which they can not have without this knowledge of the country, people, social customs, etc., in the midst of which the events happened. In one aspect we might call it a delightful running paraphrase and commentary on the Gospel story. It is a graceful and captivating

harmony of the Gospels, the life of Christ being presented as one continued narrative, and with true historic accuracy. Descriptions of the country, events from contemporaneous history, sketches of the customs of those days, and pictures of social life, all accurate and valuable, move along with the story so smoothly and naturally that the whole wears the aspect of a new history, full of a reality never before so vividly seen and felt. The author has personally visited the land he describes, and has also studied with great judgment the writings of travelers and commentators, so that he is able to communicate a great deal of information in the very attractive style and arrangement he has adopted. The information incorporated into the story is of undoubted authority, and is just such as the Sabbath school teacher and Christian needs to have, and we know of no other book in which so much can be found in so small a compass and in so pleasant an arrangement.

THE FAR EAST; or, *Letters from Egypt, Palestine, and Other Lands of the Orient. Illustrated with Engravings, Maps, etc.* By N. C. Burt, D. D., author of "Hours Among the Gospels." 12mo. Pp. 396. \$2. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

These letters trace the wanderings of the writer through the "far East" from the time of leaving Naples for Alexandria till arriving at Vienna by Constantinople and the Danube. They relate chiefly, however, to Egypt and the Holy Land. It is difficult for any traveler in our day to present any thing new with regard to these lands, so thoroughly traveled and so copiously described. And yet there is a freshness and novelty about nearly every well-written detail of a tour through these "lands of the Orient." The civilization, the manners and customs, so different from our own, leading to personal incidents that could not possibly happen in our own country, together with the sacred associations, the venerable antiquities, and the peculiar physical features furnish an inexhaustible supply of material to the good observer and ready writer. Dr. Burt belongs to this class, and sees many things, meets with many incidents, and sees them and describes them in his own way, giving us as the result a most entertaining and readable book, and makes us almost envious of his fine opportunities. A large share of the volume is devoted to Egypt and his journey up the Nile, and is full of interesting incident and description. The tour of the Holy Land is told with a subdued enthusiasm which betrays the intense gratification of the author.

ITALIAN JOURNEYS. By W. D. Howells, author of "Venetian Life." 12mo. Pp. 320. \$2. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co., and R. W. Carroll & Co.

Those who read the author's sprightly descriptions of Venetian life will be pleased to receive from his pen this volume, which is a sequel or continuation of that. He leaves Venice to continue his travels and observations in Italy. He is a good traveler, sees all that is worth seeing, and looks at what he

does see with, a striking degree of common-sense. He is carried away by no undue enthusiasm, blinded by no traditions, duped by no pretenses, and yet is in lively and cheerful sympathy with all he sees. He dissolves a good deal of romance, and shatters to pieces a good many imaginary pictures, and spoils the points of many old stories and traditions, but does it with good grace, in a style that evinces no bitterness in himself and inspires none in his readers, while the disenchanted realities that are left are sufficient to make even the Italy of to-day a wonderful land, and to indicate the greatness and glory of the past.

FOUR YEARS AMONG SPANISH AMERICANS. *By F. Hassaurek, late U. S. Minister to the Republic of Ecuador.* 12mo. Pp. 401. \$2. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Here we have pictures of a country less travel-worn, and pictures drawn not by the mere traveler taking hasty notes of undigested observations, but by one of several years' residence among the people about whom he writes. Ecuador is a Republic on the Pacific coast of South America, of which but little is known among us. Indeed, the author justly says: "Our reading public probably knows more of China or Japan than of such countries as the interior of Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. Scientific men of great celebrity have acquainted us with the geographical and geological features of the Andean valleys and table-lands, but they have told us but little concerning the character, the social and domestic life, the political institutions and troubles of the inhabitants." The author claims in these respects the advantages of an almost unexplored field. He uses his opportunities well, and his pages contain many observations and valuable items of social, ethnological, and historical information which can not be found in any of the comparatively few English books on Spanish America.

THE TURK AND THE GREEK. *By S. G. W. Benjamin.* 16mo. Pp. 268. \$1.75. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Another book of travels, and yet, like the previous one, not from a mere visitor, but from one having enlarged experience in the countries of which he writes, and who has carefully studied the important questions which he discusses. It is not a continuous narrative, but a selection of such subjects, illustrated by facts and incidents from his experience and observation, as are well adapted to convey to the reader a vivid impression of the races and countries of the Levant, their character and condition. His themes are the "creeds, races, society, and scenery in Turkey and Greece and the isles of Greece." Mr. Benjamin is the son of an eminent missionary, who consecrated his life to the missionary work in Greece and Turkey, and who now lies buried in Constantinople. He is an easy and graceful writer, and his neat little volume is timely, appearing when pub-

lic sympathy is already aroused in behalf of the Cretan insurrection and the critical condition of the Ottoman Empire. Chapter ten is an excellent historical sketch of Crete.

POEMS OF FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE. *By Phæbe Cary.* 16mo. Pp. 249. \$1.75. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This beautiful collection of the poems of Phæbe Cary will be acceptable to many readers. She belongs to the school of *gentle* poets. We find but little that stirs and moves, but little that touches the deeper and more intricate workings of the heart, but much that is beautiful, pleasing, tender, and many excellent and well-expressed moral thoughts. The poetry is very smooth and pure, and it is a pleasure to read it. She writes from a woman's heart, and many of these poems will touch tender chords in the hearts of our fair readers which are almost unknown to the sterner sex. "Arthur's Wife," "Mother and Son," "The Wife's Christmas," and many others we have read repeatedly for their beauty and poetic power.

THE LOVER'S DICTIONARY: *A Poetical Treasury of Lover's Thoughts, Addresses, and Dilemmas. Indexed with nearly ten thousand references as A Dictionary of Compliments and Guide to the Study of the Tender Science.* 12mo. Pp. 789. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The ample title of this unique volume sufficiently informs the reader of its character. It is an encyclopedia of the poetry of love, and is well arranged for the convenience of those who have occasion to use such a book of reference. The whole range of the poetry of the affections seems to have been swept in the compilation of this selection. Of course so varied a tissue of "love-thoughts" will be found to present many attractive aspects. The compiler assures us that "nothing has been admitted into these pages which can wound the many pure, bright eyes which he trusts will read them."

AN ESSAY ON MAN. *By Alexander Pope. With Illustrations and Notes, by S. R. Wells.* 12mo. Pp. 53. \$1. New York: Samuel R. Wells.

This is a very beautiful edition of the famous "Essay;" it is printed on fine, tinted paper, bound in heavy, beveled covers, and with gilt edges. The illustrations are very appropriate etchings in wood, and the essay is preceded by a succinct biography of the poet, and his celebrated "Universal Prayer." The publishers say truly that, "whatever may be said by theologians concerning the orthodoxy of this great poet's religious views, his *Essay on Man* will continue to be regarded one of the masterpieces of English verse, and will attract the attention of, and instruct the intelligent and thoughtful. The views of Pope on the Great Creator and His wondrous works, as enunciated in this poem, are unsurpassed for grandeur and deep-toned thought; and no writer, either of ancient or modern times, has so infused

his sentiments and spirit into the literature of his nation by a single production, as Alexander Pope."

THE LADY'S ALMANAC FOR 1868. 32mo. Pp. 128. 50 cts. Boston: Coolidge. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

This is a real little gem of an Almanac, exactly fitting into the wants of a lady; it is beautiful enough for her fancy; it is small enough for her pocket, and contains, besides the ordinary calendar and a blank memorandum page for each month, a hundred other good things that a lady wants to know.

GERTY AND MAY BOOKS. Four Volumes in a Box. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

Four little 24mo volumes of sixty pages each, containing "the sayings and doings of little girls known to the writer," making four pretty stories under the names of "The Joy House and its Inhabitants," "The Pleasant Picnic," "Little Billy," and "The Christmas-Tree."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.—*Baptism, Subject and Mode.* By Rev. T. J. Bryant, of the Illinois Conference. *God in our History.* A thanksgiving sermon, by Rev. G. W. Burns, of the First Methodist Church of Wellsville, Ohio. *Catalogue of the Wesleyan University, 1867-68, Middletown, Conn.* Rev. Joseph Cummings, D. D., LL. D., President; students, 138. *Catalogue of the Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis.* Rev. George M. Steele, D. D., President. Students—Collegiate

Department, 86; other Departments, 184. *The Atlantic Almanac.* Quarto. Pp. 76. 50 cts. Edited by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Containing, besides the ordinary calendar, a plentiful supply of original and selected literature in prose and poetry, with copious illustrations on wood, the seasons gaudily illustrated in colors from designs by A. F. Bellows.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REQUISITES.—Carlton & Porter have issued No. 2 of their splendid maps of the Holy Land and Sacred Places. This one is a map of Palestine, and is the best arranged map for the needs of the Sunday school we have yet seen. They are constantly issuing new and valuable things for the Sabbath school; before us are four "Lessons on Pictures," each being a quarto of stiff paper with a fine picture on one side, and the history of the subject illustrated on the other; two packages containing "Picture Lessons for Infant Classes," arranged by Rev. J. H. Vincent; and "A Scripture Catechism on Romanism."

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.—J. B. Burr & Co., of Hartford, are about issuing an edition of the abridged Dictionary of the Bible, by Dr. Smith, adapted to the wants of "Young Persons, Sabbath School Teachers, and Families." The abridgment is by Dr. Smith himself. We have on our table advance sheets of the intended issue, and they certainly give promise of a very superior edition of this admirable work. The specimen illustrations are very fine. We will give further notice of this volume.

## MONTHLY RECORD.

DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—We have already recorded the establishment of this institution. The opening ceremonies took place in the Fall. Mr. Drew at first wanted it located in Carmel, Putnam county, where he was born. He waived that wish when the good of the Church required it. He bought the famous "Gibson estate" in Madison. He gave the owner \$150,000 to get out and leave it all furnished just as it was. And this building, furnished fit for a prince, with its carpets, gilding, hangings, and scarlet furniture, makes the most gorgeous theological seminary in the world. The property consists of two hundred and twenty-five acres, inclosed with a cemented stone fence, iron gates, and porter's lodge. Without any alteration the mansion contains chapel, lecture-rooms, library, reading-room, rooms for professors, and recitation-rooms sufficient for one hundred students. Over \$100,000 have been spent in repairs, and \$300,000 will be given as an endowment. A fire-proof building for library and museum is to go up, and the cost of this and other things which Mr. Drew will

meet will aggregate the sum of from \$700,000 to \$1,000,000.

THE ELY LECTURES ON REVELATION.—Some time ago Mr. Zebulon Stiles Ely, of New York, bequeathed to the Union Theological Seminary of the city of New York the sum of \$10,000 to found a lectureship in the same, the title of which should be "The Elias P. Ely Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity." It was a pleasant way to commemorate his family and give occasion for the investigation and discussion of the proofs of the truth of the Gospel dispensation. Rev. Albert Barnes, widely known by his "Notes on the New Testament," and "Notes on the Psalms," was selected to deliver the first series of ten lectures. These have just been published by the Messrs. Harper, and a notice of the work will be found in our Contemporary Literature.

CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES.—The report of the state of religion in the United States, prepared by Rev. Henry B. Smith, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary, and presented to the General



Conference of the Evangelical Alliance recently in session in Amsterdam, is a document of great interest and value, containing within a small compass a vast amount of information in regard to the state and progress of religion in this country. We condense from it the annexed statistics, which will be found convenient for reference :

	Churches.	Communicants.
Roman Catholics.....	3,800.....	4,000,000
Methodists.....	10,460.....	2,000,000
Baptists.....	17,220.....	1,600,000
Presbyterians.....	5,000.....	700,000
Lutherans.....	2,900.....	323,800
Congregationalists.....	2,300.....	267,400
Protestant Episcopalians.....	1,160.....	161,200
German Reformed.....	1,160.....	110,000
Dutch Reformed.....	440.....	60,000

United Brethren, about 3,000 societies. Moravians, about 12,000 communicants. Unitarians, about 3,000 churches. Universalists include about 600,000 of the population. Quakers, orthodox, about 54,000 members; Hicksites, about 40,000.

**ROMAN CATHOLICS IN SOUTH AMERICA.**—The Roman Catholics are taking alarm at the first signs of Protestant activity. At Callao, in Peru, a small church has been recently erected through the agency of the chaplain appointed by the South American Missionary Society, and there are now both day and Sunday schools for boys, girls, and infants. The Roman Catholic archbishop of Lima, the adjoining capital, thought fit to address a long letter to the Minister of Justice and Worship, calling upon him to suppress this movement as adverse to the constitution and laws. "As Catholic Bishop," in his pathetic plea, "I am obliged to preserve from irreligious and heretical contagion the souls redeemed with the blood of the Savior, and forming part of the flock of our Lord Jesus Christ, which have been confided to my charge." There has arisen quite a hot controversy in the town; and in the chamber of Congress itself, when the question of toleration came up, there were stormy and riotous scenes, and a number of fanatical women, who had obtained admission to the gallery, were ejected at the point of the bayonet. Two of the deputies were violently assailed in the street; and so strongly did the current run that a ministerial crisis resulted, in which the Government succumbed to the censure for its supposed support of the clerical party. The Bishop of Santiago, in Chili, has also issued a circular warning the priests in that city and in Valparaiso to be on their guard against Protestant propagandists and "fanatical adventurers."

**STATISTICS ABOUT CHURCH PROPERTY IN AUSTRIA, THE UNITED STATES, AND ROME.**—A British journal, the Economist, published, lately, a very interesting letter on Austrian politics, written by a Mr. Beaumont, who has long resided in Vienna, as a missionary of English commercial interests. He takes the ground that a heavy tax on Church property can alone save Austrian finances. The recommendation makes it interesting to ascertain how much this property amounts to. We find in Petermann's geographical communications of 1867 the following statement of the clergy and their possessions in Austria :

The clergy consists of a total number of 55,370 persons, being one clergyman to every 540 persons in the total population.

One patriarch, four primates, eleven archbishops, fifty-eight bishops, twenty-four bishops' assistants, 12,863 priests, and 539 theological professors. There are 720 convents for males, and 298 convents for females, with fifty-nine abbots, forty-five provincials, 6,754 priests, 645 clericals, 140 novices, 1,917 lay brothers, 5,198 nuns, and numerous students of theology, servants, etc.

The value of the entire Church property is \$92,886,488.50. The annual income is \$9,819,856.50. We had supposed this property was worth ten times the amount. Neither its sale nor a tax upon it seems to amount to much to cover an annual deficit of from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

We subjoin, from the Social Almanac, the following statistics as to Church property and clerical persons in the United States: Number of clerical persons, 39,866—one to every 750 of the population. Annual pay of the same, \$49,912,243. Value of Church property, \$387,328,801.

The Roman Government has recently published the census of 1867, which is entitled, "Condition of Souls in the Town of Rome." The total population numbers 215,573 souls. In 1866 the numbers were 210,701, while in 1857 they were 179,952; so that the increase has been nearly twenty per cent. on the ten years. Besides these, the population of what still remains outside Rome amounts to 692,112 souls, making a total in the present Papal States of 907,685. The inhabitants of Rome are thus classified: Thirty cardinals, thirty-five bishops, 1,469 priests and clerks, 828 seminarists; making a total of regular clergy amounting to 2,362.

There are also 2,832 monks and 2,215 nuns; and, adding these to the regular clergy, we have a total number of 7,409. There are 1,642 girls in the *pensionnats*, while the number of boys in the colleges is only 258; 775 men and 1,088 women are supported in charitable institutions. The remainder of the population consists of 42,313 families, numbering 98,166 males and 94,438 females, besides 7,360 soldiers, 320 persons in prison, 4,650 Jews, and 457 other dissenters from the Church of Rome. The monks established in Rome belong to sixty-one religious orders, and twenty seminaries are established within its walls. There is also a great number of female orders.

**COAL IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.**—Coal in Illinois has been supposed to be confined to the central and southern portions of the State, and discoveries are extending northward. It has recently been discovered in McLean and Champaign counties, at depths of two hundred to three hundred feet, and shafts are being opened for working the mines. The veins are sufficiently capped with rock to render them workable with safety.

**MAGNESIUM LIGHT.**—The light produced by the combustion of magnesium wire is of such a character that, even by night, better photographs can be obtained than by sunlight, unless in very clear and sunny days. The magnesium exceeds all other artificial lights yet produced; is of the purest white, soft and diffusive; does not dazzle nor pain the eye;

gives off no odor or deleterious vapor; can be carried about as easily as a candle; is inexplosive, and free from any objection whatever. Two and a half ounces of magnesium will give as much light as twenty pounds of the best stearine. Its price, also, has been so rapidly reduced that it will in all probability come extensively into domestic use.

**ERUPTIONS OF MT. VESUVIUS.**—The recent eruptions of Mount Vesuvius have directed attention to its history. On November 21st red-hot stones were ejected from the burning mountain. The surrounding earth, says a dispatch, is in tremulous motion for a considerable distance; the lava is pouring forth and running down the sides of the mountain in volume and with rapid flow, and the general upheaving of the volcano has given warning of a grand eruption, from which we may look for very serious consequences, as in former years of the more remarkable phenomena from Vesuvius. The first eruption of the more serious kind from Mount Vesuvius occurred in the year 79, when the elder Pliny perished, and the then vast cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae were overwhelmed by the burning torrent and buried in lava and ashes thrown from the crater. Forty-nine eruptions of Vesuvius occurred from that disastrous period to the year 1860, of which the most celebrated in history took place in the years 472, 1779, 1794, 1819, 1834, and 1839.

**HIGH CHURCH REACTION.**—In a very recent publication by High Church clergymen, entitled, "The Church and the World," one of the authors declares that the Reformation was a misfortune, and that it is the duty of the Church to get rid of the Protestant

element; another advocates the celibacy of the clergy; another speaks of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church as the "forty stripes save one laid on the back of the Anglican priesthood;" another calls upon the Church to seek the reunion of the Romish, the Greek, and the Anglican Churches, excluding all Protestant communions; and, lastly, one of them says, "A reaction has at length come, the tide has now turned, and the Catholic heaven is working out the Puritan leaven."

**BRAHMINISM DYING OUT.**—Through the Christianizing and civilizing influences now at work throughout India, there is a general spirit of inquiry that is effecting a great but silent revolution. An intelligent writer of extended observation throughout the country who maintains that the religion of the people is receiving a blow from which, humanly speaking, it can never recover, makes the suggestive statement: "When the older Brahmins have died, there will be none acquainted with the customs and language of their forefathers who can readily take their place;" and adds, that in the stronghold of Brahminism in Western India not more than ten or twelve youths are studying Sanscrit.

**ANTHRACITE COAL.**—The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania—the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

**BURMAH MISSION.**—At the Burmah Baptist Missionary Convention held in Rangoon, 19 American missionaries, 12 assistants, 97 native preachers, 33 lay delegates, and 199 other disciples participated in the exercises. A vast change since the days of Judson.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.**—The relations of an editor with those who are pleased to aid him by the contribution of their articles are delicate, and we have steadily endeavored to recognize and treat them conscientiously. The very fact of contributing to a periodical, in the great majority of instances, is itself indicative of appreciation and good-will toward it, and a desire to minister to its success. This at once makes the editor and contributor friends, and creates in him the desire to reciprocate these friendly advances. The first tendency of an editor, we think, is if possible to accept the article that comes bearing upon the face of it the good wishes and good purposes of the writer. He knows, too, that he is greatly dependent upon his contributors for the "make up" of his magazine. To them he is indebted for the variety and originality of his pages, his own work consisting largely in selecting and arranging the material furnished to him by others. These considerations make it the obvious interest of the editor to

treat his contributors with courtesy and fairness. We have had a most generous company of contributors to the Repository, and our intercourse with them has been most pleasant and harmonious. During our editorial career we have not had one single complaining word, though we have had to decline hundreds of articles which have been sent to us. We do not write now to appease any who have been offended, for we know of none such, but to give our hearty thanks to all who have endeavored to contribute to the interest and value of the Repository, even to those whose articles we have been unable to use, and to solicit their continued contributions.

We have another object in view. It is to save perhaps a great deal of unnecessary writing by communicating a few principles which must govern us in the selection of articles. The Repository has now a large list of regular contributors, and is in receipt of very much more material than can possibly be used in our pages. We owe it, therefore, as a duty to our

readers to make the best selection we can, according to our own judgment, out of a quantity, some of which must necessarily be declined. Our first test is of course literary merit; but even this can not rule absolutely; for we are often obliged to decline articles of sufficient literary merit for the simple reason that we have not space for them, and at other times because they treat of subjects similar to others that have recently been used, or which we have on hand, and thus would give too much sameness to our pages. Another principle that rules us, then, besides that of the necessary limitation of our space, is the necessity for variety.

Correspondents often appeal to us on grounds that are wholly inadmissible in conducting a literary magazine. Many have long been subscribers to the Repository. We are happy to make their personal acquaintance, and thank them for their interest in our success, but certainly this should weigh nothing in determining the value of their contributions. Others would like to furnish one or two articles as a compensation for the Repository for a year. We wish it were in our power to furnish the Repository even gratuitously to many interesting applicants; but neither can this weigh any thing in disposing of articles sent to us. That which tries us most of all, are applications made on the basis of affliction, ill health, pecuniary necessity, etc. We feel ourself entering into deep sympathy with these writers, and we find it hard to decline their contributions. But then we remember that even this must not warp our judgment, and that even charity to the needy and suffering can not weigh in determining the necessities of literature. We are ready deeply to sympathize with all human suffering and need, and to contribute to the utmost of our ability to relieve it; but then we must not, therefore, send poor mental food into thirty thousand families, any more than we would feed them on poor bread out of charity for some needy baker.

Another kind of literature subjects us to a severe trial. Into the thousands of families in which the Repository circulates deep sorrows come and painful bereavements. We know all about these terrible visitations. We know how the heart desires to pour out its anguish, to think and to speak of the precious ones to whom we can speak and minister no more. It is natural to desire to tell the public of their virtues both in prose and song. When these wails of sorrow come to us, as they do from all parts of the country, and almost every day, we see the utter impossibility of printing a tenth part of them. We receive more poems of this kind than we could possibly use if we devoted the whole poetical department of the Repository to this kind of poetry alone. Our only just rule is to decline it all, and we, therefore, do so, in most instances returning it to the writer, but seldom making any public notice of it.

It is strange that in that most difficult of all composition, poetry, nearly every young writer begins his first attempts in literature, and it is remarkable what multitudes suppose themselves to be possessed of poetic gifts. And yet how few in all human his-

tory has the world consented to accept as genuine poets! We receive almost enough of articles wearing the form of poetry to issue the Repository as a magazine of poems, and yet our contributors can see that we only use six or eight poems in each issue. Great numbers of poetic contributions, therefore, must be declined for the obvious reason that we have not room for them. We think the editor and the printer have a right to demand three things at least in every contribution—that it shall be written in a fair, legible hand, that it shall be at least sufficiently punctuated to indicate the construction of sentences and the meaning of the writer, and that it shall be so prepared for the press that it will not need revision and reconstruction by the editor, and if written as poetry, that it shall conform strictly to all the rules of poetic composition. If contributors will bear these principles and the necessities of the editor in view, they may often save considerable waste in time and labor, while they may be sure that every editor will pounce upon every really good article with almost as much avidity as the miner upon a new lead of gold.

THE CHARGES OF THE CLERGY.—On our "Table," a month ago, we found a poetic effusion on the scanty pay of ministers from one who, we thought, had felt the necessities which she tried to utter in song. A stronger hand has been trying it in the "*Congregationalist*," and we clip the following—"dedicated to those societies who pay salaries of about six hundred dollars more or less."

"Ho! ye good clergymen!

Come, lead us onward!

We, for your livelihood,

Promise *six hundred*.

Well your light service paid,

Let no demurs be made;

Apostles, sirs, never had

Greenbacks *six hundred*.

On march the ministers—

Scarce a remonstrance stirs:

Although full well they know

The people have blundered.

'Theirs not to make reply,'

Though seeing no reason why

That Scripture does not apply:

'Preachers should live,' not die,

'Of the Gospel;' but how

To live on *six hundred*?

Charges to right of them;

Charges to left of them;

Charges confronting them;

Income outnumbered.

Flanked by bold butchers' carts;

Bled by sharp traders' arts;

All bound to have their parts

Of the *six hundred*.

Millers and market-men,

Peddlers, who call again,

Agents and beggars, then—

O! how poor ministers'

Pockets are plundered!

Still up the prices go;

All things, for use or show;

Labor, with saw or hoe;

Nothing but preaching's low—

Low as *six hundred*.

Black coat—its threads are bare;  
 Daughters cry, 'Naught to wear,  
 And the boys do almost swear  
 About their old garments,  
 So easily sundered.  
 But the *minister's* family  
 Should ne'er, like a camel high,  
 Stick fast in the 'needle's eye,'  
 Puffed up with vain riches,  
 Give but six hundred!

Half a year possibly,  
 Half a year onward,  
 They might get, with weight of debt  
 Not hopelessly cumbered.  
 Six months, perhaps, they may  
 Keep hunger's wolf at bay—  
 Live narrowly, scantily,  
 If promptly they get their pay;  
*Get—the six hundred.*

But rent-bills to right of them;  
 Store-bills to left of them;  
 Charged upon all sides;  
 How fight the year through  
 Oft they have wondered.  
 Still they go struggling on:  
 No funds to fall back upon;  
 Cash reserved fled and gone;  
 Not a dime left of them,  
 Left of six hundred.

Well earned the benison  
 Sought by thee, Tennyson,  
 On Bal'clava's heroes,  
 Who faltered not, any son,  
 Though thousand guns thundered.  
 But lo! here a 'Light Brigade'  
 Sustains a whole year's raid  
 On their small stipends made,  
 Till lives *not even a shade*  
 Of their six hundred.

**WOMEN'S LOVE.**—Grace Greenwood, writing to the New York Independent of the martyr-like devotion and loving recklessness of wrong and suffering exhibited by certain women, remarks:

"History, literature, and every-day life are rich in instances of this kind of amiable insanity. We read of a gentle royal mad woman, who, after watching tenderly by the death-bed of her faithless and unloving husband—the death-bed of Charles II, of England, encompassed by a cloud of mistresses—begged pardon with tears 'for any offense she may have unwittingly committed.' She is known in history as Catherine of Portugal.

"Another woman of the sort, after enduring cruel unkindness and ingratitude from another royal profligate—George IV—gave up, at his wish, and for his advantage, the certificate of her lawful marriage, saw it destroyed, and with it her fair fame. She was known as Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"Shakspeare drew such a woman, who endured with marvelous sweet patience much hard speech and evil suspicion from her husband—a Moorish gentleman, of rather jealous temper—and who, when at last he proceeded to violent measures, smothered her with pillows, and thrust a dagger into her faithful bosom, answered the question of, 'Who hath done this deed?' with the amiable lie, 'Nobody—I, myself,' adding, 'Commend me to my kind lord!' The name, it was Desdemona.

"A poor wife, thus love-distraught, appeared in a police court recently, with a black eye, to put in an appeal of mercy toward her 'kind lord,' a valiant Fenian, arrested for beating her nigh unto death. Behold, in the chronicles of the court, her name is written Bridget O'Flaherty."

We confess we have often thought there was something almost Christlike in the tenderness of spirit with which Catherine of Portugal watched over the death-bed of her "faithless husband," and forgave him all, and sought forgiveness. However impolitic Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Empress Josephine may have been in voluntarily yielding up their husbands, the world somehow, while condemning their heartless lords, has always been accepting the acts of these women as examples of true womanly heroism. The world, too, it seems, has been making the same mistake, while through these many years it has been supposing that the finest touch in the grand womanly character of Desdemona, is that which the genius of Shakspeare brings out in her death-scene—"Nobody—I, myself—commend me to my kind lord!" But the world moves; and yet in spite of the moving world, while we feel like thoroughly cowering the "valiant Fenian," we can not get rid of the old way of thinking there was something really noble and heroic in the appeal for mercy by "Bridget O'Flaherty."

**ENGRAVINGS.**—We found our space exhausted a month ago, before we had said even a word of the beautiful engravings which our artists had furnished us for the adornment of our January number. We would not need to refer to them now, for they have spoken for themselves and have greatly pleased; but we feel that we are not doing justice to the artists and owners of the originals without acknowledging their courtesy and generosity in allowing us the use of them. The splendid landscape view—Rockland, on the Hudson, is from a magnificent painting by S. R. Gifford, N. A., owned by Richard Butler, Esq., of New York. It is finely rendered on steel by Mr. Hinshelwood. "Puss Hunting" is from a favorite painting by W. H. Beard, Esq., a young artist rapidly rising into fame as a painter of landscapes and animals. The picture is owned by J. M. Falconer, Esq., and Mr. Hunt has made it as much of a gem in the art of engraving, as Mr. Beard has made it a gem of the painter's art. For the present month Mr. Jones furnishes the portraits of "Men of Song," and Mr. Wellstood gives us another of the popular Swiss Views.

**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—Memoirs of Madame Recamier; The Old Brown House; Soul-Texture; Ludwig Uhland; Baby Maude; On Both Sides of the Sea; The Early Dead; Mountain Glories; True Peace; The Lily Maid of Bloom, Violets.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—One Hope for the Future; The Olive Leaf; Spirit Beauty; The Widow's Affliction and Joy; The Marble is Waiting for You; Christmas; The Two Great Apostles; Science and Scripture.



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## Harper's Magazine.

The most popular monthly in the world.—*New York Observer*.

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructive variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald* (Boston).

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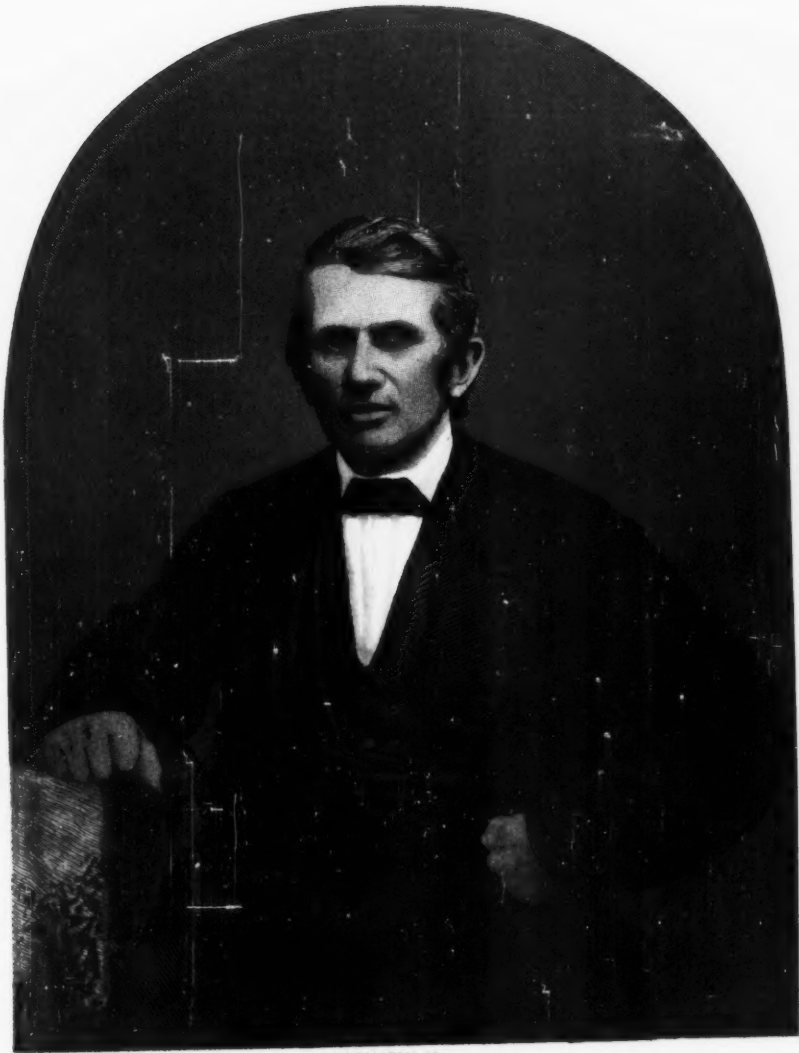
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